NOVEMBER 1972

Saturday Review

ONE DOLLAR

THE ARTS

Mao's Melody at the Peking Opera Your Vote and Art

A Fresh Look at Diebenkorn's "Ocean Park" Paintings

The Big Book Switch:

REALISM FOR KIDS, FANTASY FOR ADULTS

ON SALE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 4, 1972

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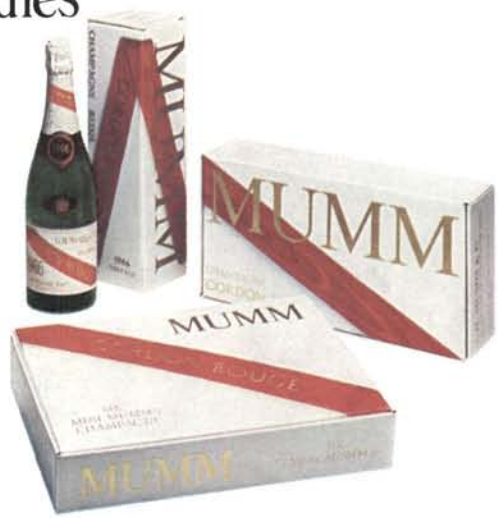

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JUDGMENT FROM THE BENCH

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Saturday Review of the Arts

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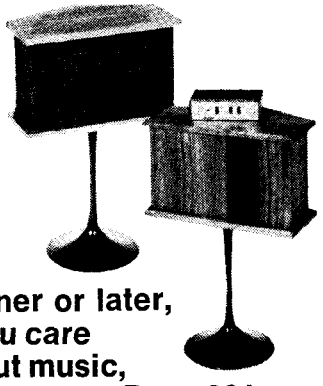

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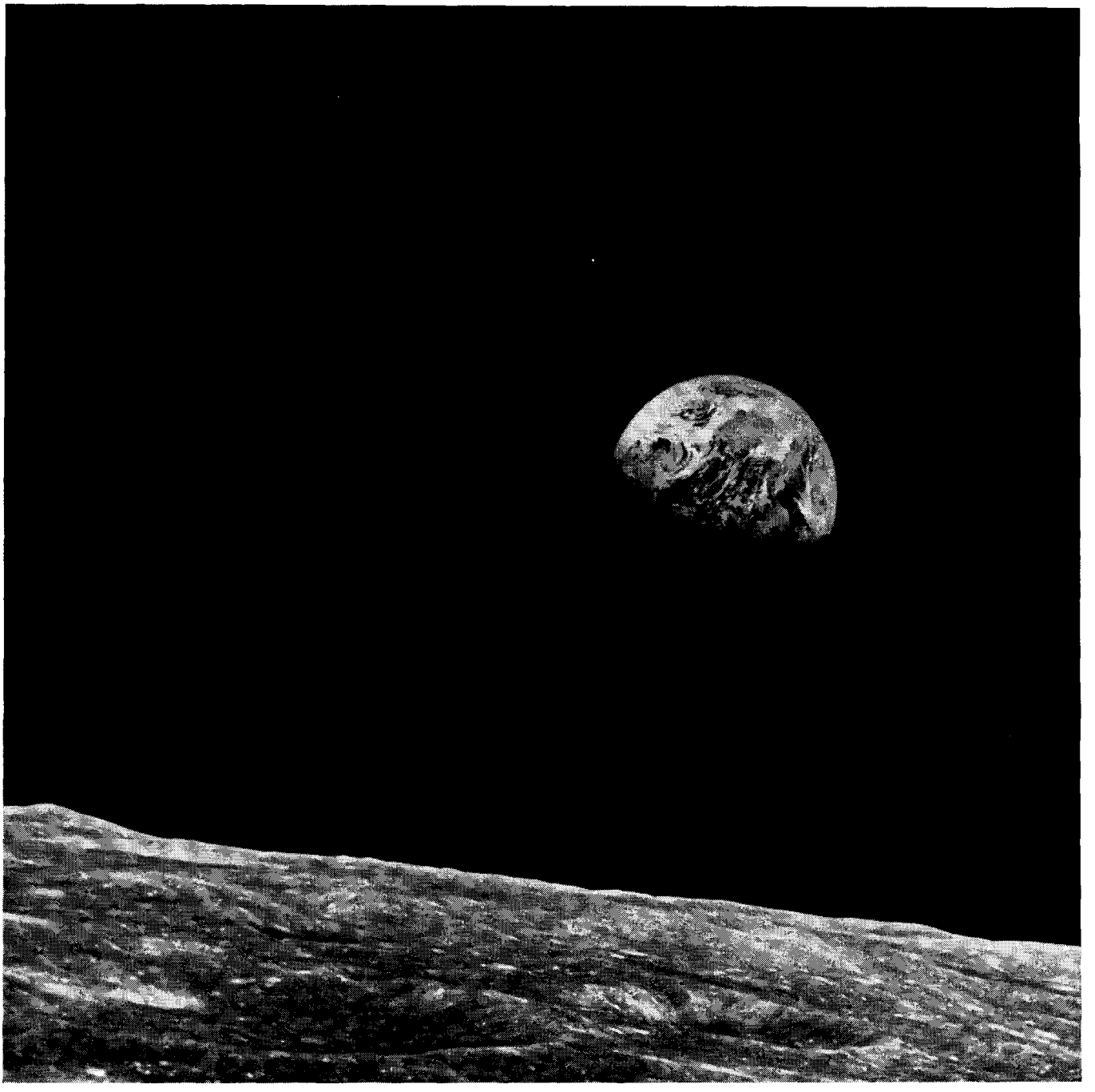

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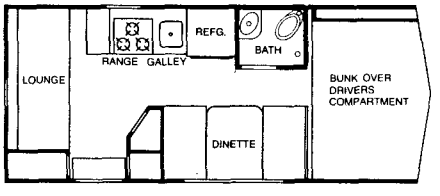

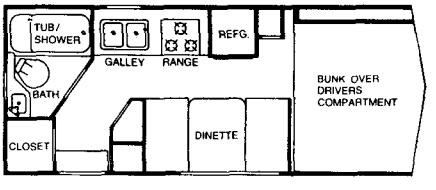

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SR
UP FRONT

NOVEMBER 4, 1972

The Poll Game

BY BARNARD COLLIER

WASHINGTON, D. C.—There's a bill before the House of Representatives that would put pollsters in jail for ninety days and fine them $1,000 if they fail to turn in the full details of any published poll concerning federal elections or federal political issues to the Library of Congress within seventy-two hours after the polls are published. The idea behind the bill—introduced by Rep. Lucien Nedzi, a Democrat from the Detroit area—is that the American public would be better off if it knew all. Passage of the bill was supported by every last one of the political losers who testified at hearings that began this September. A star witness, of course, was Hubert Humphrey.

Barnard Collier, who writes on people and politics in Washington, D. C., has just moved to Virginia.

The bill would force the pollster to reveal who sponsored his poll, the dates on which it was conducted, the methods used in compiling the sample (such as every second person in every tenth house or a less random man-in-the-street-type straw poll), the size of the sample, the exact questions asked, whether the questions were asked face to face, by telephone, by mail, or some other way, the number in the sample who did not respond, and the complete results of the poll—so a pollster couldn't publish part of his results and keep other parts secret in a way that might deceive the public.

I am told there is no clamor at all in the Congress to pass the bill because the public still takes polls so lightly. But that's the public's problem. The informed testimony was unanimously of the opinion that polls are taken very seriously by people with money who want to put their money on a candidate's nose.

I went to see both the Democratic and Republican pollsters. They were very secretive people. They acted like touts at the race track, who never talk louder than a whisper. On the outer door of Pat Caddell's office in Democratic headquarters here in Washington is a hand-lettered sign that reads: "Top Secret." Pat—a twenty-two-year-old Harvard graduate student who heads up a firm called Cambridge Survey Research—is known as the McGovern pollster. The office of Bob Teeter, the pollster for the Committee to Re-Elect the President, is small and windowless. There is no name on the door and no warning sign—but, instead of a door handle, there is a black combination lock.

Bob Teeter is blue-eyed, thirty-three years old, and slippery as grease. He is an executive vice-president of a company called Market Opinion Research—a Detroit firm, which, even among the most skeptical people who know about pollsters, has a reputation for being

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trustworthy and accurate. Pat Caddell looks like a cornered rhinocerous with a mean temper. He and two twenty-two-year-old partners, also from Harvard, snagged the McGovern account a year ago when the senator was a nobody in the polls. Pat convinced McGovern's staff that McGovern actually could win the Democratic nomination. Because McGovern needed a pollster who believed in him—and worked cheap—Pat's company was hired. Pat says that Bob Teeter's company has a million dollars to poll with while his company has "much, much less." Nonetheless, Pat claims that his polling results are as reliable as Teeter's because money isn't everything. Elizabeth Taylor said something like that before National Velvet won the Derby.

But, as far as losing politicians are concerned, money, not faith, is everything. A poll published last year in the Philadelphia *News* showed that Rep. William Green was, astonishingly, in third place—behind a black—in the race for mayor of Philadelphia. Green testified that the day the newspaper hit the stands his flow of campaign funds was completely shut off. He couldn't collect a dime, he said, until the *News* printed a front-page article explaining that the poll had been conducted by a political novice among so few people that the results were worthless. But by then only long-shot bettors were backing Green, and his campaign never regained momentum. He lost. Other losers also testified to the direct relationship between getting good odds from the pollsters and the size of contributions.

Pat Caddell claims that in 1969 he discovered sophisticated new polling methods that can measure the political mood of American voters with unprecedented accuracy. He calls it his "index of alienation and discontent." Caddell says that the index has remained at a very high level for the past nine months and that this makes the election on November 7 almost impossible to call. "The public is so volatile," he says, "that any kind of push or shift can start an explosion of opinion one way or another." Bob Teeter also measures, by his own means, the alienated and discontented, but he views them as an incorrigible minority of Democrats who can't be convinced to vote Republican, no matter what.

Jimmy the Greek of Las Vegas, whose business is public relations and making odds on sporting events, testified that there is altogether too much hocus-pocus about polling. The other pollsters hated him for it. The Greek said that his business was to pick winners for his clients, that he liked to do his polling in doughnut shops and places like Lum's restaurants (Lum's may be one of his public-relations accounts), and that he picks the people he polls by intuition and asks them one simple question: "Who are you going to vote for?" He gives the answers of different people different weight. "Some people," he says, "are more to be listened to than others. Some guys' opinions are worth a hundred times more than what a man on the street says." The reason he gives his clients odds instead of percentages is that the average person understands 5 to 1 more readily than 20 per cent.

Asked what he thought of "leaked" polls—polls that are slipped on the sly to newsmen in order to sway potential investors—Jimmy the Greek said, "They stink." He then proceeded to leak his own poll results, which he said could not be published because he is under exclusive contract to Jack Anderson. Jimmy the Greek had raised the odds against McGovern from 10 to 1 to 20 to 1, and everybody understood what that meant.

The last week of a presidential campaign is among the most critical for the public image of pollsters. This is when big names, like Gallup, Harris, Quayle, and Field, publish the polls they expect to be judged on by the public. At the hearings losing candidates —led by Hubert Humphrey—complained that the big pollsters are sloppy about their methods until the last poll, when they tighten up on procedures and call the race as close as it ought to have been called all along. But by that time most of the big bets are in, and only scared money is available. To the losers this seems like sabotage.

The pollsters who testified at the hearings said that such charges were nonsense. They also defended the widely different results they get up until the last few polls by saying that the polls reflect public opinion on different days. It was pointed out to Lou Harris and George Gallup that, according to their own testimony, no two of their many presidential polls conducted this year have been taken over the same span of days. This means that, when they are asked to explain why their polls differ, they can always get off the hook by saying, "We surveyed at different times." People in the know say that the odds against no overlapping are phenomenal; the pollsters say that their being so consistently out of step is merely coincidence.

In the last presidential election the final Gallup and Harris polls were extremely close to the final results, with Gallup almost on the nose. He called it 43 per cent for Nixon, 42 per cent for Humphrey, and 15 per cent for Wallace. The results were 43.5 per cent for Nixon, 42.9 per cent for Humphrey, and 14.6 per cent for Wallace.

The big pollsters testified that their good work in calling elections closely loses them money. Their political polls are merely "loss leaders" to advertise their skills and encourage corporations to hire them to market-test new products. If they make big mistakes in their election polls, the pollsters argue, their punishment is worse than the threat of ninety days in jail and a $1,000 fine. They face the loss of next year's new mattress, new soap flake, and new oleo margarine accounts. □

Pot and the Death Penalty: Californians Choose

BY SUSAN COHEN

BERKELEY, Calif.—California politics have never been quite the same since Hiram Johnson hit the governor's office in 1911 like a "bifurcated, peripatetic volcano, in perpetual eruption"; cleared out the corrupt party bosses; and, as befits a western hero, armed the people to look out for themselves as he rode off into the sunset of national politics. The people picked up the weapons—the initiative (to allow citizens to vote their own proposals into law), the referendum (to nullify laws passed by the legislature), and the recall (to remove office holders)—and they've been shooting it out ever since. Next Tuesday there will be twenty-two propositions on the ballot—nine that qualified through the initiative process, thirteen placed there by the legislature.

California, as political writer Gladwin Hill observed, is a battleground for "two great frontier forces: the urge to experiment and the desire for security." Probably no campaigns illustrate the Golden State's split personality in politics and life-styles better than those for two propositions on the November ballot, one—Proposition 17—to restore the death penalty, the other—Proposition 19—to decriminalize marijuana. Proposition 17 declares that society has the right to demand death,

Susan Cohen is a freelance writer who lives in Berkeley.

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You can save Aurora Cortez for $15 a month. Or you can turn the page.

Here are some facts about Aurora Cortez, her family, and her town—Plato, Magdalena, on the coast of Colombia. No editorializing. No embellishment. Just facts. Aurora is five years old.

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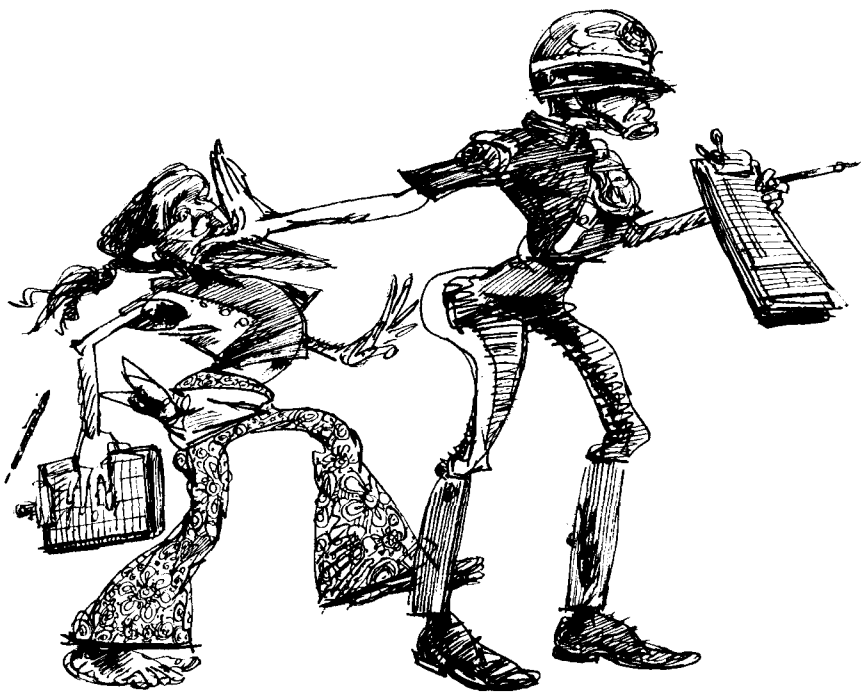

Proposition 19 that the individual has the right to experiment with his life. Plugged into an established hierarchy of law enforcement agencies, the death-penalty drive used thousands of policemen, sheriff's deputies, and prison guards as volunteers. As a result the campaign, aimed chiefly at the elderly and the working man, was unusually efficient. It will probably win on Tuesday. The California Marijuana Initiative, organized by and aimed at the young, has had spurts of tremendous energy (when the campaign "spread like a kiss") and periods of crisis (when money was scarce and volunteers few). CMI organizers are already planning to try again in 1974.

On February 18 the California State Supreme Court ruled that the death penalty violated the state's constitutional provision against cruel and unusual punishment—and one of the most successful petition drives in California history was started to amend the constitution and overturn the court's decision. Then, on June 29, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its decision against capital punishment, which seemed to make Proposition 17 a lame duck. Since that time, however, lower courts have interpreted the decision as leaving the way open for some death-penalty laws—an essential requirement being that death be made mandatory for clearly specified crimes. If the death-penalty proposition passes, it will be up to the California legislature to specify which crimes should carry the mandatory sentence. It has been suggested for skyjacking, the killing of a policeman, and assault of a prison guard by a life termer.

The death-penalty campaign was organized by several state senators and Kenneth Brown, who handles public relations for the 3,200 prison guards of California Correctional Officers Association. Brown has been all but crowded out of his wood-paneled Sacramento office by boxes of letters supporting the petition drive, which, in half the time allowed, collected 994,283 signatures—nearly twice the number required. State Attorney General Evelle J. Younger worded the proposition and assigned local district attorneys to head county campaigns. Brown contacted police and sheriffs' associations. Death-penalty petitions could be signed at police stations and district attorneys' offices—a convenience well publicized by many newspapers. Other petitions were circulated by police officers, their wives, and women from local Republican clubs. Initiative drives in California can cost hundreds of thousands of dollars; this one cost less than $30,000.

No separate offices were leased for the death-penalty campaign; public facilities were used. Brown's response to criticism on this score is: "We didn't use nearly the public buildings we should have." He also says enthusiastically that law enforcement officials are creating a new role for themselves by actively supporting the "tools of law enforcement [in this case the death penalty] which are in the best interests of society. It is their right, if not their obligation, to support this," Brown told me. Asked whether the police were fit to judge for society what its best interests are, Brown replied, "If you don't look to the police to make that type of decision, who do you look for?"

Californians Against Proposition 17, a coalition of more than thirty religious, political, and legal organizations, contends that those who enforce laws should not make them. The coalition is trying to educate the public on an issue that most people will decide on emotional grounds. It plans to challenge laws the legislature can be expected to pass if Proposition 17 wins, as it is likely to do. (A poll published on September 7 found that two voters in three say they will vote for restoring capital punishment.) The aspect of the issue that has had the most impact on voters, according to opponents and backers of the proposition alike, has been the right to personal vengeance—not, as one might expect, whether the death penalty is a deterrent to crime. "The people delegate to the government their right of personal vengeance. When government can no longer meet that responsibility, what will be the actions of the public?" asked State Sen. H. L. Richardson, one of the initiative's organizers. Opponents counter by saying that vengeance only begets more violence.

Meanwhile, in a San Francisco office decorated with posters, Indian bedspreads, and a plastic marijuana plant, Michael Aldrich—a member of the California Marijuana Initiative's steering committee—talked above the sitar music in the background. Aldrich explained that CMI was attempting to decriminalize marijuana rather than legalize it. Proposition 19 would make it legal to plant, harvest, possess, and smoke marijuana—unless one engages in "conduct that endangers others"—but illegal to sell it. "We thought that decriminalization was the maximum the public in California was prepared for and would vote for this year," Aldrich explained. Supporters of the proposition hope that one effect of decriminalization would be to keep big business out of a lucrative market.

CMI was formed in January when a group of lawyers from the San Francisco Barristers Club joined forces with Amorphia, a nonprofit organization formed in 1969 to "free the weed." Amorphia has provided staff—Michael Aldrich, for one—and over $20,000 in contributions, a small portion of which was raised through the sale of cigarette papers called Acapulco Gold. An additional $30,000 was raised by selling T-shirts and pins and by holding a rock concert. "Our drive wasn't a militaristic, centralized campaign like the death-penalty initiative," Aldrich said. Starting with a skeleton staff working

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out of two offices, CMI picked up twenty thousand volunteers and spread out into fifty-three offices. Yet, Aldrich admitted, on the last day for filing petitions, "We didn't know whether we had made it or not." As it turned out, they had collected some fifty thousand more signatures than were required. In order to round up these numbers, however, CMI had had to spend about $20,000 more than had the initiators of the death-penalty drive.

CMI organizers estimate that three-fourths of those who signed their petitions and 90 per cent of those who circulated them were under thirty-five. Refusing to use labels like liberal and conservative, the organizers speak instead of centralists and decentralists. "The fundamental question is an individual's right to control his own consciousness," said Gordon Brownell, political coordinator for CMI. Brownell, twenty-eight, is a Republican, a former Goldwater supporter, and former White House staffer (under President Nixon).

There has been little organized opposition to the marijuana initiative. Liquor industry spokesmen have said that a campaign against CMI would only add publicity to the marijuana cause. Law enforcement groups, though coming out against Proposition 19, have put no effort or money into opposing it. Meanwhile, CMI has been busy sending out speakers and organizing groups whose names show Michael Aldrich's genius for alliteration: among others, Grannies for Grass, Jocks for Joints, Mothers for Marijuana, Counselors for Cannabis.

Aldrich is one of what is probably a very small number of California voters who signed every petition they could get their hands on. He even signed the death-penalty initiative petition. Why? "I believe in giving voters a chance to decide the issues," said Aldrich. "I dig the initiative process." □

"Viva, Ramsey Muniz!"

BY TONY CASTRO

EL PASO, Tex.—Ramsey Muniz is running for governor of Texas as the candidate of *La Raza Unida* (the United People's party), the young Chicano party of the Southwest. Since last February Muniz has crisscrossed the state as often as have the candidates of the major parties but with only a fraction of their money and staff. When Muniz speaks, however, the enthusiastic response of the mostly Mexican-American crowds he draws makes it clear that he is the most popular Chicano leader in Texas. In the course of the campaign he has also reached beyond *La Raza Unida* and received some support from liberal whites and blacks.

To understand some of Ramsey Muniz's appeal, listen to him addressing a political rally in Austin last August:

"The Office of Economic Opportunity spent one whole year surveying the state of Texas to find out how poor we are. Hell, we already know we're poor. We know we're tired of being poor and uneducated and ignored. I mean, we are tired, man, and we are going to do something about it ourselves because nobody else is going to do it for us. You know what they did with that fine, fancy, one-year study that tells how poor we are? They gave it to Preston Smith [the lame-duck governor of Texas, who says he agrees with George Wallace on many issues]. They might as well give it to Mickey Mouse." The crowd in Austin roared its approval.

Muniz is a twenty-nine-year-old San Antonio attorney. He has a medium, muscular build, his eyes are a clear hazel, his complexion is bronze, and his well-trimmed hair is brown and silky. His wife, Abby, is a former schoolteacher, and they have a two-year-old daughter, Delinda. Born into poverty in Corpus Christi, Muniz knows personally the problems faced by many of the 2.25 million Chicanos in Texas and the seven million others in the nation. As a youngster, he had a speech impediment—a pronounced stutter—that went unrecognized and untreated until he was in junior high school. (Only an occasional trace of the stutter remains in his speech today.) It was athletics that kept Muniz, who grew up in a Spanish-speaking home, interested in school. When he was named an all-state high school football player on a state championship team in 1960 he was given an opportunity that was rare for Mexican-Americans: an athletic scholarship, to Baylor University in Waco. During his four years there Muniz underwent half a dozen knee operations; he still earned three varsity letters. After he received a degree, he entered Baylor's law school.

"I was accepted as an athlete, and it would have been easy for me to assimilate to the point that I could lose sight of my past," he recalled recently as he relaxed on a couch in an El Paso hotel room, with a can of Coca-Cola in one hand and a Tijuana Small in the other. "But, man, you can't be an Anglo when you're not. It's not that I lost my identity, but I was abruptly awakened to it when I started looking around and seeing that the rest of my people weren't getting the same opportunities that I had. Man, our people are starving—not physically, but mentally, psychologically, and as a people."

Late last year Muniz resigned his $12,000-a-year job as administrative assistant in the Waco Model Cities program in order to start his campaign. *La Raza Unida* had been born in 1970, when for the first time Chicano activists took political control of several South Texas communities. For 1972 the party's leaders planned first to circulate a petition to get on the November 7 general election ballot, then choose a gubernatorial candidate who could win the 2 per cent of the total vote cast in the election (about seventy thousand votes) that would assure the party a permanent position on the ballot. The party apparently also hoped to make itself felt in Texas by playing a spoiler's role in the election for governor: If *La Raza Unida* could draw off enough votes from the Democratic candidate, the state would get its first Republican governor since Reconstruction.

As it has worked out, Muniz sees his candidacy as more than just a building block for the party's future. Traveling alone most of the time and paying for gasoline or air fare with contributions from the crowds that turn out to hear him, Muniz has received broad statewide exposure. Local volunteers working from home or quietly at their regular jobs handle his advance work superbly, so that he has been well covered in the papers and on television. With the help of a small group of volunteers Muniz has also taken *La Raza Unida* to places outside South Texas, where the old party leaders are concentrating their efforts. Some of the out-of-the-way communities he has campaigned in, he claims, were never before visited by politicians, and leaders of the party's voter registration drive say that middle-aged Mexican-Americans who never have registered in the past are now signing up. One Texas newspaper has estimated that by election time Muniz's strength could be a million votes out of perhaps a 3¼-million-voter turnout.

One reason for these high expectations is that Muniz's candidacy has begun to attract the attention of non-Chicanos. At the Southern Christian Leadership Conference convention in Dallas in August the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, the conference's president, gave Muniz a surprise endorsement. His plat-

Tony Castro, a reporter for the Dallas Morning News, is writing a book on La Raza Unida.

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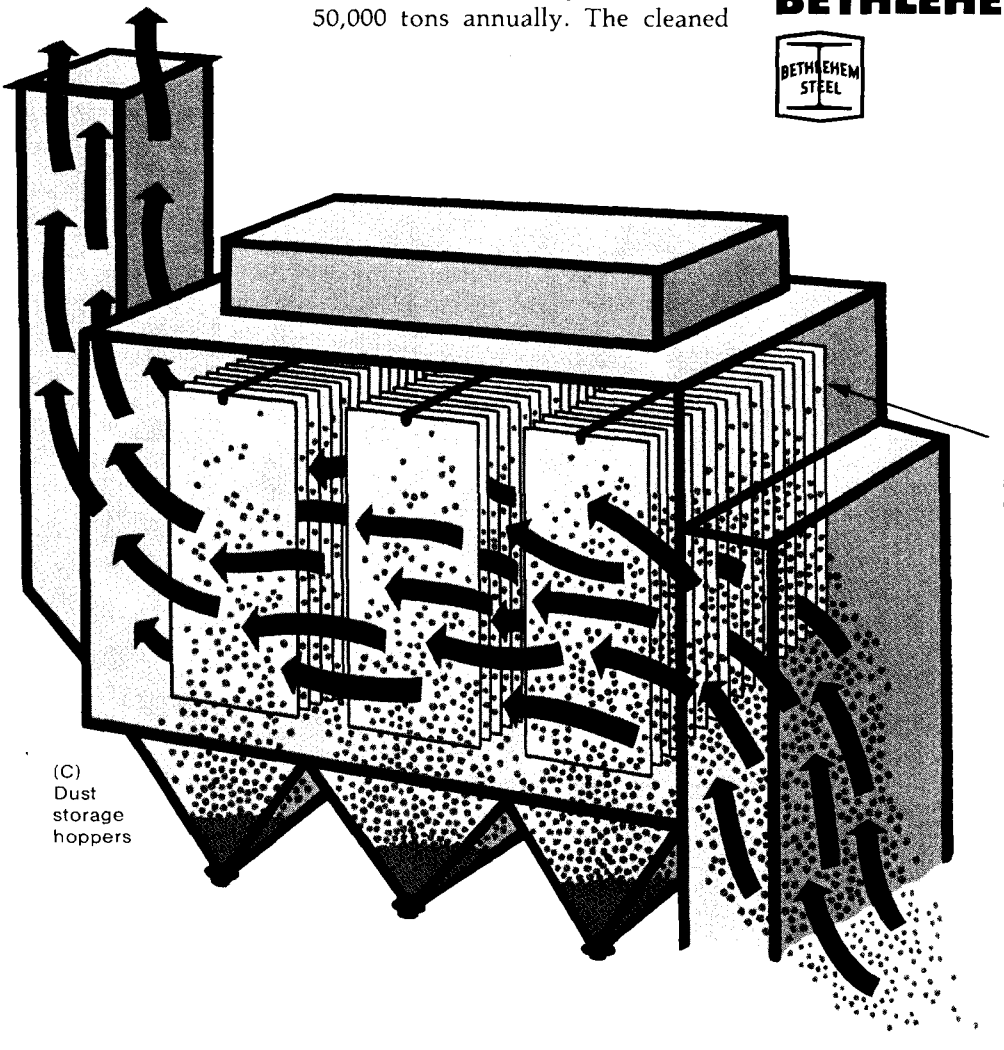

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form—including a corporate-profits tax, regional governor's offices, the upgrading of public education to equalize educational opportunity, and economic development of neglected areas of the state—has given liberals a palatable choice in the election. Dolph Briscoe, the Democratic nominee, is a rancher and former legislator from South Texas who is considered conservative to moderate, while state Sen. Hank Grover of Houston, the Republican in the race, is associated with the ultraconservative wing of his party. Muniz says that the turning point in his own campaign was Briscoe's support of Alabama's Gov. George C. Wallace at the Democratic National Convention, a move that alienated Texas blacks and large numbers of liberals.

When he arrived in El Paso for *La Raza Unida*'s convention, Muniz was his party's best-known figure in the state, with a place already assured on the ballot. Yet, paradoxically, he found himself pushed aside. Party leaders had made no plans for him to speak to the four thousand delegates from eighteen states and the District of Columbia during the four-day convention. They told him that the best they could do was to try to find him a place on the agenda. Disappointed and angry, Muniz left the convention one day and flew to Lubbock to address fifteen thousand delegates to the state convention of *Cursillos de Cristiandad*, a Catholic group, which gave him its endorsement.

Back in El Paso he waited to be recognized to address the delegates, many of them drawn to the party and the convention because of him. One evening, after the two keynote speeches, a spontaneous chant erupted from the masses of delegates and visitors who filled the auditorium: "We want Ramsey! We want Ramsey!" It went on for several minutes until Muniz, on instructions from party leaders, announced that he would speak later.

In the end Muniz never addressed the convention. He became the victim of political jealousies within the party—his personal strength was rivaling that of other Texas Chicano leaders, many of whom had already spent five years trying to establish themselves—and of a struggle among the delegations for control of the party machinery. The Texas leadership was opposed by delegations from several other states who objected to giving the Texans too large a role in the convention. Muniz's appearance before the convention apparently was traded away to guarantee the election of Jose Angel Gutierrez of Texas as chairman of the national steering committee.

If party leaders wouldn't let Muniz speak, some one thousand Mexican-American workers who were on strike against the Farah Manufacturing Company, one of the nation's largest pants makers, were willing to hear him. At a benefit dance in the El Paso Coliseum, Muniz gave an extemporaneous talk that was often interrupted by cheers and applause from the crowd of middle-aged, conservatively dressed Mexican-Americans. "What we're saying, brothers," Muniz declared in a voice that reverberated in the huge concrete hall, "is that we're going to make a significant political impact, and we will become the balance of power in Texas and the Southwest. We don't care what the political pros say, because something needs to be done now. When you're hungry and when you're suffering, you need to get together real fast. And we don't care if you're brown, black, or white. . . . Today politicians are calling for law and order. They're saying they're worried about crime in the streets. Well, brothers, the real crime is being inflicted on browns, blacks, and poor and working whites. The real crime is in the White House and in the state capitol of Texas."

At the convention, however, the party's leaders, ignoring Muniz, established the national party structure along lines that appear to leave little room, if any, for a coalition of browns, blacks, and whites. Indeed, the convention became a lengthy diatribe against the "gringo," a word Muniz cautiously avoids using. In a move that saddened Muniz, party leaders purposely snubbed farm-labor leader César Chavez, the Chicano movement's only nationally established figure. Chavez has long been criticized by some of them for his failure to lend support to *La Raza Unida*'s organizing efforts in California, for his close associations with Democratic leaders, and for his endorsement of Sen. George McGovern's presidential candidacy. *La Raza Unida* refuses to endorse McGovern or Nixon.

When Muniz left El Paso to resume his campaign, there was little doubt that he had found himself somewhere to the right of his party's posture and perhaps much closer politically to McGovern and the national Democratic party. Muniz, however, has not endorsed McGovern. "We're not anti-McGovern," Muniz explains. "We're simply not endorsing or supporting any presidential candidate. If our people ask us whether to vote for McGovern or Nixon, we just tell them to vote their consciences."

Endorsement of his own candidacy by Democrats, however, would be welcomed by Muniz. He was active in Democratic politics in his hometown as a youth and was even called from college several times to work in Mrs. Frances (Sissy) Farenthold's legislative campaigns. Earlier this year Mrs. Farenthold was defeated by Briscoe in her bid for the Democratic nomination for governor. But she refuses to support Muniz, whose platform closely resembles the one on which she ran. Privately Mrs. Farenthold and some of her supporters blame *La Raza Unida* and Muniz for her defeat. During her campaign they urged Mexican-American voters to spurn the Democratic primary and instead support their petition drive to get on the November ballot. But Muniz still harbors hopes. "If she were to give me an outright endorsement," he said, "we would win it."

Right up to November 7 Muniz spoke, passionately at times, on issues not closely tied to Chicano problems and Chicano nationalism. He proposed a 30 per cent cut in insurance rates and radical changes in the Texas Insurance Board, which regulates the mammoth industry. He also advocated overhauling of the University of Texas's controversial board of regents. If the non-Chicano issues made some of his party leaders unhappy, they also disturbed Democrats and Republicans who would like to see Muniz remain a Chicano-issue-only candidate.

"I'm convinced that the Chicano political clout will be felt this year and

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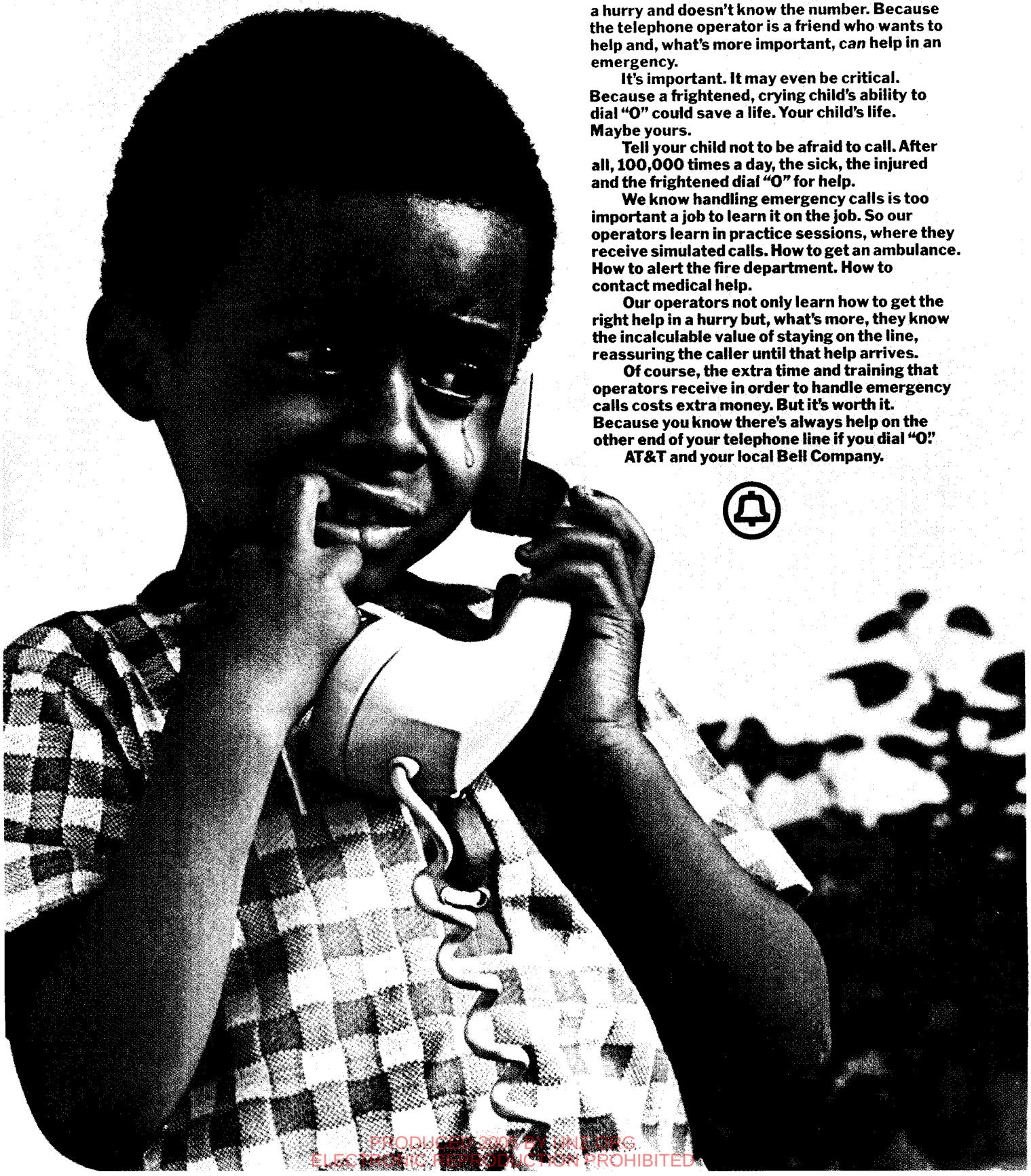

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for years to come," Muniz said in an interview. "My people have problems that have been multiplied for years because they've been left out of the political system. We're changing that. But how many whites, blacks, and others have found that they, too, have no voice in the political system? We're campaigning for Chicano rights, which essentially are civil rights, human rights, and people's rights. My people are Chicanos in flesh. But the whites, blacks, and others who have been oppressed or left out are Chicanos with us in spirit." □

Le Pavillon: 1941-1972

BY PAMELA BUJARSKI

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Stuart Levin, part-owner and presiding manager of Le Pavillon restaurant in Manhattan, sat in his office on the fourth floor of the Ritz Carlton Hotel one morning recently, morosely leafing through a pile of telegrams and letters. A few days earlier he had announced that Le Pavillon, a culinary shrine for American gourmets, was closing, and the pain of the experience was still with him. Levin had wept when he told the bad news to Le Pavillon's assembled staff of sixty. Most of them had promptly burst into tears, too.

Hearing of Le Pavillon's passing, one forlorn *habitué* asked, "But where shall we dine?" For the gourmet in New York the choice of fine French restaurants is not what it once was. In the last few years The Colony, Le Voisin, Le Café Chauveron, Maude Chez Elle, and L'Armorique all closed. Some of the city's monuments to French *haute cuisine* remain—La Caravelle, La Côte Basque, La Grenouille, and the incomparable Lutèce. But these are not the best of times for a culinary art that demands dedication, talent, and—by management and client alike—great expenditures of money.

Hard economic facts shattered Le Pavillon's plush ambience. According to Levin, the cost of food rose 12 per cent in the past year, and every restaurant is feeling the pinch. André Surmain, the *patron* of Lutèce, told his distressing story last winter in a *New York Times* interview: in the last five years laundry costs up to 53 per cent, welfare and pension funds up 64 per cent, garbage removal up 120 per cent, and payroll costs up 55 per cent. Before it died, Le Pavillon faced labor negotiations and inevitable salary hikes again this November. Levin, however, didn't blame the unions for the closing. "They have their job to do. After all," he said, "their people have to shop in the grocery store, too."

Yet, because Le Pavillon's menu already listed a breathtaking $9 for lunch and about $18 for dinner, cocktails and wine not included, Levin knew that raising prices was out of the question. Cutting corners is the kiss of death for *haute cuisine*—"I could not do that to Le Pavillon," he said. So the heavy bronze doors closed for good.

Perhaps the final cause of Le Pavillon's demise lies beyond pure economics. "In order to continue in business," Levin explained, "we needed an expanding clientele." Le Pavillon had faithful clients—Mrs. Lytle Hull lunching twice a week, Madame Stravinsky (who used to take cheesecake home to the maestro) dining three times weekly, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers, Mrs. Irving Berlin—but the faithful were a diminishing group. Since the mid-Sixties they had been showing up more often on the obituary pages than in the restaurant, and they were not replaced by younger true believers in *la cuisine francaise*. Andy Warhol came to dine once, wearing a tie that would make a *couturier* flinch, and Amy Greene, wife of photographer Milton Greene, managed to be seated in jeans (by Yves St. Laurent). "We tried to keep up with the times," Levin exclaimed. But the new crowd was a far cry from the old, reliable upper crust.

Le Pavillon opened in 1941, after an acclaimed run at the New York World's Fair, at 5 East 55th Street, under the tutelage of Henri Soulé. It was an oasis in a sahara of hamburger joints. Its best-known chef was the youthful Pierre Franey, now a vice-president of Howard Johnson's. Soulé, like his restaurant, became an institution: La Caravelle, La Côte Basque, and La Grenouille were started by his protégés. "They are a credit to Soulé," says Roger Fessaguet, who was seventeen when he started working for Soulé and is now chef at La Caravelle. "They are a credit to Le Pavillon as it *was*."

New York *haute cuisinières* agree to a man that the latter-day Pavillon did not measure up to its past. Under Soulé the restaurant reflected the *patron's* eccentric perfectionism down to the last rosette, just as French tradition says it must. Perhaps it was foolhardy to think Le Pavillon could survive under anyone but the master.

Pierre Franey agreed. "There's no question in my mind: Levin changed the whole atmosphere. Television in the bar, music, dances . . . ." Franey's voice trailed off miserably. ("Never," Levin retorted. "One cable was put in for a private party in 1968, but that's the only time. And no music either while I was there!")

"And the location was not so good," Franey continued. "When we moved to 57th Street [in 1957], it was the failing of Le Pavillon. It lost the nice atmosphere it had had since 1941."

Le Pavillon moved because, as this story from Franey shows, Soulé was who he was: "The president of Columbia Pictures, Harry Cohn, used to come every day to Le Pavillon, but Mr. Soulé always gave him a bad table in the back corner. Cohn was so mad he bought the building, but Mr. Soulé still gave him a bad table in the back. 'Listen,' Harry Cohn said, 'I just bought the building.' 'That doesn't matter,' Soulé snapped. 'I still pay my rent, and you're still going to sit in the back.' Cohn never forgot, and, when the lease was up, he raised the rent from about $20,000 a year to $40,000. Soulé moved Le Pavillon to 57th Street, but he knew the old location was a good one, so he continued to pay the $40,000 for the old place. After a year of paying rent he said, 'Listen, we've got to open another restaurant.' So he opened La Côte Basque in the old location, and it's been doing very well. But Le Pavillon couldn't survive without Soulé."

Understandably enough, Levin doesn't much like being compared with the ghost of Henri Soulé. "During my regime," Levin insisted, "we broke Soulé's record!" But not often enough. Business last year was good until mid-January, but it never picked up again. Le Pavillon reportedly lost about $100,000 to changing times. "There's still plenty of money around," Levin lamented, "but it's not being spent on this type of restaurant any more, on classic French cuisine."

So Le Pavillon's red banquettes are empty, the silver servers are tarnishing, and the massive French crystal chandeliers are collecting dust. "Regardless of my feelings about Stuart Levin—he's a nice fellow, but he doesn't know much about French food and running a French restaurant," Franey said, "—it's sad to see Le Pavillon go. You know, I was there for twenty years."

Because three-and-a-half years are left in the lease, a new Levin & Co. emporium may open on 57th Street, but things will not be the same. Roger Fessaguet sums it up: "For us Le Pavillon is a *souvenir*. We shall not see it again." □

Pamela Bujarski, who lives in New York, says she has recently been writing on consumer affairs, sex, and food.

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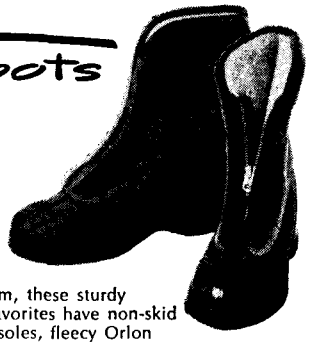

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Travel

Bomarzo

BY HERBERT R. LOTTMAN

Finding Bomarzo was going to be an adventure, another element of mystery to add to the enigma of the site. Occasionally I had seen photographs of those grotesque stone figures hidden in heavy foliage; they seemed to antedate the tortured statues decorating baroque palaces that I find immensely evocative and appealing. But they also seemed inaccessible to the tourist limited in time, confined to the classic itineraries.

I discovered that I was going to be treated as a curiosity myself, by my Roman friends, for wanting to see the monsters of Bomarzo. We couldn't find it on a map. Though there have been both a novel and an opera called *Bomarzo,* almost nothing of a factual nature had been written in English. There was no sightseeing literature, no guided tour. None of the popular American guidebooks mention it. I possessed a copy of the essay Edmund Wilson devoted to the monsters, but not everyone would have considered this as an adequate pocket guide. The superb Michelin green guide gives a hint: "The park of the 16th century Villa Orsini is decorated with *fantastic sculptures.*"

It turned out that Bomarzo wasn't very far from Rome. You could make those fifty miles difficult for yourself by following the *Guide Bleu.* I simply headed north from Rome on the superb Highway of the Sun, leaving the *autostrada* at Attigliano and following signs to Bomarzo, only minutes away.

Still, the site wasn't going to yield its secrets that easily. As often happens at seldom-visited curiosities, the traveler is pretty much on his own. I followed arrows along a rough road to the *Parco dei Mostri;* fog had settled over the low-lying areas of this hilly region. I parked the car at what seemed the end of the line but found no sign of the stone figures. The hill above was visible, and on its summit I saw the ruins of a fortress. After climbing a considerable way, I learned that I was on somebody's farm, my back turned to the monsters. When I reached the parking lot again, the fog had cleared; I saw a temple in soft stone in front of me and a path leading to the gate of the park. If Bomarzo is forbidden ground, as superstitious Italians believe, nature conspired that day to keep its secrets from me.

A tourist meets Bomarzo's monsters.

When the weather is good, you see the "park of the monsters" stretched out on the slope as soon as you leave your car. A path descends to the entrance gate. From there you enter a world where nothing resembles the world outside. A pavilion leans at such a dangerous angle that you hesitate to approach it until you realize that it was built that way to frighten the unwitting. A monster with open jaws is, in fact, a doorway; you walk into his mouth to find yourself in an igloo furnished with a stone table. There is even a stone bench, should you decide to have your picnic there. A giant elephant appears benign enough until you see, on closer inspection, that he is crushing a man to death. There are also monsters who look like real monsters, but even the less violent figures are often engaged in dispassionate killing and eating of their prey.

Some visitors, detecting an erotic element in the statuary, believe that Bomarzo was once the site of orgies. To me the stone figures are terrifying rather than suggestive. It's hard to imagine participating in an orgy in their proximity.

If the angry stone animals are larger than life, the human figures are not serene either, engaged as they are in violence or in having violence done to them. The impression is of a chamber of horrors, aggrevated by the precipitous terrain, the hidden grottoes, the

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overgrown vegetation, and the monster lurking around the next corner. But take a child to Bomarzo, and see how he accepts all these wonders as natural and put there only for his amusement.

There is a theory that the volcanic rock that had fallen on the site took shapes suggesting this or that monster to the unknown sculptor or sculptors. This would explain the scattering of the statues and the apparent lack of any logical connection between them. Here and there you come upon a barely legible inscription that will send shivers up your spine—although more often the legends are merely pompous.

Scholars seem to agree that Bomarzo was conceived by a Prince Pier Francesco, or Vicino Orsini, sometime after the year 1555. Married to a Farnese, he had the reputation of being handsome, cultured, and imaginative. He was said to have been a patron of the arts, but whether this quality is attributed to him solely on the basis of his sponsorship of the Bomarzo monsters is not clear. The mystery is why he designed, or caused to be designed, these horrors of violence and/or passion. There is the legend that Vicino was embittered when his wife had an affair with a younger brother and decided to people his estate with these palpable representations of his distorted vision.

Whatever their significance, the statues were covered over by brush and brambles for centuries. They were rediscovered in the early 1900s by the Borghese owners of the site. In recent years they have been visited by Salvador Dali, who couldn't quite make them boring, and by Britain's Princess Margaret, who couldn't quite make them famous either. A fence has been put up to protect the monsters, the vegetation has been trimmed, and admission tickets are sold.

Outside the gate again you can wind your way up to the village; it is dominated by the castle, said to have 400 rooms. The last member of the Borghese family to live there noted with a trace of regret that it belongs to the town now, part of it serving as barracks for the *carabinieri*. Edmund Wilson, who didn't have time to visit the castle, had lunch at a small restaurant in the village. Less confident than Wilson, I went on to Viterbo, where I found in a narrow lane a superb restaurant called Spacca. It was a pleasant change from the panicky atmospere of the *trattorie* of Rome. I learned later that I owed my tranquility to a boycott of the restaurant by local townspeople who disagreed with the politics of the *padrone*. I never learned whether he was a Communist or a Fascist, but—in any case—I loved his pasta. □

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Letters

Arts and Crafts

My compliments to *SR*'s art directors for the very fine presentation of Claude Picasso's essay on the things some American artists collect such things as the Imagination" [*SR*, Oct. 7].

I must take issue with Picasso, however, when he writes that " . . . some American artists collect such things as cookie jars, Sandwich glass, quilts, cactus, Tiffany glass—thing that are not considered ART." Not considered art by whom? To include Tiffany glass in a list with such "nonart" objects as cookie jars, cactus, and quilts is not only a mistake but an injustice to Louis Tiffany, whose work is certainly proof enough that he was as much an artist as he was a craftsman.

Paul Desruisseaux
New Haven, Conn.

I would like to point out an error in "The Attic of the Imagination."

My collection of scrimshaw was photographed, but not pictured, in the article. Though I helped assemble the objects I am pictured with, they are not part of my collection. Nor is it a picture of my house.

Walter D. Bannard
Princeton, N.J.

Politics and Poetics

Richard Nixon may never make things perfectly clear, but Peter Klappert's article "Let Them Eat Wonderbread" [*SR*, Oct. 7] on political double talk from a poet's vantage point was right on the money. Of course, the idea of using words to disguise the truth is hardly new, particularly when an individual must account for a situation in which he has been less than successful. Sigmund Freud touched on this in his book *Civilization and its Discontents* with his remark that "lack of success is concealed beneath a flood of resounding and empty words."

Until our political structure decides to act on social problems, I am afraid that few politicians will heed Klappert's very accurate advice.

Now that Sigmund Freud is definitely not available, is Peter Klappert doing anything special in 1976?

Joseph Bauer
Toledo, Ohio

First Class in the Third World

Rochelle Girson's article "What You Should Know About Going to Africa" [*SR*, Oct. 7] was interesting and informative.

Only a nit picker—like me—would point out that Miss Girson couldn't have crossed the equator going from "the airport to Kampala," if by "airport" she meant the airport in Entebbe. The equator cuts through Lake Victoria just south of Entebbe.

We lived in Uganda (in Kampala) for two years and first crossed the equator between Eldoret, Kenya, and Nakuru, Kenya. At that point the elevation is such that I had to put on a topcoat when we got out of the car to take pictures. We also crossed the equator later, west of Kampala, on our way to Queen Elizabeth National Park.

Mrs. Max C. Shank
Chicago, Ill.

After being told that the greatness of West Africa lies in "the juxtaposition of traditional tribalism with Western progress," I excepted to be thoroughly disappointed with the article on Africa by Rochelle Girson—and I was. I felt that Ms. Girson had not really discovered the real West Africa and that she was not even looking for it. Imagine looking for a soul-food restaurant in Accra. How ridiculous!

I spent three months in West Africa as a tourist and immediately realized that at the luxury hotels you meet only tourists and those Africans who make a living from them. To know a country and its people, it is necessary to live with them. The Continental and Ambassador hotels in Accra or the magnificent Hotel Ivoire in Abidjan are not the places to go if you really are concerned in finding out what Africa is all about.

Ms. Girson's description of Malians as "listless, indifferent, and depressed" was exactly the opposite of my experience. I spent nearly forty-eight hours on a train with Malians, and I have never seen such dignity and humanity in a people. Although they were extremely poor, they constantly asked me to share their food. Aware that I was a foreigner, they made every attempt to make the trip to Bamako very comfortable. I am sorry that Ms. Girson was not able to feel the uniform warmth of the West African people.

Dr. Maurice E. Bush
Department of Microbiology
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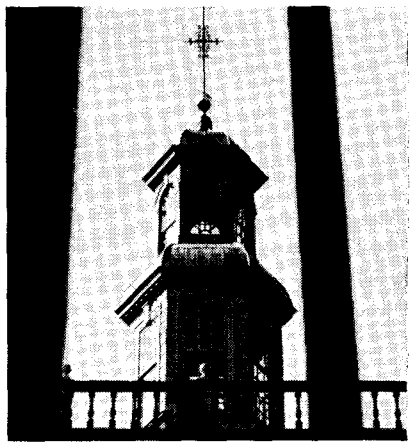

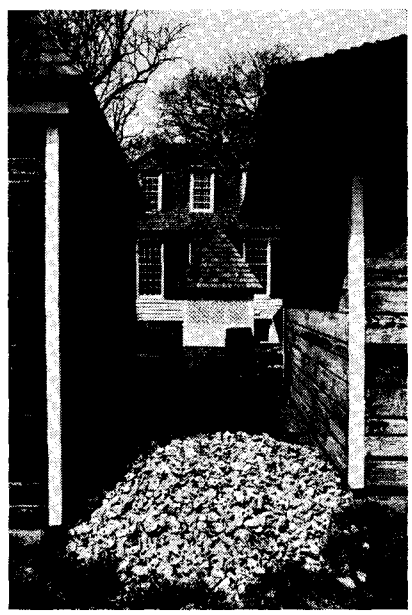

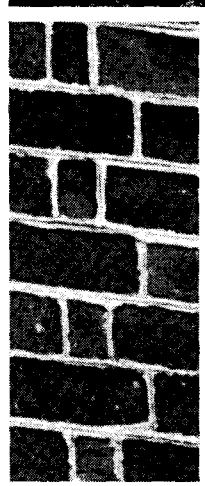

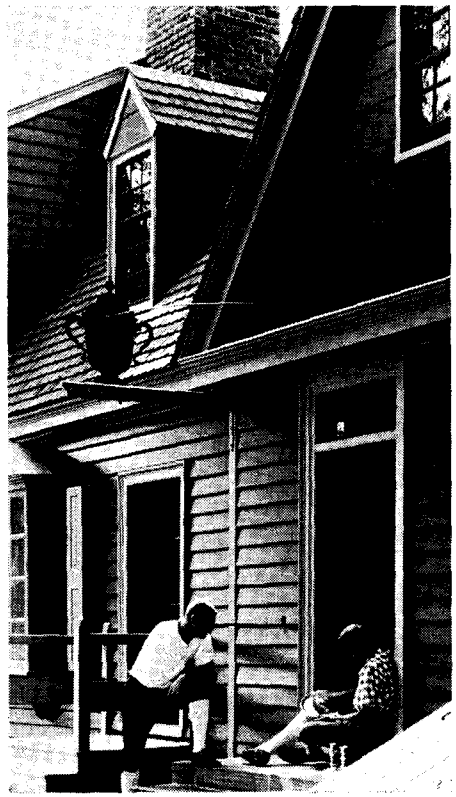

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Editorial

Down to the Wire

With the 1972 presidential campaign grinding drearily toward its conclusion, what has emerged as the most fundamental difference between the two major candidates is this:

Richard Nixon knows how to run things, but he does not seem to know in which direction he really wants to steer the United States.

George McGovern knows where he wants this country to go, but he does not seem to know how to get it there.

There are risks either way. In Nixon we have a mechanic who has proved that he can keep the complex machinery of America running but who refuses to acknowledge that it might begin to sputter unless some basic changes are made in its design. In McGovern we have a more visionary type who realizes that such changes are imperative but whose mechanical skills appear so limited that he might really foul up the machinery if he is voted into the repair shop.

In the four years of his presidency Nixon has been responsible for some laudable and even remarkable accomplishments, particularly in foreign affairs.

Despite his instinctive distaste for Keynesian economics, he had the courage to impose wage and price restrictions when inflation seemed to be spiraling out of control. Despite his visceral antipathy toward Communist governments, he had the wisdom to perceive and to seize upon the opportunity of an opening toward China. The restoration of a dialogue between the United States and the world's most populous country may well go down as his greatest achievement, notwithstanding the fact that he was instrumental in preventing such a dialogue for many years. He also made significant moves toward easing the tautly strained relations between Washington and Moscow, most notably in the areas of trade and arms control. And he did reduce the U.S. troop level in Vietnam by more than half a million men.

On the other side of the ledger, however, he not only failed to end the war but extended it into Cambodia and Laos and launched a bombing campaign that has obliterated, among other things, the French mission in Hanoi, but not North Vietnam's will to continue fighting. Even as he was signing the documents for the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty with the Soviets, his Defense Secretary was campaigning for increased expenditures on new and more sophisticated weapons systems. And, as a result of his morally blind support of Pakistan in its clash with India over Bangladesh, he left us with a legacy of distrust on the subcontinent.

Domestically the President has been indifferent to the plight of our decaying cities and downright oblivious of the situation of the poor and the oppressed. With his Supreme Court nominations, he is seeking to guide our highest judicial body along a course of strict constructionism. Given the opportunity to appoint one or two more justices, which a second term would almost surely mean, the President may create a retrograde Court that will reverse many of the forward-looking decisions of the last twenty years. In the area of the First Amendment, Nixon has carried the inevitable adversary relationship between President and press to new heights of hostility, freely sanctioning the use of subpoenas and intimidation against his old antagonists. His attitude toward other constitutional guarantees seems equally cavalier. Even in endorsing him, the Ripon Society, an organization of progressive young Republicans, took Nixon sharply to task for pursuing "a political strategy designed to coopt George Wallace's 1968 supporters at the cost of sacrificing the party's great tradition of civil rights and civil liberties."

Of course, if Nixon were given a second term, he might abandon that strategy and, in one of those reversals that have become so characteristic of him, turn into an ardent promoter of the Bill of Rights. It is more reasonable to expect, however, that he would keep on moving down the road he has followed thus far in hopes of adding enough converts from the Wallace camp to create a durable Republican majority. In any case Nixon has remained far enough from the campaign trail to offer any clues. That low profile has been useful in a variety of ways; among other things it spared him from direct questioning about the malodorous Watergate affair.

And McGovern? He fumbled the Eagleton affair, uncritically accepted some bad ideas on tax reform, and ran a distressingly loose ship during his campaign. He traveled to victory in Miami on the votes of the young, the women, and the blacks, perhaps out of inclination, perhaps because it was the only constituency without a leader. Having won the nomination, he found that his devoted followers struck many Americans as wild-eyed radicals. His necessary shifts toward the center, where the votes are still to be found, were viewed with suspicion both within and outside his camp.

We have heard, perhaps too many times, that McGovern is a "decent" man. But the presidency demands something more than decency. A certain efficiency, for example. A commanding presence. Perhaps most important, an inspirational quality, an ability to instill in America's diverse millions a feeling that some things are more important than the Gross National Product. Theodore Roosevelt was talking about this quality when he referred to the presidency as a "bully pulpit," and so was his cousin F. D. R. when he said that the office is "preeminently a place of moral leadership." McGovern, despite his undramatic voice, his unprepossessing appearance, and his mild manner, might—just might—have that quality. Nixon has proved beyond doubt that he does not.

In 1956, on his way to another terrible drubbing in his halfhearted pursuit of the presidency, the late Adlai Stevenson said that those who care about America have "a responsibility to make this country a sounding board for new ideas, a welcomer of everything free and hopeful, a generous nation, the eternal home of liberty, and the temple of truth." That is a grand vision, and perhaps we are in no mood for such visions at this time. Perhaps, after the convulsions of the Sixties, we need the kind of purposeless yet healing calm that Dwight Eisenhower gave us during the Fifties.

Richard Nixon is more likely to give us that sort of calm than is George McGovern, who does not seem to be the most adept administrator and who is something of a boat rocker to boot. But Nixon is also likely to continue giving us a pinched, narrow vision of America, whereas McGovern promises to summon us home, not to a new isolationism, as some critics would have it, but to the ideals that are supposed to make this nation something special.

Ronald P. Kriss

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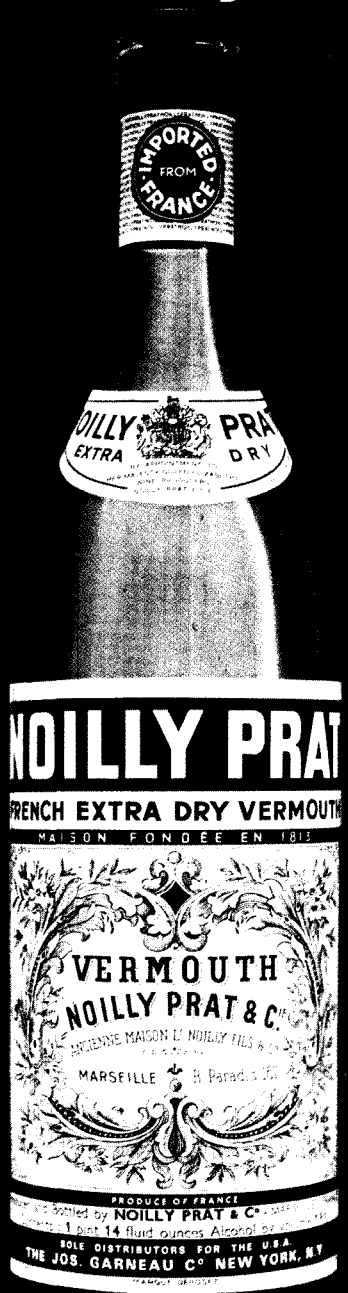
34 words on the Noilly Prat martini by W. Somerset Maugham.



"Noilly Prat is a necessary component of a dry martini. Without it you can make a side car, a gimlet, a white lady, or a gin and bitters, but you cannot make a dry martini."

"Points of View", 1958

Don't stir without Noilly Prat

1972 Jos. Garneau Co. New York

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The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France. This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned".

So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France.

As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

At the Chateau near Bordeaux.

And on some of the finest tables in the world.

Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell... it begins when you open the bottle.

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Saturday Review of
THE ARTS

What Will Your Vote Do For The Arts?

We asked this year's Republican and Democratic presidential candidates nine questions about their attitude toward artists in the United States. George McGovern gave answers that he signed as a personal statement; Richard Nixon assigned a White House aide and consultant, Leonard Garment, to write a set of answers. We are pleased to know Mr. Garment's views, but we must point out that Mr. Nixon's refusal to endorse them with his signature leaves room for doubt about his commitment to them. Feeling that a presidential candidate deserves a face-to-face confrontation with his opponent and not with the man's seconds, we considered publishing only the answers that a candidate acknowledged as his own—that is, Senator McGovern's. But that seemed too much like snatching a choice out of the hands of our readers, so we decided to submit both sets of answers to you and let them speak for themselves.—JOHN POPPY

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1 Are you in favor of a Secretary of Culture (parallel to the Ministry of Fine Arts in some European countries) with cabinet rank and broad authority in this field?

2 To what extent should the federal government give direct support to symphony orchestras, theaters, museums, opera companies, etc.?

3 Do you consider the encouragement of art and artists, in the broadest sense, a function of the federal government or one of state and municipal authorities?

4 Would you, if elected, continue the cultural exchange program with the U.S.S.R. and its satellites? Would you initiate a similar program with the People's Republic of China?

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1. I am opposed to the notion of a Secretary of Culture, because I fear such a post could lead to institutionalization and politicizing of the arts. Such authority might lead to censorship and regimentation or a crippling elitism. Such an outcome will undermine whatever good might be done by funding and demean the artist's role as free spirit and critical observer. I believe the most effective way to promote the arts in America is through broad public and private support. I think we should leave symbolism and dramatization—which is all a Secretary of Culture would be—to the artists and concentrate on the more appropriate governmental function of financial assistance.

2. I do believe the federal government must establish a significant program of support for the arts. I have consequently proposed legislation that would increase such support from our current and paltry 15 cents per person to $200 million every year. This figure, I might add, is the price the Pentagon spends for a single week in Vietnam. I firmly believe that coequal with the government's obligation to sustain our artistic institutions is its responsibility to broaden the spectrum of people who participate in the arts.

3. Government at all levels must seek to promote the arts. We are as callous as we are naïve if we think that they can continue to rely on private sources alone. At the present moment it is the federal government that is best able to provide financial support in the most broad and equitable fashion. I realize that state and local educational institutions are the ones closest to the individual artist—who is the heart of any culture—and so I have included in my program funds for regional and community art centers. These centers will reflect the government's true sustaining role in the arts: They will be places where artists can work independently, with the maximum freedom to create and without any governmental or financial constraints.

4. I have long been a solid supporter of the cultural exchange program, and I would, in fact, strengthen and expand it not only with the Soviet Union but with the countries of Eastern Europe, China, and many other nations interested in such an exchange. I hope that global television will provide a major breakthrough in this area and help to dispel the myths that so often tragically separate peoples and nations.

5. I have expressed above my concern regarding a centralized office or administrator of culture. In international affairs more than any other area there would be the tendency to mix politics with art. Yet it is the mission of art to speak to us as human beings —as citizens of the world, not as partisans of any nation. Thus, we must keep a special vigil to ensure that the policies of the day do not interfere with the art of the centuries. For these reasons I believe that we should continue sharing our cultural achievements through a variety of international organizations and personal relationships. Despite its shortcomings, I believe the State Department provides the best means for coordinating cultural programs at the moment.

6. I believe that such support can and, in fact, has often had such an effect on contemporary artists. The futuristic and controversial nature of artistic expression must, almost by definition, conflict with the many established institutions that are by nature conservative and are loath to take risks. The soul of a culture is the individual artist, and I favor direct governmental support to serious contemporary artists through grants and fellowships. Moreover, I would encourage museums and other centers of culture to establish programs reflecting contemporary efforts by designating funds for that purpose.

7. I do not believe it is, nor should it be, the government's role to discourage pay-TV. I believe that pay-TV and the free commercial networks can exist side by side. My belief in the free-enterprise system assures me that competition between the two systems will ensure higher quality programing and a broader range of entertainment and educational programing. Pay-TV would provide a greater opportunity for choice among our citizens, and it is precisely a broader and better selection that television is in such need of today.

8. When Congress established the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, it asserted that there should be substantial federal financial support. It was intended that over the years the share contributed by state and local governments and the private sector would increase. Unfortunately, because the Nixon administration has not thrown its support behind this valuable program, it has not yet presented any plan for long-range financing. So, instead of a strong federal base from which to build, CPB has had to look over its shoulder constantly to see if it has enough money. Because of the administration's lack of concern, the financial burden for developing a strong Public Broadcasting System has been placed on individuals and local governments that can't really afford it, while the federal government, which certainly could make significant contributions, does not live up to its end of the original agreement. Once again we see the need for a national reordering of priorities. A truly great America would spend at least as much on its arts and its public television as it now spends on a week's fighting in Vietnam.

9. The only way art is not salutary is when it mirrors the obvious or anesthetizes our minds. But I'm not sure such material can really be considered art. Art is a part of any society because it links people to the past and gives them a different perspective on the present. It helps them realize the power and depth of the human soul. Most of all, art has the ability in difficult and challenging times like our own to make us see that, with energy, with vision, and with decision, we can indeed transcend our limitations to create a newer, more alive world.

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5 Would such programs come properly under the jurisdiction of the State Department, or should they be administered by a Secretary of Culture?

6 Do you think it is possible that government support for "conservative" institutions such as orchestras and museums could have a stultifying effect on contemporary artists? If not, why not?

7 Should the federal government encourage pay-TV as one alternative to free commercial network TV?

8 How much of the financial burden of public television (Corporation for Public Broadcasting) do you believe the federal government should undertake, and how much the private citizen?

9 How important is American art to the United States as a nation? When is its effect on the domestic population salutory and when is it not?

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1. We do not need a Secretary of Culture or Ministry of Fine Arts in this country. The National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities, created by the Congress in 1965, has been an outstanding success. An important reason for the success of the Foundation is its independent status and its consequent ability to maintain a clear separation between cultural and political issues. Funding for the arts, with the bipartisan support of the Congress, has been increased almost fivefold in the last four years, from $8.2 million to $38.2 million. The enabling act is up for renewal next June. The President believes that it must be renewed, so that America can continue to respond in its own way to its own needs.

2. A major portion of the $38.2 million appropriated to the National Endowment for the Arts this year is spent in direct support for such projects. These grants are intended to encourage, not to replace, private donations and local government participation. Direct grants, in the President's view, should be increased, in partnership with increased support from corporations, foundations, individuals, and state and local governments.

3. This should not be viewed as an "either/or" proposition. The encouragement of the arts and of artists is a shared responsibility in the American federal system. Congress encouraged the states to create their own structures by offering federal grants to state arts councils. Since then arts councils have been organized in every state and special jurisdiction, and each currently receives $127,000 in federal funds. In addition, $25 million was appropriated by state legislatures for these councils in 1971. There has been a long tradition of municipal support, particularly for museums, in this country, which the President hopes will be increased and expanded to other cultural institutions. Within the executive branch itself many federal agencies are involving the arts in the improvement of federal graphic design and the architecture of federal buildings and with performances and exhibitions in our parks.

4. The President considers cultural exchanges a vital part of our relations with other nations, and this is nowhere more true than in the case of the Soviet Union and the nations of Eastern Europe. We have had formal exchange agreements with the U.S.S.R. since 1958 and have consistently sought to expand activities under these agreements. The limiting factor in the level of these exchanges has primarily been Soviet reluctance. The Soviets have accepted our proposal to increase the number of major performing-arts attractions exchanged in the next two years from five to six—the highest level they have agreed to in fifteen years. The President's policy favoring increased cultural contacts applies also to relations with the People's Republic of China.

5. We would not recommend the establishment of a Secretary of Culture. These programs have been effectively carried out by the Department of State.

6. If it were true that orchestras and museums were engaged in preserving past works without concern for creativity, then certainly the effect on contemporary artists would be stultifying. In fact, orchestras are commissioning and playing new works, and many museums are expanding their relationship with contemporary artists and offering programs and services directly relevant to today's society. The commissioning and playing of new works is specifically cited by the National Endowment for the Arts as one of the activities for which federal funds in support of symphony orchestras are available. Matching grants of up to $10,000 are made to museums for the purchase of works by contemporary artists. The endowment also supports individual fellowship programs in the visual arts, photography, dance, film, music, and literature.

7. Traditionally, the federal government's approach to pay-TV has been to permit this service but to restrict the kinds of programs that can be presented for pay. Viewers should not have to pay for popular but expensive programming, such as sports and feature films, that is already available to them free on advertiser-supported television. The President's Cabinet Committee on Cable Television is presently reviewing whether this policy should be continued as broadband communications facilities develop. On cable's many channels there may not be sufficient advertiser support available to produce all the programs that cable systems will need. Additional sources of program financing for cable television must be found, and at present it appears that a combination of subscriber support and advertiser support will evolve.

8. The question equates public television with the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, but the two are distinct. The public television system, which is made up of the Corporation, its program-distribution network, and the local educational-television stations, should receive the principal share of its funding from local, state, and private sources. If federal funding of the system became too great, it would defeat the purpose of creating a public television system that is responsive to local needs and interests. The ultimate test of public television is whether the stations are providing a service that local communities believe worthwhile. Financial support is one important measure of a community's judgment. The Corporation for Public Broadcasting itself, while having significant sources of private funding, was created by the Congress with the understanding that its financing would come principally from the federal government.

9. President Nixon, in his message to the Congress last year, gave this answer: "In recent years the arts have come to play an increasingly important role in American life—and not as the exclusive province of a few great art centers, but in the daily lives of thousands of communities, both large and small, throughout the country . . . . They inspire us to see things in new ways. They help us to a fuller appreciation of the infinite wonder of man and his world."

—Leonard Garment

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THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION IS OVER, BUT MAO'S MELODIES LINGER ON

As China opens its gates, we see a government not only supporting opera but running it—mixing music, dance, acrobatics, and mime to push the Chairman's message.

BY LOIS WHEELER SNOW

In mainland China today Peking opera is a mixture of drama, music, dance, acrobatics, poetry, propaganda, and revolutionary history, with indefatigable heroes (more adroit than James Bond, pursuing goals he never dreamed of) and fabulously wicked villians—the whole socking out a message of exemplary struggle and courage.

Five model operas and two model ballets, representing a breakaway from hundreds of years of traditional Peking operas, form the basic theatrical fare in post–Cultural Revolutionary China. They are flanked by model orchestral works and a heaping hors d'oeuvres selection of skits, songs, folk dances, and music, national minority compositions, poems, and patter, performed the length and breadth of the country in schools, factories, commune farms, army posts, steel mills, coal mines, People's Halls, threshing grounds, city parks, and distant mountain regions. Excerpts and, very often, entire performances are televised to millions of viewers; full-length films have been made of several. Trains, courtyards, restaurants, stores, playgrounds, harvest fields, and workshops echo with their broadcast tunes.

Lois Wheeler Snow spent five months in China in 1970 with her late husband, Edgar Snow, and two months in the spring of 1972. She has appeared as an actress on Broadway and television and, together with Lee Strasberg, was a founding member of the Actors Studio.

The film and television prints reach remote areas still lacking adequate electricity. There they are projected by a bicycle-powered generator manned by a dedicated comrade or two who "serve the people" with strong legs. (The generator not only provides power for documentary and Peking-opera films but fills in on all sorts of occasions—when, for example, power fails and it is needed for emergency operations.)

I first attended a performance of the new Peking opera in 1970, when I made my initial visit to China. I had waited a long time to go there, having been married to Edgar Snow during the twenty-one years since the People's Republic's Liberation. I had been, and was still for some of those years, an actress on Broadway and television; our son and daughter had mostly grown up; we four had made homes in New York, New Jersey, and Switzerland. It had been an active, full period, enveloped by a profound interest in the Far East.

For two decades (1951–1971), while the U. S. government attempted to isolate the People's Republic, the State Department forbade American citizens to visit mainland China. Among the few exceptions was my husband (an old blockade buster), who, having first met Mao Tse-tung in the Thirties, returned to China in 1960 and again in 1964–65. On both these occasions I also was offered a visa; I was unable to receive "permission" from the State Department (unlike my husband) for the first trip, and the second time it was granted "too late." In July 1970 I didn't ask again—I went along.

I was terribly eager to see for myself the new theater, which I knew had been a battleground for ideological strife and had undergone many changes. Theater had flourished since the civil war ended in the late 1940s. At that time thousands of towns and villages saw dramas of the everyday life of the people enacted before their eyes by the dramatic troupes of the People's Liberation Army. Through them the bitterness of the past was exposed and the promise of the future revealed. Catharsis, education, and entertainment came in one package.

Peking opera, artistically the most sophisticated form of Chinese theater, with a heritage of almost 200 years, resurged—renewed after wartime wear and tear. Peking opera (*ching hsi*) is a dramatic form. Though it is not confined to Peking and is seen all over China, it is the most popular and considered the finest of the more than 250 local variations that have developed in the different provinces. Peking opera is sung in Mandarin, the others in regional dialects.

Origins twist back through centuries. The golden age of classical opera was the Yuan period (the Mongol dynasty begun by Kublai Khan) of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. During this time a desire for social change began to be expressed through drama. Such "feelings of the people" were discreetly stated in safely historical or legendary settings. *Water Margin,* for instance, tells of a peasant revolt against the bureaucracy and decadence of the Northern Sung dynasty (960–1279 A.D.).

Kun chu opera grew up during the Ming dynasty (1368–1644) in Soochow, in the province of Kiangsu. It is known as the "mother opera" because of its influence, mainly through dance form, on the nascent Peking opera, which gradually replaced it. By the end of the Ming dynasty *kun chu* had become a dead form. Abstruseness made it a monopoly of feudal lords, and, following the destruction of Soochow during the nineteenth-century Taiping Rebellion, it completely disappeared. Through the absorption of *kun chu* and a combination of local styles, popular Peking opera was already flourishing. The capital city became its center, hence the

Modern operas such as Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy *are so popular as entertainment and propaganda that Peking Press makes post cards illustrating sensational scenes (right).*

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The People's Liberation Army sends out a pursuit detachment to destroy the treacherous bandits on Tiger Mountain.

Platoon leader Yang Tzu-jung is joined by a hunter and his daughter, who volunteer to serve as guides.

With dauntless courage Yang Tzu-jung works his way into the bandits' snowy lair.

A railway worker resolves to join the Party and destroy the bandits. The time has come to "make revolution."

Armed with Mao Tse-tung Thought, the people of Chiapi Valley unite with the forces of the pursuit detachment.

The hunter's daughter Chang Pao firmly requests to go into battle to wipe out the bandits.

Imbued with revolutionary bravery, Yang eliminates another danger by putting to death a traitorous villain.

Yang and the pursuit detachment vanquish the bandits and capture the bandit chieftain, Vulture.

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name *ching* (city) *hsi* (play). It gained, and retained, enormous mass popularity. With the arrival of the Communists, old favorites played to capacity houses, but now many in the audience were workers clad in blue cotton, enjoying the theatrical richness of the fallen dynasties for a few pennies a seat.

Soon after the civil war Peking had more theaters than New York City had, and in Shanghai alone seventy professional companies were working in a dozen different theatrical forms, comprising regional operas and modern and vernacular drama. A rough estimate cited 3,000 theatrical companies in the country in 1964 (not including amateur troupes). Of these about ninety were professional modern-drama companies, eighty-odd were cultural troupes, and the rest, more than 2,800, were companies staging various kinds of operas and balladry.

Behind all this activity the problem of "two lines"—one reflecting bourgeois tendencies, the other the proletarian revolution—was growing and affecting the theater. A resurgence of bourgeois thinking conflicted with the criteria for literature and art counseled by Mao Tse-tung as early as 1942. Theater (and cinema) from the time of Liberation until the Cultural Revolution was mainly under the direction of those within the Communist party who were later "weeded out" during 1966–70 as "revisionists." A great many people had been honestly mistaken or simply fooled or confused by such leadership, which preached one line (Marxism-Leninism-Maoism) but practiced another (liberalistic, middle class, revisionist). The Cultural Revolution sought to dig out the bourgeois elements and cement the cracks that had appeared during the building of Chinese socialism.

During the period between Liberation and the Cultural Revolution the theater had come to serve, more and more, an elite. Copying of "the foreign" dominated indigenous creativity; refurbishing "the old" took priority over constructing the new. Many of those held accountable for this trend were by no means considered traitors. The Chairman himself said the majority of these people were good. But there were a few who knowingly opposed proletarian Socialist principles and promoted "the black line," a term used for anti-Party and anti-Socialist ideas reflected in literature and art. Attacking revisionists who held to the black line, *Red Flag*, the chief theoretical organ of the Chinese Communist party, stated: "Modern revisionists in the field of literature and art use a whole battery of arguments to support what they describe as the 'central principle' in esthetics—'writing honestly.' Brandishing this 'principle,' they denounce as 'dishonest' works of art and literature which describe the people's revolutionary struggles, faith in the revolution, and communist ideals. They use this 'principle,' too, to justify their approval of works that indiscriminately wax eloquent about bourgeois humanism, bourgeois pacifism, and the bourgeois 'ideal' of a life of creature comforts and indulgence in the trivialities of home life. Only such works, they say, are 'honestly' written, and any work that is 'honestly' written must be a good work."

It was Chiang Ching, Chairman Mao's wife, who brought her talents and experience into the looming battle in the world of literature and art. As a young actress Chiang Ching in 1933 had secretly joined the Party and gone to its revolutionary base in Yenan. There she worked at the Lu Hsun Academy of Fine Arts, directing rehearsals for the institute's theater troupe, and there in 1938 she met and married Mao Tse-tung, divorced the year before from Ho Tzu-ch'en.

> We arrived in time for the 7:30 curtain and caused quick turning of heads and sharp surprise in black eyes until we settled into our seats.

For years after Liberation Chiang Ching was seen but rarely in public, and then only as Madame Mao. In 1950 and in 1962 she criticized specific works of art for being reactionary, but her denunciations caused scarcely a ripple. Nevertheless, Chiang Ching continued what soon would prove to be a veritable crusade to uphold the proletarian revolutionary line of Mao Tse-tung Thought: Peking opera was the means for its promotion. A change in content and in direction—summed up in the question "For whom?"—was the crux of the attack.

For whom, demanded critics of bourgeois revisionism, were Communist ballerinas dressed in tutus dancing court ballet, and for whom were revolutionary actors clothed in velvet and silk presenting Shakespeare and Molière? Not for peasants, workers, or soldiers, with no background in Western art to understand the anomaly. Form without social meaning, art for art's sake, began to cut the warborn bonds between the masses and the artists.

In 1964 Chiang Ching's campaign blossomed. The Festival of Peking Opera on Contemporary Themes, involving thousands of actors and musicians from eighteen provinces, started what would soon become China's model theater. *Red Detachment of Women*, the first full-length revolutionary ballet, made its debut, as did several operas. "The reform of Peking opera is a major event," editorialized *Red Flag*. "It is not only a cultural revolution but a social revolution."

Such was the beginning; a lot was to follow. When we entered the People's Republic in 1970, China had moved even farther along the proletarian path, and a handful of model operas and ballets heralded a theater for those "for whom" it was intended from the start.

In China, accompanied by those who had seen the old theater and know the new (and what has created the new), I watched and learned what I could. I read each play in English before attending a performance; an excellent translator-companion explained subtleties I might otherwise have missed. Sometimes earphones with simultaneous English translations were available, but I preferred the less pervasive interpreter or my own "self-reliance." I returned several times to some of the plays in order to understand better.

Theater tickets cost very little. Seats in the first row are priced at the equivalent of about 30 cents in U.S. money, those farther back around 15 cents, though to a Chinese family this is more than it is to us (70 cents buys a good meal for a family of four). Tickets are not easy to acquire; too many people want to see what is still too little theatrical fare.

My initial experience was a performance of *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, one of the current model operas. It was presented in the Hall of the Political Consultative Council, a pleasant Peking "Off-Broadway" auditorium functionally prepared for note-taking and with a seating capacity of about a thousand.

We arrived in time for the 7:30 curtain and caused quick turning of heads and sharp surprise in black eyes until we settled into our seats. Western foreigners are conspicuous, even in a Peking theater. The hall was already full of men and women—old, young, in-between—all dressed (as by this time I was) in cotton pants and light shirts. The khaki green of the army was sprinkled here and there among the spectators' near-uniform blue, and occasional flashes of bright color shot from the hairbows and gay blouses of children out for a treat. Tiny fans fluttered like hummingbirds throughout the au-

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dience on this unseasonably sultry evening. The golden-bronze curtain glowed with light; on either side of the stage were oblong screens that flashed the libretto (printed in Chinese characters) simultaneously as an actor sang. (The notes of a song were drawn out in such a way as to make words often unintelligible, hence the need for visual assistance.) They also identified acts and scenes. Distracted by them at first, I got used to these illuminated scroll-like aids—though due to my lack of knowledge of Chinese they became and remained only familiar decorations.

Audience buzz-and-chatter stopped when a member of the cast, dressed in army uniform, sprang out onto the spotlighted apron and recited, high and loud as a drill sergeant, an appropriate quotation from Mao Tse-tung. This is customary procedure now not only as a tribute to the Chairman but as an ideological guide to the performance about to be seen.

As lights dimmed, the curtains parted on a semiballet, semiacrobatic dance depicting a PLA (People's Liberation Army) pursuit detachment forcing its way forward in a blizzard. The illuminated signs at the sides of the proscenium identified the scene: "Winter, 1946, somewhere in Northeast China, a forest deep in a snow-covered mountain." Snow whirled and a huge crimson flag reeled in the music-howling gale; actor-dancers leaped and sprang through the storm; biting cold seemed to pour out across the footlights. I sat up straight at the breathtaking pace and energy.

Stage right an orchestra of some twenty musicians, both men and women, using a combination of Chinese and Western instruments, remained screened by a scrim but faintly visible during the play, pinpointing a gesture, emphasizing a mood, underscoring the text—and in full accompaniment when arias or dances took over. (In old Peking opera the musicians—at that time usually seven or eight players—used to sit on the stage in full view.) Unobtrusively, the orchestra became part and parcel of the action. The conductor assumed particular importance as he punctuated striking moments with a sharp "tac" produced by clapping together two pieces of wood, a timebeater called a *pan*.

The scenery was "revolutionary realistic–revolutionary romantic," the term the Chinese use to describe the new style. A house that Walt Disney might have designed if Snow White had been lost in a Chinese forest was indicated by outlines of exterior walls and a snow-topped roof framing a snug room with a window frankly painted on the back flat. Outdoor scenes used photographed scenery on the cyclorama, while a cut-out tree or two served the actors as a "forest" in the playing area. (Peking opera used to be setless and sceneless.) Stage properties were few, as was the case in classical opera. A table and chair sufficed as furniture in the army headquarters; a map on the wall made it look official. The interior of a hunter's house was achieved with a rough-hewn stool front stage and a *k'ang* (the peasant stone bed) against the back of the set. Realistic doors—which didn't always stay tightly shut—were used to enter from "outside" to "inside," but the actors sometimes employed a modified version of the old Peking opera device of taking a high step to indicate entering a room. Snowstorms were created by projected swirls of white spots and cloudbursts by streaks and slashes of simulated rain. (Bits of white paper thrown up in the air by the stage manager formerly produced a snowstorm in classic opera, as a flag with black lines drawn across it used to indicate a storm, or a flag with the character for water a flood. Rain was equally easy to distinguish—the actors simply carried umbrellas or dodged imagined pools of water.)

Costumes today are realistic, though not carried to extremes. If a character is supposed to be poor and dirty, the idea is conveyed by neat patches and splashes; landlords are convincingly but not lavishly well clothed. Gone is the sumptuousness of the past, when even beggars wore rags of silk and satin on stage. "Revolutionary romanticism" modifies straight realism and is apparent in carefully controlled color and design; it is an idealized or symbolized heightening of reality.

> Snow whirled, a huge crimson flag reeled in the music-howling gale, actor-dancers leaped and sprang through the storm . . .

Actors use an extraordinary amount of unrealistic make-up, particularly the young men, who point up revolutionary goodness and health by startlingly rosy faces and upswung black-painted brows. The Chinese, however, are accustomed to exaggeratedly painted stage faces and don't seem in the least surprised by pink-cheeked heroes or yellow-green villains. Make-up was an ancient and complicated art in classical Peking opera, by means of which characters could be immediately categorized as they stepped on stage. Color played an important role—red, for example, was traditional for the honest. Revolutionary Peking opera has considerably toned down what used to be a technique of enormous importance.

Similar emphasis—stressing good and bad—affects staging and lighting. Good people always take a prominent place on stage, singled out by light; villains and ne'er-do-wells—even when the scenes are theirs and even when occupying the stage alone—are kept off center and in dim light. This is skillfully done, though for me it tended to highlight the villains, somehow eye-catching in their obscurity.

The opera describes a situation often encountered in the civil war of 1946–47—a battle in which a detachment of the PLA overcomes a gang of Kuomintang bandits. *Taking Tiger Mountain* proves the power of the people, "Even when," as the *Hsinsua News Bulletin* put it, "the enemy is strong and the people are weak, provided the masses are aroused, armed, and organized to struggle." China had been devastated by war for many years. The Japanese had occupied large areas of the country, and Chiang Kai-shek had capitulated time and again to the invaders, expending his troops and his might on "extermination campaigns" against the Communists, who were becoming increasingly strong. By 1946 Chiang threw all his resources into civil war. As battles raged and ravaged, many remnant bands of Kuomintang deserters, with no purpose except survival, established themselves in hide-outs to lead predatory lives, making the most of their guns, cunning, and brute strength.

With this historical background we move on stage: Entrenched on Tiger Mountain, a stony fortress dominating the valley of Chiapi, a gang of such bandit renegades, headed by their chief, Vulture, have terrorized the surrounding countryside. The PLA arrives to organize resistance and liberate the valley. Yang Tzu-jung, a scout platoon leader of the PLA, disguises himself as a bandit and makes his way alone into the enemy's fort. His courage, firm revolutionary consciousness, and ingenuity enable him to outwit Vulture and his gang of "Terribles." A fierce battle culminates in defeat of the bandits. Chiapi is freed; the villagers, won to the side of their Communist liberators, celebrate, determined to continue the revolution.

Artificial, formalized conventions of old Peking opera combine with the contemporary theme and new techniques of *Taking Tiger Mountain* in a hand-in-glove rapport. The use of highly stylized gestures is fascinating. The scout hero, Yang Tzu-jung, is clad in a bandit cover-up of tiger-pelt blouse

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and black pants under a long, white chamois-lined coat, legs encased in high leather boots, with a hat of wolf fur on his head. The scene in which he speeds on horseback in a blinding snowstorm through the dense forest to the bandits' lair, encountering and killing a man-eating tiger en route, is a gem of pantomime, ritual movement, dance, and acrobatics. With the aid of only a red-tasseled whip, music, his two nimble legs, and an eloquent voice,

To my Western, bourgeois eyes the evil ones were often more successful dramatically than the heroes.

the actor creates a galloping steed, a cold ride fraught with dangers, a ferocious tiger, a panic-stricken horse, and a howling victim as he shoots the tiger to death. The tasseled riding whip is a conventional prop used to indicate riding a steed. Mounting and dismounting is done with traditional, stylized footwork and body movements. A rapid walk around the stage, using tiny steps, means a long distance covered. Sharpening the moments of high drama, the *liang hsiang*, or pause (from traditional Chinese theater), brings the actor to a posed standstill.

The final scaling of Tiger Mountain is a thrilling display of gymnastic grace and muscular skill. When the battle between the bandits and the PLA takes place in the grimy, dark fortress cave, kaleidoscopic action envelops the stage. One after the other, in circuslike tumbling, the soldier-acrobats knock off the drunken villains—who, using a Peking opera device, either roll themselves off the stage or, after falling dead, get up and run off. It happens so fast, in such excitement of music and pace, that this self-removal of the dead is perfectly acceptable. Chinese Douglas Fairbankses and Errol Flynns swarm over the stage, defying and defeating the ferocious, agile enemy; actors in both categories duck, dodge, leap, kick, and swing, in mutually assisted gymnastic feats.

These scenes in modern Peking opera have the added value of humor and the cool comfort of rapport with the audience. The villains are destroyed without a trace of spectator sympathy; the triumph of sheer good over stark evil is mandatory and inevitable.

To my Western, bourgeois eyes, the evil ones were often more successful dramatically than the heroes. They were so bad they were interesting. The actor we saw play the villain Vulture was superb in the role. His physical dexterity and grace added a supernatural quality, as he literally rose in the air or bounced on his rocky throne in the throes of wily wickedness, like a gnome king. It is difficult to achieve the portrayal of complete evil or complete good on stage. Even in the worst characters a sympathetic element is bound to appear, even if it is only unintentional humor. But here it is important to remember the people "for whom" the new Chinese theater was created. Audiences whose heritage is deep suffering at the hands of Kuomintang bandits, invaders, imperialists, landlords, warlords, traitors, spies, and the like, are more apt to accept—and relish—absolutely drawn heroes and villains than are theater audiences in the United States or Europe, thousands of miles and ideological light years away from such immediate suffering.

Heroes in Socialist China have little in common with capitalist-grown varieties. Model revolutionaries are people who are revered by the masses for having led—and often lost—lives dedicated to service beyond the call of Socialist duty and who are meant to be emulated in daily life. They are not *apart* from ordinary citizens. They may have flashed to recognition on one heroic, if prosaic, moment, perhaps dying in an attempt to save state property, as in the case of a national hero whose young life was swept away in a raging flood as he endeavored to rescue some vitally important telephone poles. Adoration of movie stars, prizefighters, pop singers, baseball players, and cosmonauts is inconceivable in today's China.

For peasant audiences—90 percent of the "for whom"—there is no problem of heroic heroes and villainous villains seeming unnatural. They have emerged so recently from war, poverty, exploitation, and the starkness of life and death that primary-colored drama without subtleties of ideological shading is as readily accepted as the vividly painted, highly stylized characters of yesterday's Peking opera were by the Chinese theatergoers of the past.

Collectively written and produced by members of the Peking Opera Troupe of Shanghai, *Taking Tiger Mountain* was begun in 1958 (during the Great Leap Forward). It has gone through much reshaping to reach its present "model" form—that is, one meant to educate and politicize as well as entertain, to present models and heroes that, in the words of Mao Tse-tung, "propel history forward." "Revolutionary realism" combined with "revolutionary romanticism" equals "revolutionary truth," which Mao defined as "life as reflected in works of literature and art on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life."

The reshaping of *Taking Tiger Mountain* was a long, arduous process. Members of the opera troupe who clung to old ideas had to be reeducated. Extensive changes were made in music, décor, and lighting. The hero was stripped of the daredevilry and roughness, the banditlike airs, that he had had in the original version of the script. In an article written by the troupe the company explained, "The original script did not make the least mention of Yang's contact with the masses." Two scenes were cut and replaced "by a new scene, 'Asking About Bitterness,' purposely designed to demonstrate the fish-and-water relationship between our army and the people and the flesh-and-blood relationship between the working people and Yang Tzu-jung, who relies on the masses and conducts propaganda among them . . . ."

Chiang Ching, Mao's wife, was the guiding light in the restructuring of the play. She watched rehearsals, discussed and criticized the play with the performers and writers, helped with rewriting. The model opera was presented at the National Festival of Peking Opera on Contemporary Themes in 1964. Chairman Mao, who had encouraged and supported the work, attended a performance on July 17. Even after that, in April 1965, more editing of the script ensued to accentuate Yang's integration with and reliance on the people.

The result is *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* which is playing to packed houses in the cities of China and is seen in local theatrical versions or excerpts, or by means of cinema or television, in thousands of hamlets, villages, and towns throughout the People's Republic.

I am not a worker, a peasant, or a soldier, but—witnessing the conviction, the excitement, the beauty of production, and the skill of the players—I enjoyed that evening immensely.

The cast in the Peking production that we saw was filled with the kind of spirit associated with an opening night; yet this is the longest-playing opera in the city. Every actor performed as if Chairman Mao himself were in the auditorium and with a feeling of ensemble that comes only from cooperative, extensive rehearsing. The bronze curtains closed at the end of the show, to reopen on the assembled cast singing, "Sailing the Seas With the Helmsman," and waving "little red books" in time to the music. The audience stood and joined in the singing. At the final note the cast applauded the audience, and we applauded back. □

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CHILDREN'S GAMES

The photography of Diane Arbus BY GENE THORNTON

Among the last photographs taken by Diane Arbus before her suicide last year at the age of forty-eight was one of four masked figures standing in an empty field. Their simple, homemade masks and improvised costumes are childlike, and so is the seriousness with which they present themselves to the camera. Yet the masked men are clearly grown-up, and the incongruity between their childlike getups and their adult proportions is distinctly unnerving.

Who are these four small figures? They seem to be different from the rest of us—somehow defective, somehow not all there, like children burdened with adult bodies. Are they madmen, actors, or simply a group of friends getting together to make a joke for the camera? They are almost lost in a vast immensity of sky and field, and, except for their human legs and human hands, they might almost be scarecrows. Yet they stand up proudly in their homemade costumes and masks —their true natures perhaps hidden, perhaps revealed by the grotesqueness of their attire. The viewer who tries to penetrate their disguises finds himself disconcerted, even frightened, by their calm self-possession. "Yes, perhaps we are grotesque and not exactly what human beings should be," they seem to be saying. "But why are you so sure you are different from us?"

Such questions seem to be asked by most of Diane Arbus's photographs: "What is normal and what is not? What is the difference, if any, between the freaks and us?" Her best-known photographs are portraits of dwarfs, midgets, giants, nudists, lesbians, transvestites, and various kinds of fanatics—people who are very different from the majority. Among her photographs, however, there are many other pictures of quite ordinary people: society women, suburbanites, art lovers, precocious children, working-class families, babies. They are scrutinized with the same serious and not unfriendly attention as the freaks and misfits, and often they look quite as strange. "There's the odd and the ordinary," she once said to describe the different kinds of people she photographed. She added: "At moments the ordinary looks incredibly odd to me." This unstable balance between the ordinary and the odd—this abolition of the usual distinctions between Them and Us—is the most striking characteristic of Arbus's work as a whole.

During the next months Americans will have their first real opportunity to judge her work for themselves. Although Diane Arbus was a versatile working photographer, doing everything from feature stories for the *Sunday Times* of London to children's fashions for the Sunday *New York Times*, much of her most distinctive work was done for herself and her friends and was known, if at all, only through small museum shows or photography publications. This month, however, a 125-picture retrospective exhibition is opening at New York's Museum of Modern Art. The exhibition will later travel to Chicago, Baltimore, Minneapolis, and Ottawa (see tour schedule on next page). Several national magazines and yearbooks—including *Esquire, Audience, Vogue, Ms., Atlantic Monthly, Modern Photography Annual 1973*, and Time-Life's *Photography Year 1973*—are publishing selections of her work. At the same time Aperture, Inc., is publishing a book of eighty pictures, the first published collection to indicate the full range and variety of her work.

No doubt many people will find Diane Arbus's pictures unpleasant, distressing, even cruel. "Morbid" is one word that is often used by people who dislike them, and even people who like the photographs often find them ugly. Arbus, however, had a different view. One evening in 1969 she discussed her work with a group of students at one of New York University's Concerned Photographer lectures and explained to them what she was trying to do.

"You may think I'm telling you these

Gene Thornton writes regularly on photography for the New York Times.

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"I always thought of photography as a naughty thing to do—that was one of my favorite things about it."

people are ugly," she said. "I'm not. I don't think they are ugly." Neither was she claiming that she had any special insight into their lives. "I don't know what it's like to be a midget. I only know what it's like to be with them." What she was trying to record was not what they were, but what they were willing to show of themselves once she and they had met on terms of equality, without any preconceived notions as to who was freakish or normal, ugly or handsome, good or bad. One of her most unsettling early pictures shows two female impersonators in a night-club dressing room, their faces made up as women but their bodies, bare to the waist, distinctly male. To others they might look bizarre, even revolting, but it is clear from the picture that the young men are pleased with themselves and find themselves rather delightful. This is the way they want to be seen by others—as delightful—and Diane Arbus captured both this wish and the stigma that would inevitably work against its fulfillment.

In a way her photographic ventures were like a bright child's attempt to understand an unfamiliar world without any help or hindrance from adults. Even when she was in her forties, she would explain what she was doing as if it were a kind of children's game.

"I always thought of photography as a naughty thing to do—that was one of my favorite things about it—and when I first did it I felt very perverse. It had a lot to do with not believing what I was told. For years people had told me things, and I had listened and tried to do right. My mother, like everyone's mother, used to say, 'Don't go out without your rubbers, or you'll catch cold.' But when I was grown up, I didn't have to wear rubbers if I didn't want to. I could find out for myself what was good and bad. Photography was a license to go wherever I wanted to go and do exactly what I wanted to do."

She began by photographing sideshow freaks, fascinated by the unique fate that had set them apart from other people at birth. She went on to photograph people who were set apart by their behavior or beliefs. Finally she came to see the unique identity, or "freakishness," of the most ordinary people. Perhaps her greatest gift was a childlike ability to look at both odd and ordinary people in exactly the same way. She gets very close to all of them, far closer than is comfortable for most people, and it is her ability to draw the viewer into the world of even the most bizarre subjects that makes her pictures at once so disturbing and so valuable. □

Tour Schedule

Museum of Modern Art, New York
November 7, 1972–January 21, 1973

Art Institute of Chicago
April 1–May 13, 1973

Baltimore Museum of Art
October 15–November 25, 1973

Walker Art Center, Minneapolis
January 6–February 17, 1974

National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa
March 15–April 21, 1974

Diane Arbus's older brother is the poet Howard Nemerov. After her death he wrote the following poem, first published in the July 1972, issue of Poetry, *and reprinted here by permission.*

TO D———,
DEAD BY HER OWN HAND

My dear, I wonder if before the end
You ever thought about a children's game—
I'm sure you must have played it too—in which
You ran along a narrow garden wall
Pretending it to be a mountain ledge
So steep a snowy darkness fell away
On either side to deeps invisible;
And when you felt your balance being lost
You jumped because you feared to fall, and thought
For only an instant: that was when I died.

That was a life ago. And now you've gone,
Who would no longer play the grown-ups' game
Where, balanced on the ledge above the dark,
You go on running and you don't look down,
Nor ever jump because you fear to fall.

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"What Is REAL?" Asked the Rabbit One Day

Today's literary trends reveal a paradox: harsh realism in children's books, fantasy and escapism in adult books. Now, who buys what for whom? BY PATRICK MERLA

Plot One

"Never shall his side touch a woman's of the race that now dwells upon this earth." Thus Llew Llaw Gyffes is condemned to loneliness by his mother, the enchantress Arianrhod. But Gwydion, the boy's uncle and heir to the throne of Gwynedd, fashions with the High King Math a bride of flowers for Llew, summoning through magic a soul for the maid. The bride betrays Llew, however, and contrives with her lover a foul death for the boy. Llew's spirit takes the form of an eagle, hovering with an arrow in its breast in the branches of a tree above his human body. Unable to accept his nephew's death, Gwydion searches the world for the eagle and woos the boy's spirit back into his decaying corpse. Restored to life and health, Llew destroys his rival. Arianrhod's magic turns back upon her, and she is swallowed up by the sea. Unrepentant, Llew's bride is transformed by Gwydion into an owl, a bird of darkness, called ever afterward by her own name—Blodeuwedd, the Flower-Like.

Plot Two

Morag, having spent most of her life unwanted in foster homes, runs away. It is spring when she arrives in the mountains. Managing to befriend a mountain goat and its kid, she finds a cave to live in, sustaining herself by stealing from nearby farms. She teaches herself to kill game and to make cheese from the goat's milk. Finding a human skeleton in the woods above her cave, she decorates it with flowers and worships it. One day she happens upon the scene of an accident. A young man has been killed in a fall, his head cracked open on a rock. Another is barely alive. Morag nurses him back to health. In return, he rapes her, becomes her lover briefly, then deserts her to return to civilization. Pregnant, Morag realizes that she will not survive the winter in the mountains. Seeking help, she is attacked by the irate villagers she has robbed. Wounded, Morag makes her way to the seashore. There she miscarries and dies, becoming finally a skeleton herself, her bones "merely a part of the white sand."

Most readers, if asked to choose, would state confidently that the first of these plots was for children and the second for adults. They would be wrong. Plot One is from *The Island of the Mighty*, an adult fantasy; Plot Two is from a children's book, *A Wild Thing*. Children are forsaking innocence in their reading habits to peruse stark realities, while adults, paradoxically, are wandering more and more into fictional never-never-lands.

Eleven years ago in New York my high school circle of friends included a bunch of precocious teen-agers. We made weekly pilgrimages to the Gotham Book Mart to purchase British editions of the early novels of Hermann Hesse (there were no American editions in print then); and shortly thereafter we discovered the *I Ching*. For music we had Bach and Vivaldi, Buxtehude and Josquin des Prez, Ruth Etting, and the film scores of *Jules et Jim* and *La Dolce Vita*. But not all of our interests were esoteric. We devoured Salinger's *Frannie and Zooey* as soon as it came out. (Of course, Salinger's book sent us scurrying back to the Gotham for little green-bound volumes of *The Way of the Pilgrim*, the religious book that Frannie is always reading.) We studied avidly the works of Gide and Fitzgerald, and also John Knowles's *A Separate Peace*. We listened seriously to rock-and-roll as an expression, if not of ourselves, then of many of our peers. And we thought of Joan Baez as an older sister.

One day, while we were studying T. H. White's *The Once and Future King*, our middle-aged English teacher casually recommended that we read what she called (hyperbolically, we thought) "the greatest novel of the twentieth century"—a three-part book by J. R. R. Tolkien, a British philologist, called *The Lord of the Rings* (not to be confused with Golding's gruesome parable, *Lord of the Flies*, which was then the rage of American college campuses and which we had already digested). Little did we realize that our mentor was a Hobbit-cult member of long standing and that *she meant what she said*. Be that as it may, those of us inspired by the White masterpiece wrote down the name of the trilogy and bought it on our next trip to the Gotham. Thus began our search for fantasy.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON FOR THE VELVETEEN RABBIT BY MARGERY WILLIAMS. DOUBLEDAY

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Our circle has been broken many times since then. We have gone our separate ways into Tibetan Buddhism, Surat Shabd Yoga, mental institutions, motherhood and song writing, macrobiotic restaurants and progressive schools in New Hampshire, marriage with childhood sweethearts, vegetarianism, and death. For some of us the search for fantasy has ended. For the rest it has continued on and off over the years, being handsomely rewarded in the last few with the advent of the vogue for adult fantasy fiction.

For myself the search at first led directly and inevitably to children's literature, since there was so little adult fantasy that we either knew about or could find when we first began looking for it. Only occasionally did we discover in secondhand bookshops works such as poet Elinor Wylie's novel *The Venetian Glass Nephew*.

It was only three years ago, however, that I became aware of the "problem" of realism (or the lack of it) in children's literature. As a panel member of New York's now defunct WBAI-FM *Kid Stuff* program, I heard my colleagues complain about the lack of "relevant" books for children in ghettos, children from broken homes, disturbed children, and so on. What do they think now, I wonder, about the current rash of sex, drugs, death, and violence in children's books? Certainly, there are "relevant" books now.

What are some of them, and what are they *about*? (I've inserted a bibliography of the books I discuss at the end of this article.)

Many of them deal with coping. Coping with: alienation, (*The Dream Watcher, Run Softly, Go Fast*); premarital sex and abortion (*My Darling, My Hamburger*); unwed motherhood (*The Longest Weekend*); drugs (*Go Ask Alice*); death (*Grover*); suicide (*A Blues I Can Whistle*); mental retardation (*Hey, Dummy*); senility (*The Pigman*); and poverty (*Where the Lilies Bloom*). There are books about runaways (*The Runaway's Diary*); books about the Depression (*Somebody Will Miss Me*); innumerable books with black protagonists or racial themes (*Sounder, Zeely, The Almost Year, The Cay, The Soul Brothers and Sister Lou, Viva Chicano*). Recently there have been books about the plight of the American Indians (*Retreat to the Bear Paw, Only the Names Remain*). There are even books about wars: Vietnam (*War Year*) and World War II (*Fireweed, Ceremony of Innocence, From Ice Set Free*).

More specifically, in John Donovan's *Wild in the World*, readers are introduced to the Gridleys, a thirteen-member family of homesteaders in the hills of New Hampshire. At the outset we're informed that only three brothers remain. The first pages of the book detail the deaths of the others from fire, scarlet fever, rattlesnake bite, suicide, childbirth, and a few unspecified causes. On page 5 Abraham rips a fishhook out of his hand, contracts an infection, and dies two days later. Page 6 sees Amos kicked by a cow and "dead in a day or so." "This left John," the author states succinctly, closing Chapter One. Shortly thereafter John befriends an animal that is either a wolf, a wolf dog, or a large dog that resembles a wolf (Donovan carefully avoids telling us which). John teaches the animal tricks and makes plans to join a circus. Bitten by a rattlesnake, the pet hovers near death for days but lives. John is less fortunate. A good part of this ninety-four-page novel details John's slow death from pneumonia.

Jean Renvoize's *A Wild Thing* (Plot Two above) is full of passages such as this one:

". . . The rabbit was a perfect target. . . . She swallowed, aimed and shot.

". . . The rabbit screeched, jumped up into the air kicking wildly, somersaulted over backward, and fell down heavily to the ground . . . .

". . . it began to jerk wildly and scream out. Thrashing around in violent convulsions all the time it let out those piercing screams that filled the wood and sent the birds crashing through the

Not all the books being published for children these days are violent or full of drugs and sex.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES MIKOLAYCAK FOR THE FERAL CHILD BY ERIC SUNDELL. ABELARD-SCHUMAN

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young leaves in their alarm . . . .

"Finally pity gave her strength to summon herself, helped her to grab the frenzied thing, swing it up high and bring it down like a chopper onto the edge of the stump, so that its neck broke and at last it lay still, bloody and lifeless."

Both *Wild in the World* and *A Wild Thing*, though excellently written, present an *extreme* realism in which, although specific details are scrupulously, even meticulously, rendered, the situations are so extraordinary as to be out of the range of average experience. Similarly, Chingiz Aitmatov's *The White Ship* presents a small boy's suicide; the book's folk-tale-like narrative, beautiful as it is, and its foreign setting might make it inaccessible to some, almost too "fantastic" to be believed.

Of course, there is no rule that a book must be about everyday occurrences for an audience to be able to identify with it. As James E. Higgins has pointed out in his excellent *Beyond Words*, a child's reality is not necessarily bounded by time and space; most children can, by *imagining*, identify with situations they might never face in their own lives. (Higgins is referring to works of fantasy, but his observation is still applicable. In fact, much of the most astute commentary on realism for children comes from writers talking about fantasy.) The lever for determining whether a particular child will be able to identify with these books must be that child's sensitivity to the material at hand.

But if adults, parents in particular, are shocked by any one element of the "new realism" in children's literature, it is likely to be the liberal treatment of drugs and sex. More than one-third of the titles I've listed deal primarily with drugs and/or sex in some fashion. Take this passage from Barbara Wersba's *Run Softly, Go Fast*:

". . . Marty was a dealer in dope . . . . I was in the midst of Marty's entourage . . . . Guys like Valiant who made cookies laced with pot and sold them in schoolyards. Girls like Happytime who balled anyone who would give her speed. Pale sick people who lived in communal pads and caught each other's lice and washed each other's backs in a dirty communal tub . . . . Who got busted and went to jail for possession, and got sprung, and made the scene again. Who lived like paupers but had the best stereo systems in the world. Who lay around evenings on mattresses as the joint was passed from hand to hand, and the music blared, and the incense wafted from paisley wall to paisley wall. And whose parents . . . were looking for them all over America . . . . Clever Martin Brooks . . . . Playing father to little street junkies and fourteen-year-old derelicts because they put out for him, in more ways than one . . . . "

DETAIL, COVER ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MCCALL JOHNSTON FOR THE CHILDREN OF LLYR BY EVANGELINE WALTON. A BALLANTINE BOOK

Powerful and *accurate*. Yet for some reason parents—and perhaps adults in general—become upset when they think that children (their own or somebody else's) may be reading this sort of thing. Are they being naïve? Could it be that the sexual revolution and the counterculture have not yet made an impression on Middle America? I doubt it. There have been far too many nationally broadcast television programs dealing with these "problems" for me to believe it. California had such a problem with girls dropping out of high school to have babies that a special program was initiated to enable them to continue in school; the same state seems well on its way to liberalizing its drug laws. California may be unusual in its solutions but not in its problems.

But I have other reasons for suspecting that many adults are being ingenuous. Recently a ceremony was held in a church near my home. It was a wedding, and it was held behind closed doors. The bride was fifteen years old and very pregnant; the groom was eighteen. They had obtained special court permission to marry. The pastor of the church locked the doors "to prevent a scandal." I know about it because the child bride is the daughter of my neighbor and friend. Only a year ago an acquaintance of this child died of an overdose of heroin—and she was not the first. Then there are the two boys who ran away from home. The pretty one was quickly discovered by a minority group—all "respectable citizens," mind you—and initiated into the mysteries of drugs and sex. That was four years ago, when he was fifteen. Since then he has "worked" as a prostitute and a dealer but manages somehow to spend his winters in Puerto Rico. When his younger brother, who is less pretty, arrived on the scene a year after him, *another* minority group discovered *him*. He's been a heroin addict ever since.

Books like *Run Softly, Go Fast* and *Go Ask Alice* (which deals even more graphically with the world of drugs and sex) are presenting real situations in true-to-life terms and deserve to be read. Were they written solely as moral lessons or to teach, these books would be rejected as dishonest and meaningless by the very people who can get the most from them. When they are good, they speak for and to the people they are about. William Armstrong's *Sounder* (about a sharecropper family's struggles after the father has been imprisoned), Eleanor Clymer's *We Lived in the Almont* (about a young girl in the city whose father is a tenement superintendent), Mary Stolz's *By the Highway Home* (about a family's heartbreaking attempts to come to terms with a son's death in Vietnam), and John Neufeld's *Lisa, Bright and Dark* (about a teen-aged girl's futile efforts to get help from her parents as she descends into insanity)—books such as these are intensely moving, unforgettable accounts of people we can care about. At their best they are open-ended, like life itself. They do not pretend to have answers to questions that puzzle even adults. In some ways they are among the most advanced books available today. Isabelle Holland's *The Man Without a Face*, dealing *positively* with a difficult subject—homosexuality—through complex, believable characters and situations, and E. L. Konigsburg's (*George*), which presents a young boy who has a "double personality" and retains it even after psychoanalysis, are books that must be considered enlightened works. And, occasionally, as with Barbara Wersba's books, *Run Softly, Go Fast* and *The Dream Watcher*, they are masterpieces, books that are likely to be read and loved by adults as well as children for years to come.

But not all of the books being published for children these days are violent or full of drugs and sex. There are the superb and funny books of E. L. Konigsburg, which portray a "fanciful" realism; the historical novels of Rosemary Sutcliff, Hester Burton, and Patricia Beatty; the fantasies of Lloyd Alexander, Ursula K. LeGuin, and Alan Garner; the period (real or imaginary) mystery/adventure stories of Joan Aiken

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and Leon Garfield—all of them excellent. There are a variety of poetry anthologies, ranging from collections of nineteenth-century narrative poems through volumes of contemporary poems and poems relating in some way to rock music, as well as collections of poems by young people themselves. There are S. E. Hinton's books, which are important because they were written *by* a young person (my friends had *Harrison High* by teen-aged John Farris, which was published as an adult book). There are a number of excellent biographies and even some Gothic romance novels.

The important question about these strange new books is: Just who is reading them, are they being read at all, and why? One would have to conduct a survey of the entire reading public to get a definite answer because the "experts"—people in and out of the field of children's literature—disagree among themselves.

I would say that the average reader of these books is fourteen years old or younger, in spite of the fact that the books may be written for slightly older "young adults." Children, I think, tend to read about people who are older than themselves; at least, this was true of my friends. Also, I think that older children are well into reading adult books, usually paperbacks that they buy and circulate among themselves. These are books such as Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land,* or Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice,* Mario Puzo's *The Godfather,* or Jacqueline Susann's *The Love Machine;* one might even find a few copies of Alan Watts's *The Book* floating around. (This is by no means a new phenomenon; Leon Uris's *Exodus* was making the rounds of high schools eleven years ago.)

But are these new books actually being read? I am satisfied that they are. Librarians such as Ruth Rousen, Manhattan Borough young adults specialist of the New York Public Library, have told me that children *do* ask for these books; and 80 to 90 per cent of all sales are made to schools and libraries. But what of the children who do not use libraries? some might ask. Most of the publishers of children's books have gone into paperback publication of their young-adult titles. One might well find these volumes in bookstores among other paperbacks, sometimes in the adult stacks. In fact, when established paperback publishers, such as Avon, Signet, and Bantam, bring out young-adult titles, they often do so in adult book formats. Such is the case with *Fireweed, The Soul Brothers and Sister Lou, Lisa, Bright and Dark, My Darling, My Hamburger,* and *Run Softly, Go Fast,* to mention just a few.

Which brings us to *why* these books are being read. A sociologist friend has suggested to me that young people have basically romantic natures and want to know what's in store for them—good or bad. Librarians and editors have stated that today's young people are more sophisticated than young people were ten years ago. Another friend, who is studying to become a school administrator, has pointed out that America's educational system is a desert for most young people and the new books may constitute a meaningful oasis for them—materials from which they can learn in their own fashion.

One magazine editor hazarded the opinion that our concept of childhood—and, therefore, childhood itself—is changing, that we are beginning to think of childhood less as a state of innocence and more as a period of greater maturity. The rule for *all* children's books is that they appear to fill a need. If such a change of concept has occurred, it would be most evident in picture books, since picture books are the literature of the very young. But, aside from *The Feral Child* and *The Boy Who Tried to Cheat Death* (with their startling depictions of sexuality and death) and occasional books such as *Joseph and Koza* or *Harriet and the Promised Land,* which have frightening illustrations, books that attempt to deal with difficult subjects for very young children are usually oversimplified manifestoes of moral lessons. There are notable exceptions: Nancy and Myron Wood's *Hollering Sun;* John Steptoe's *Stevie, Uptown,* and *Train Ride;* Tom Feelings's *Black Pilgrimage;* Judith Viorst's *The Tenth Good Thing About Barney* (illustrated by Eric Blegvad); Elizabeth Bishop's *The Ballad of the Burglar of Babylon* (illustrated by Ann Grifalconi); and Cheli Durán Ryan's extraordinary *Hildilid's Night* (illustrated by Arnold Lobel).

There are those who say that art echoes the experience of society at large and that the current trend toward grim realism is the natural result of a society that has been fighting an undeclared war for so many years.

And, finally, some people believe that these new books are a means to bridge the much-discussed "generation gap"—a way to help young people overcome their alienation.

Beyond all this speculation, however, one might ask: *Should* these books be read? And, if so, *by whom*? Any parent in a quandary about what kind of book to purchase for a particular child need only watch that child's reactions to what is offered. Children of all ages usually have good notions of what they like and dislike and can decide for themselves what they want to read.

This brings us to the second half of our paradox: What are adults reading?

One need not travel too far to discover the answer to that question. A short visit to any neighborhood drug, candy, or stationery store that sells paperbacks, or to a local bookstore, will reveal that most of the books that are making money are escapist literature. (Gothic romances, fantasies and science fiction, horror stories, occult-oriented books, novels about thinly disguised celebrities, historical novels, and so on.)

The appearance in 1965 of the paperback edition of Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* undoubtedly served as the impetus to the vogue for adult fantasy; a vogue that, when related to the other "escapist" writings already mentioned, must be called a publishing trend. The hardcover edition had first appeared in its entirety in 1956. But, except to members of the Tolkien Society (such as my high school English teacher), it remained relatively un-

Magic is like religion and politics: Few people agree about it.

DETAIL, COVER ILLUSTRATION BY BOB PEPPER FOR RED MOON AND BLACK MOUNTAIN BY JOY CHANT. A BALLANTINE BOOK

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COVER DESIGN BY DON CREWS FOR RUN SOFTLY, GO FAST BY BARBARA WERSBA. ATHENEUM

known until its appearance as a paperback. Before *LOTR* (as it is known to fans) publishers were certain that fantasy titles would not sell; consequently, not much was published. But, after the enormous success of *LOTR* (it sold 250,000 copies in its first ten months as a paperback and has, to date, been through thirty printings), Ballantine Books ventured into the publication of a few other titles (E. R. Eddison's *The Worm Ouroboros* and David Lindsay's *A Voyage to Arcturus).* These also sold fairly well. Perhaps the "rule" about fantasy was a myth?

At about this time Lin Carter, a science fiction writer, submitted to Ballantine a manuscript that traced Tolkien's sources and showed clearly that *LOTR* was not the first or only work of its kind, as many then believed. *Tolkien: A Look Behind "The Lord of the Rings"* contained so much information, so many names of works no one had ever heard of, that, after agreeing to publish it, Ballantine asked Carter to serve as consultant for a projected series of adult fantasy titles—a series that has had a remarkable career.

LOTR's first success was with college students, but its popularity soon spread. There have been other, earlier and later, "campus sensations," but only Tolkien's book started a trend and received so much news coverage. *LOTR* continues to be popular, and not just with college students. Lin Carter tells me that, since Ballantine inaugurated its program, he's received letters from readers of all ages. Old works, such as William Morris's *The Wood Beyond the World* (which Carter has brought back into print), are now being discovered by readers from eight to eighty years old. Given this large audience, many publishers in addition to Ballantine are now issuing adult fantasy titles.

What makes a book fantasy? According to Carter, fantasies are works in which the settings are either completely enchanted and purely imaginary, imaginary prehistoric realms such as Atlantis or Lemuria, or recognizable worlds with imaginary histories. In his essay "On Fairy-Stories" Professor Tolkien speaks of the creation of a Secondary World, produced by the author through "enchantment," into which "both designer and spectator can enter, to the satisfaction of their senses while they are inside." I would add that fantasies are often concerned with the nature of Good and Evil and how they manifest themselves in individuals, sometimes with an heoric quest, and sometimes with the power of love and the amazing transformations brought about by it.

But the essential element of any true work of fantasy is magic—a force that affects the lives and actions of all the creatures that inhabit the fantasist's world. This magic may be innate or manifest; it may be used by the characters who live with it, or come from "gods" of the author's contrivance. Always it is a *supernatural* force whose use, *mis*use, or *dis*use irrevocably changes the lives of those it touches. Thus, such excellent books as Roger Zelazny's *Lord of Light* (with its karma machines), Fritz Leiber's *Gather, Darkness* (with its biological explanation of witchcraft), or Zenna Henderson's books about "The People" (whose powers derive from their alien origins) are not fantasies. Nor is Frank Herbert's abominably written, enormously popular *Dune* a fantasy (with its fascinating ecology and bogus drug-induced mysticism). The "magic" in these books is not Real Magic. Real Magic cannot be explained in material terms, nor manufactured with mechanical devices, nor achieved through ingested substances.

Now, magic is like religion and politics: Few people agree about it. Surprisingly enough, many of those who write about fantasy or create it themselves do not believe in it. When I asked Lin Carter if he did, he answered: "Definitely not. If I believed in it or any part of it, I couldn't write it, any more than a devout Catholic could write a new gospel." I see his point but find his analogy debatable.

Why all this fuss about magic?

Essentially, there are three kinds of science fiction/fantasy readers. There are the cultists, whose major interest is these books and who are familiar with everything that has been written. Many are writers themselves and know one another. They have a historical, specialized perspective that can immediately categorize any given work by origins, influences, and originality. Lin Carter is one of these. Then there are the enthusiasts, whose reading interests may be very broad, but who more or less consistently keep abreast of what is available in science fiction and fantasy. They have some knowledge of the comparative history of the field but nothing comprehensive. And there are those who read only occasional works of science fiction or fantasy and judge them solely on their literary merits. They may not care at all about a book's history. Naturally, these groups overlap. But magic, and whether or not one believes in it, is what determines any reader's reaction to these books, as well as the manner in which one measures the books' authenticity—at least, where fantasy is concerned.

I believe in magic. Not as mystic mumbo jumbo, but as a way of life. I do not pretend to have Lin Carter's overwhelming familiarity with the field of fantasy writing. Like all fans of this genre, I am indebted to Carter for the many hours of reading pleasure his erudition has made possible. But I do know magic. Having long been a student of mysticism (Oriental and Occidental), I have observed that a magical substructure underlies the best fantasies. A book's setting may be Khendiol (*Red Moon and Black Mountain*), King Arthur's England (*The Once and Future King*), or ancient Wales (*The Mabinogion*), but its magic is Real Magic, an archetypal life-giving quality, consistent with magic as it has always

ILLUSTRATION BY ANN GRIFALCONI FOR THE BALLAD OF THE BURGLAR OF BABYLON BY ELIZABETH BISHOP. FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX, INC.

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been. (In a way this "cosmic uniformity" is similar to the astonishing similarity of the poetry of Kabir, Rumi, and St. John of the Cross—three mystics from different eras and cultures, all of whom wrote about their religious experiences in almost identical terms.)

There are as many ways of enjoying fantasy books as there are volumes. A comparison of works derived in some way from *The Mabinogion* (the Druidic book of legends of the Welsh people)—both from a literary standpoint and as magical expositions—may give readers an idea of the nature of successful fantasy. J. R. R. Tolkien and Joy Chant have both made use of magical archetypes found in *The Mabinogion* to enrich their own books; Evangeline Walton's books, on the other hand, are actual retellings of these diverse legends in novel form. Each of these works deals with the struggle between the forces of Good and Evil. Each of them presents some form of quest. Three of them deal with the nature of love.

So much has been written about *LOTR* that I'm reluctant to add even a line. But necessity demands it. Structurally, the book is a failure; philosophically, it is materialistic in the extreme. I wonder if Tolkien believes in magic; I think he must. His fairy beings—elves, dwarves, trolls—are too faithful to Celtic sources to be purely imagined by the author. (Although scholarship might supply the clue. Readers should refer to E. Y. Evans-Wentz's *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries.*) But I do not believe that Tolkien has ever *experienced* magic himself. Not Real Magic, at any rate.

Joy Chant's *Red Moon and Black Mountain* is a far more successful book. Ironically, Tolkien's work was obviously one of Chant's major influences. She, too, presents an evil magician who has broken his banishment and returned to his "Black Mountain" of power. But Chant realizes that Good and Evil must confront each other if they are to do battle, which Tolkien seems to have overlooked. There is a cosmic order to Chant's Khendiol that is completely lacking in Tolkien's Middle Earth. She knows that there are levels of magic, both good and evil. She also knows that the order that sustains all magic—call it what you will—is benevolent.

If *Red Moon and Black Mountain* is in any way flawed, it is that the book is too short. But this is a minor fault. Fantasy is most successful when it plucks its magic images from the reader's own mind, and Chant has given us just enough to do that. This is precisely where Tolkien fails most dismally. He shows us too much. Lacking the sure knowledge that there is more magic in any reader's mind than ever could be committed to paper, he leaves nothing at all to the imagination.

DETAIL, COVER ILLUSTRATION BY GERVASIO GALLARDO FOR THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD BY WILLIAM MORRIS. A BALLANTINE BOOK

Young and old alike are suddenly finding the strangest books meaningful. Why?

If I appear determined to denigrate the achievement of *LOTR*, I do not mean to. The book has great successes. Many readers—perhaps most—will have no difficulty losing themselves in Tolkien's world. It is certainly complete enough to get lost in. There is even one area of "magic" in which Tolkien succeeds almost totally—the naming of names. As Lin Carter has pointed out so well in talking about Lord Dunsany (whom Carter considers the master of this genre), the proper naming of characters and places is crucial to the effectiveness of any fantasy. A name must be evocative to the point of instilling a sense of magic in the reader. "Mithrandir," "Smeagol," "Elendil," "Galadriel," "Lothlorien," "Aragorn," "Celeborn," "Eowyn of Rohan"—these names are Tolkien's triumphs in *LOTR*. Which is as it should be: Tolkien is, after all, a philologist. No one—not even Lord Dunsany—has done so well with the naming of names. Dunsany does come up with some marvelous names ("Ziroonderel," "Lirazel"), but more often than not they are inconsistent and, like most of Dunsany's work, seem "made-up": *unreal.* (No work of fantasy is successful if the reader does not believe it to be "true," even if only for the book's duration.)

But these are imagined names. Not even Tolkien can create names more magical than those found in *The Mabinogion* itself. (Of course, the Druids were wielders of Real Magic.) In one sense, therefore, Evangeline Walton had some of her work already done for her before she began to write her as yet unfinished tetralogy based on the four "branches" of *The Mabinogion.* These three books (*The Island of the Mighty, The Children of Llyr,* and *The Song of Rhiannon*), together with C. S. Lewis's *Out of the Silent Planet, Perelandra,* and *That Hideous Strength* and T. H. White's *The Once and Future King,* are not only the best fantasies of the twentieth century. They are also great works of fiction.

The wonders of Walton's books are manifold. The brief sample I have included at the beginning of this article as Plot One is but a small part of *The Island of the Mighty.* Before it there have been other human betrayals and magical transformations. I suspect that Evangeline Walton knows something about magic from personal experience. Her books are so thoroughly steeped in mysticism that mere anthropological knowledge of Druidical lore is insufficient to explain their authority. Only C. S. Lewis (in the graveyard search for Merlin in *That Hideous Strength*) has matched Walton's subtle depiction of the forces of Good and Evil.

Evangeline Walton presents us with an enchantress (Arianrhod) who is not evil but whose obsessive vanity and lack of wisdom cause her to bring great evil upon those she loves and whose thoughtless use of power destroys her in the end. We are shown Gwydion (called in other chronicles "the Good"), whose desire for an heir inadvertently triggers Arianrhod's wrath and precipitates a tragedy. Walton succeeds in creating an imaginary world that we believe *actually existed* in this world's history. She is able to do what few writers of worth would dare attempt: to predict a future we have already witnessed—this century's wars—and to make that prediction credible in the context of the past she presents.

In Walton's realm of Gwynedd magic does not disappear when materialism enters the scene—as it does in Tolkien's book and in most of the works drawn from *The Mabinogion.* It merely becomes invisible to men who would not wish to see it if they could.

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When I asked Lin Carter why he thought adult fantasy has become so popular, he replied that since World War II people have come to want the "better worlds" that fantasy provides. But there is something about worlds like Evangeline Walton's Gwynedd that is not at all fantastic.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD LOBEL FOR HILDILID'S NIGHT BY CHELI DURAN RYAN. A MACMILLAN COMPANY PUBLICATION.

Can children's fantasies, then, provide these "better worlds"? That's an interesting speculation, especially since there is really no boundary between children's fantasy and adult fantasy these days. Richard Bach's *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*—published two years ago as a children's book—has been at the top of the *Times* Best Seller List for half a year now. Ballantine books is planning a possible series of children's fantasy publications to parallel its adult fantasy program. Such books as Ursula K. LeGuin's *A Wizard of Earthsea* and Andre Norton's novels, published originally as juvenile titles, appear in paperback as adult fantasies. *The Day the Earth Stood Still* by Poul Anderson, Gordon Dickson, and Robert Silverberg, a juvenile title, is a fall selection of the adult Science Fiction Book Club. Many devoted readers of the Ballantine series are also admirers of George MacDonald's children's story *The Day Boy and the Night Girl* (anthologized by Carter as "The Romance of Photogen and Nycteris").

Perhaps there is some veiled link between adult fantasy and children's realism that we have yet to fathom. Can it truly be that only young people listen seriously when John Lennon sings?—

Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for . . . .
Imagine all the people
Living life in peace

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one . . . .

Indeed not. Thirty years earlier, in his book *The Once and Future King*, T. H. White had his beloved Wart—King Arthur—standing on a battlefield, remembering how Merlin once transformed him into a gander as a child:

". . . He remembered Lyo-lyok and the island which they had seen on their migration, where all those puffins, razorbills, quillemots and kittewakes had lived together peacefully, preserving their own kinds of civilization without war—because they claimed no boundaries. He saw the problem before him plain as a map. The fantastic thing about war was that it was fought about nothing—literally nothing. Frontiers were imaginary lines. There was no visible line between Scotland and England, although Flodden and Bannockburn had been fought about it. It was geography which was the cause—political geography. It was nothing else. Nations did not need to have the same kind of civilization, any more than the puffins and the guillemots did . . . . Countries would have to become counties—but counties which could keep their own culture and local laws. The *imaginary lines on the earth's surface* only needed to be unimagined. The airborne birds skipped them by nature. How mad the frontiers had seemed to Lyo-lyok, and would to Man if he could learn to fly . . . ."

Imagine . . . .

If we truly want to understand what the present literary trends are about, we must ask ourselves a very simple question:

"What is REAL? . . . . Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick-out handle?"

Given our industrialized society, the question is oddly appropriate, especially when couched in such terms. Ironically enough, it does not come from either a "new realism" children's book or an "adult fantasy." The question is asked by a toy rabbit, in a fairy tale that was first published in 1922. *The Velveteen Rabbit* has sold more copies in the last two years than it did in its entire printing history prior to that. (Friends of mine at Harvard inform me that it was a cult book there a year or so ago.)

Young and old alike are suddenly finding the strangest books meaningful. Why? Because they ask, in some fashion or other, *What is REAL?*

Of course, this is only one person's view of a complex situation; a view not necessarily shared by the many friends and associates I have so freely mentioned. But it is a view arrived at out of concern for what the current literary trends may signify.

I am part of the first generation to grow up threatened with nuclear extinction, having been born just a few months before the bombs fell on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. (The shadow of that threat was never so palpable, perhaps, as during the Cuban crisis, when it became clear that the United States was not unassailable.) This is not the place to raise questions about the ramifications of that threat and its effect on today's youth, or to dissect America's moral anatomy. But it seems to me that we are living at a moment in history when people are consciously seeking answers to problems of existence, not out of idle philosophical speculation, but because it is imperative to find them if we are to continue to live. We have not found any answers yet. But the current literary trends may be indicative of that search, and the paradox of "reality" for children versus "fantasy" for adults may be double-edged—children looking for facts to help them cope with an abrasive environment while adults probe a deeper, archetypal reality that can transform society altogether. A paradox not merely bemusing or amusing, but one that betokens a renascence of the wish to live humanely: a wealth of profound possibilities for mankind. □

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BIBLIOGRAPHY

The following bibliography makes no attempt to be comprehensive or authoritative. I have listed only those books that I would personally recommend for one reason or another. In general I have listed the hardcover publishers. Many of the titles are also available in paperback, however; readers should check with their local bookstores about specific books.—P. M.

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER
Better Than Laughter	Chester Aaron	Harcourt
The White Ship	Chingiz Aitmatov	Crown
Go Ask Alice	Anonymous	Prentice-Hall
Sounder	William Armstrong	Harper
The Longest Weekend	Honor Arundel	Nelson
Only the Names Remain	Alex W. Bealer	Little, Brown
Viva Chicano	Frank Bonham	Dutton
Grover	Vera & Bill Cleaver	Lippincott
Where the Lilies Bloom	Vera & Bill Cleaver	Lippincott
We Lived in the Almont	Eleanor Clymer	Dutton
Somebody Will Miss Me	Deborah Crawford	Crown
I'll Get There, It Better Be Worth the Trip	John Donovan	Harper
Wild in the World	John Donovan	Harper
People of the Dream	James Forman	Farrar, Straus & Giroux
Ceremony of Innocence	James Forman	Hawthorn
How Many Miles to Babylon?	Paula Fox	David White
War Year	Joe W. Haldeman	Holt, Rinehart & Winston
Sticks and Stones	Lynn Hall	Follett
Zeely	Virginia Hamilton	Macmillan
The Runaway's Diary	Marilyn Harris	Four Winds
That Was Then, This Is Now	S. E. Hinton	Viking
The Outsiders	S. E. Hinton	Viking
The Man Without A Face	Isabelle Holland	Lippincott
The Soul Brothers and Sister Lou	Kristin Hunter	Scribners
A Blues I Can Whistle	A. E. Johnson	Four Winds
His Own Where	June Jordan	Crowell
From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler	E. L. Konigsburg	Atheneum
(George)	E. L. Konigsburg	Atheneum
Our Cup Is Broken	Florence Crannel Means	Houghton Mifflin
Lisa, Bright and Dark	John Neufeld	Phillips
Retreat to the Bear Paw	Marian T. Place	Four Winds
Hey, Dummy	Kin Platt	Chilton
The Almost Year	Florence Engel Randall	Atheneum
A Wild Thing	Jean Renvoize	Atlantic–Little, Brown
By the Highway Home	Mary Stolz	Harper
The Cay	Theodore Taylor	Doubleday
Good Night, Prof. Dear	John Rowe Townsend	Lippincott
Yesterday's Child	Ann Victor	Lippincott
Fireweed	Jill Paton Walsh	Farrar, Straus & Giroux
The Dream Watcher	Barbara Wersba	Atheneum
Run Softly, Go Fast	Barbara Wersba	Atheneum
Vibrations	George A. Woods	Harper
My Darling, My Hamburger	Paul Zindel	Harper
The Pigman	Paul Zindel	Harper

PICTURE BOOKS

TITLE	AUTHOR	ILLUSTRATOR	PUBLISHER
The Ballad of the Burglar of Babylon	Elizabeth Bishop	Ann Grifalconi	Farrar, Straus & Giroux
Black Pilgrimage	Tom Feelings	Tom Feelings	Lothrop, Lee & Shepard
The Boy Who Tried to Cheat Death	Carole Kismaric & Charles Mikolaycak	Charles Mikolaycak	Doubleday
Harriet and the Promised Land	Jacob Lawrence	Jacob Lawrence	Windmill
Hildilid's Night	Cheli Durán Ryan	Arnold Lobel	Macmillan
Joseph and Koza; or, The Sacrifice to the Vistula	Isaac Bashevis Singer	Symeon Shimin	Farrar, Straus & Giroux
Stevie	John Steptoe	John Steptoe	Harper
Train Ride	John Steptoe	John Steptoe	Harper
Uptown	John Steptoe	John Steptoe	Harper
The Feral Child	Eric Sundell	Charles Mikolaycak	Abelard-Schuman
The Velveteen Rabbit	Margery Williams	William Nicholson	Doubleday
Hollering Sun	Nancy Wood	Myron Wood, Photographs	Simon & Schuster

FANTASY

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER
The Last Unicorn	Peter S. Beagle	Viking
Red Moon and Black Mountain	Joy Chant	Ballantine
The Man Who Was Thursday	G. K. Chesterton	Ballantine
The Worm Ouroboros	E. R. Eddison	Ballantine
Deryni Rising	Katherine Kurtz	Ballantine
Deryni Checkmate	Katherine Kurtz	Ballantine
Out of the Silent Planet	C. S. Lewis	Macmillan
Perelandra	C. S. Lewis	Macmillan
That Hideous Strength	C. S. Lewis	Macmillan
A Voyage to Arcturus	David Lindsay	Ballantine
Lilith	George MacDonald	Ballantine
Phantastes	George MacDonald	Ballantine
The Sorcerer's Skull	David Mason	Ace
The Wood Beyond the World	William Morris	Ballantine
Huon of the Horn	Andre Norton	Ace
The Children of Llyr	Evangeline Walton	Ballantine
The Island of the Mighty	Evangeline Walton	Ballantine
The Song of Rhiannon	Evangeline Walton	Ballantine
The Once and Future King	T. H. White	G. P. Putnams
The Lord of the Rings	J. R. R. Tolkien	Houghton Mifflin

SCIENCE FICTION

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER
Macroscope	Piers Anthony	Avon
Foundation Trilogy	Isaac Asimov	Avon
Stranger in a Strange Land	Robert A. Heinlein	Berkley
Pilgrimage: The Book of the People	Zenna Henderson	Avon
The People: No Different Flesh	Zenna Henderson	Avon
The Hole in the Zero	M. K. Joseph	Avon
The Left Hand of Darkness	Ursula K. LeGuin	Ace
Gather, Darkness	Fritz Leiber	Pyramid
Earth Abides	George R. Stewart	Fawcett-World
The Black Flame	Stanley G. Weinbaum	Avon
Lord of Light	Roger Zelazny	Avon

Readers who would like to obtain a more extensive bibliography should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Fantasy/Reality Bibliography, Saturday Review of the Arts, 450 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94133.

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New Heaven And Earth

BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

The prize-winning author takes a sudden and startling turn toward optimism.

Fiction is only one of the paths by which a writer can bring us to new worlds. Increasing numbers of historians and scientists have begun to write, in terms that must be called factual, of a human future that will be shaped by great leaps of energy and transformations of consciousness.

Among such books that have appeared this year are George Leonard's *The Transformation*; Arthur Koestler's *The Roots of Coincidence*; Theodore Roszak's *Where the Wasteland Ends*; René Dubos's *The God Within*; and Andrew Weil's *The Natural Mind*. Add earlier books such as Thomas Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, William Irwin Thompson's *At the Edge of History*, and Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*, plus a dozen others in the same vein, and you see the formation of what might once have been called a movement.

All these writers challenge readers to take a fresh look at human history and human destiny. Many share the use of terms such as "paradigm shift" and "transformation." Yet this is not a collaborative movement. The books have appeared almost simultaneously; few of the authors could have drawn ideas from one another. From what, then? From science, with its shimmering visions of unseen energies, and from art.

These rational men, these sober investigators of fact, urge us to an act that has long stood at the center of all artistic endeavor: They would have us change our perception—thus our definition—of the world.

We are seeing the germination of seeds that have been scattered, unknowing of one another, around the earth. Nothing illustrates that more sharply than an essay we recently received from Joyce Carol Oates, who at thirty-four is probably America's most prolific published author—and whose work here takes a sudden and startling turn.

Of her five novels, *Them* won the National Book Award in 1970, and three others were nominated in other years. In addition to four collections of short stories, a collection of literary essays, and two volumes of poetry, she has had two (as yet unpublished) plays produced Off-Broadway and appears regularly in numerous literary journals. She was such a consistent winner in the O. Henry Prize Awards that in 1970 a Special Award for Continuing Achievement was created for her.

In the past Miss Oates has said: "All of my writing is about the mystery of human emotions," and, "I am concerned with only one thing . . . the moral and social conditions of my generation." In most of her fiction she has portrayed characters molded—by society or by their own emotional environments—into obsessive beings for whom violence has become the only means of communication and self-expression.

The following essay will no doubt come as a surprise to those familiar with the grim, unrelenting nature of Miss Oates's previous work. With that in mind, we asked how her seemingly new-found optimism will affect her future work. She responded, ". . . I still feel my own place is to dramatize the nightmares of my time, and (hopefully) to show how some individuals find a way out, awaken, come alive, move into the future. I think that art, especially prose fiction, is directly connected with culture, with society; that there is no 'art for art's sake' and never was, but only art as a more conscious, formal expression of a human communal need, in which individuals seem to

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HYATT

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speak individually but are, in reality, only giving voice and form to the intangible that is in the air around them. . . . Surely the whole era participates in every creative act, an isolated individual's statement of hopelessness, voiced to no one at all, or a writer's published, distributed, and advertised books. It is really all one event, with a multitude of aspects." —THE EDITORS

"The United States is the first nation—sensitive, energetic, swarming with life—to suffer/enjoy the death throes of the Renaissance. The United States is preparing itself for a transformation of being."

In spite of current free-roaming terrors in this country, it is really not the case that we are approaching some apocalyptic close. Both those who seem to be awaiting it with excitement and dread and those who are trying heroically to comprehend it in terms of recent American history are mistaking a crisis of transition for a violent end. Even Charles Reich's much maligned and much misinterpreted *The Greening of America*, which was the first systematic attempt to indicate the direction we are surely moving in, focuses much too narrowly upon a single decade in a single nation and, in spite of its occasional stunning accuracy, is a curiously American product—that is, it imagines all of history as running up into and somehow culminating in the United States. Consider Reich's last two sentences:

". . . For one almost convinced that it was necessary to accept ugliness and evil, that it was necessary to be a miser of dreams, it is an invitation to cry or laugh. For one who thought the world was irretrievably encased in metal and plastic and sterile stone, it seems a veritable greening of America."

Compare that with the following passage from Teilhard de Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man*, a less historical-nationalistic vision:

"In every domain, when anything exceeds a certain measurement, it suddenly changes its aspect, condition or nature. The curve doubles back, the surface contracts to a point, the solid disintegrates, the liquid boils, the germ cell divides, intuition suddenly bursts on the piled up facts. . . . Critical points have been reached, rungs on the ladder, involving a change of state —jumps of all sorts *in the course* of development."

Or consider these lines from D. H. Lawrence's poem "Nullus," in which he is speaking of the private "self" that is Lawrence but also of the epoch in which this self exists:

There are said to be creative pauses,
pauses that are as good as death, empty
and dead as death itself.
And in these awful pauses the evolutionary change takes place.

What appears to be a breaking-down of civilization may well be simply the breaking-up of old forms by life itself (not an eruption of madness or self-destruction), a process that is entirely natural and inevitable. Perhaps we are in the tumultuous but exciting close of a centuries-old kind of consciousness—a few of us like theologians of the medieval church encountering the unstoppable energy of the Renaissance. What we must avoid is the paranoia of history's "true believers," who have always misinterpreted a natural, evolutionary transformation of consciousness as being the violent conclusion of all of history.

The God-centered, God-directed world of the Middle Ages was transformed into the complex era we call the Renaissance, but the transition was as terrifying as it was inevitable, if the innumerable prophecies of doom that were made at the time are any accurate indication. Shakespeare's most disturbing tragedies—*King Lear* and *Troilus and Cressida*—reflect that communal anxiety, as do the various expressions of anxiety over the "New Science" later in the seventeenth century. When we look back into history, we are amazed, not at the distance that separates one century from another, but at their closeness, the almost poetic intimacy.

As I see it, the United States is the first nation—though so complex and unclassifiable an entity almost resists definition as a single unit—to suffer/enjoy the death throes of the Renaissance. How could it be otherwise, since our nation is sensitive, energetic, swarming with life, and, beyond any other developed nation in the world, the most obsessed with its own history and its own destiny? Approaching a kind of manic stage, in which suppressed voices are at last being heard, in which *no extreme viewpoint is any longer "extreme,"* the United States is preparing itself for a transformation of "being" similar to that experienced by individuals as they approach the end of one segment of their lives and must rapidly, and perhaps desperately, sum up everything that has gone before.

It is easy to misread the immediate crises, to be frightened by the spontaneous eruptions into consciousness of disparate groups (blacks, women, youth, "the backlash of the middle class"); it is possible to overlook how the collective voices of many of our best poets and writers serve to dramatize and exorcize current American nightmares. Though some of our most brilliant creative artists are obsessed with disintegration and with the isolated ego, it is clear by now that they are all, with varying degrees of terror, saying the same thing—that we are helpless, unconnected with any social or cultural unit, unable to direct the flow of history, that we cannot ef-

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fectively communicate. The effect is almost that of a single voice, as if a communal psychoanalytic process were taking place. But there does come a time in an individual writer's experience when he realizes, perhaps against his will, that his voice is one of many, his fiction one of many fictions, and that all serious fictions are half-conscious dramatizations of what is going on in the world.

Here is a simple test to indicate whether you are ready for the new vision of man or whether you will fear and resist it: Imagine you are high in the air, looking down on a crowded street scene from a height so great that you cannot make out individual faces but can see only shapes, scurrying figures rather like insects. Your imagination projects you suddenly down into that mass. You respond with what emotion—dread or joy?

In many of us the Renaissance ideal is still powerful, its voice tyrannical. It declares: *I* will, *I* want, *I* demand, *I* think, *I* am. This voice tells us that we are not quite omnipotent but must act as if we were, pushing out into a world of other people or of nature that will necessarily resist us, that will try to destroy us, and that we must conquer. *I will exist* has meant only *I will impose my will on others.* To that end man has developed his intellect and has extended his physical strength by any means possible because, indeed, at one time the world did have to be conquered. The Renaissance leapt ahead into its own necessary future, into the development and near perfection of machines. Machines are not evil, or even "unnatural," but simply extensions of the human brain. The designs for our machines are no less the product of our creative imaginations than are works of art, though it might be difficult for most people—especially artists—to acknowledge this. But a great deal that is difficult, even outrageous, will have to be acknowledged.

If technology appears to have dehumanized civilization, this is a temporary failing or error—for the purpose of technology is the furthering of the "human," the bringing to perfection of all the staggering potentialities in each individual, which are nearly always lost, layered over with biological or social or cultural crusts. Anyone who imagines that a glorious pastoral world has been lost, through machines, identifies himself as a child of the city, perhaps a second- or third-generation child of the city. An individual who has lived close to nature, on a farm, for instance, knows that "natural" man was never *in* nature; he had to fight nature, at the cost of his own spontaneity and, indeed, his humanity. It is only through the conscious control of the "machine" (i.e., through man's brain) that man can transcend the miserable struggle with nature, whether in the form of sudden devastating hailstorms that annihilate an entire crop, or minute deadly bacteria in the bloodstream, or simply the commonplace (but potentially tragic) condition of poor eyesight. It is only through the machine that man can become more human, more spiritual. Understandably, only a handful of Americans have realized this obvious fact, since technology seems at present to be villainous. Had our earliest ancestors been gifted with a box of matches, their first actions would probably have been destructive—or self-destructive. But we know how beneficial fire has been to civilization.

The Renaissance man invented and brought to near perfection the civilization of the machine. In doing this, he was simply acting out the conscious and unconscious demand of his time—the demand that man (whether man-in-the-world or man supposedly superior to worldly interests) master everything about him, including his own private nature, his own "ego," redefining himself in terms of a conqueror whose territory should be as vast as his own desire to conquer. The man who "masters" every aspect of his own being, subduing or obliterating his own natural instincts, leaving nothing to be unknown, uninvestigated, is the ideal of our culture, whether he is an industrialist or a "disinterested" scientist or a literary man. In other words, I see no difference between the maniacal acquisitiveness of traditional American capitalists and the meticulous, joyless, ironic manner of many scholars and writers.

It is certainly time to stop accusing "industry" or "science" or the "Corporate State" or "Amerika" of being inhuman or antihuman. The exaggerated and suprahuman potency attributed to machines, investing them with the power of the long-vanquished Devil himself, is amazing. It is also rather disheartening, if we observe the example of one of our most brilliant writers, Norman Mailer, who argues—with all the doomed, manic intensity of a late-medieval churchman resisting the future even when it is upon him—that the universe can still sensibly be divided into God and Devil, that there can be an "inorganic" product of the obviously organic mind of man. Mailer (and many others) exemplifies the old, losing, pitiful Last Stand of the Ego, the Self-Against-All-Others, the Conqueror, the Highest of all Protoplasms, Namer and Begetter of all Fictions.

What will the next phase of human experience be? A simple evolution into a higher humanism, perhaps a kind of intelligent pantheism, in which all substance in the universe (including the substance fortunate enough to perceive it) is there by equal right.

We have come to the end of, we are satiated with, the "objective," valueless philosophies that have always worked to preserve a status quo, however archaic. We are tired of the old dichotomies: Sane/Insane, Normal/Sick, Black/White, Man/Nature, Victor/Vanquished, and—above all this Cartesian dualism—I/It. Although once absolutely necessary to get us through the exploratory, analytical phase of our development as human beings, they are no longer useful or pragmatic. They are no longer *true*. Far from being locked inside our own skins, inside the "dungeons" of ourselves, we are now able to recognize that our minds belong, quite naturally, to a collective "mind," a mind in which we share everything that is mental, most obviously language itself, and that the old boundary of the skin is no boundary at all but a membrane connecting the inner and outer experiences of existence. Our intelligence, our wit, our cleverness, our unique personalities—all are simultaneously "our own" possessions and the world's. This has always been a mystical vision, but more and more in our time it is becoming a rational truth. It is no longer the private possession of a Blake, a Whitman, or a Lawrence, but the public, articulate offering of a Claude Lévi-Strauss, to whom anthology is "part of a cosmology" and whose humanism is one that sees everything in the universe, including man, in its own place. It is the lifelong accumulative statement of Abraham Maslow, the humanist psychologist who extended the study of psychology from the realm of the disordered into that of the normal and the "more-than-normal," including people who would once have been termed mystics and been dismissed as irrational. It is the unique, fascinating voice of Buckminster Fuller, who believes that "human minds and brains may be essential in the total design" of the universe. And it is the abrasive argument of R. D. Laing, the Freudian/post-Freudian mystic, who has denied the medical and legal distinctions between "normal" and "abnormal" and has set out not only to experience but to articulate a metaphysical "illumination" whereby self and other become joined. All these are men of genius, whose training has been rigorously scientific. That they are expressing views once considered the exclusive property of mystics proves that the old dichotomy of Reason/Intuition has vanished or is vanishing.

As with all dichotomies, it will be transcended—not argued away, not battered into silence. The energies wasted on the old debates—Are we rational? Are we 90 per cent Unconscious

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Impulses?—will be utilized for higher and more worthy human pursuits. Instead of hiding our most amazing, mysterious, and inexplicable experiences, we will learn to articulate and share them; instead of insisting upon rigid academic or intellectual categories (for instance, that "science fiction" is different from other fiction, or less traditional than the very recent "realistic novel"), we will see how naturally they flow into one another, supporting and explaining each other. Yesterday's wildly ornate, obscure, poetic prophecies evolve into today's calm statements of fact.

The vision of a new, higher humanism or pantheism is not irrational but is a logical extension of what we now know. It may frighten some of us because it challenges the unquestioned assumptions that we have always held. But these assumptions were never *ours*. We never figured them out, never discovered them for ourselves; we inherited them from the body of knowledge created by our men of genius. Now men of genius, such as British physicist/philosopher Sir James Jeans, are saying newer, deeper things:

"Today there is a wide measure of agreement, which on the physical side of science approaches almost to unanimity, that the stream of knowledge is heading toward a non-mechanical reality; the universe begins to look more like a great thought than like a great machine. Mind no longer appears as an accidental intruder into the realm of matter; we are beginning to suspect that we ought rather to hail it as the creator and governor of the realm of matter . . . ."

Everywhere, suddenly, we hear the prophetic voice of Nietzsche once again, saying that man must overcome himself, that he must interpret and create the universe. (Nietzsche was never understood until now, until the world caught up with him, or approached him.) In such a world, which belongs to consciousness, there can be no distracting of energies from the need to push forward, to synthesize, to converge, to make a unity out of ostensible diversity. But too facile optimism is as ultimately distracting as the repetitive nihilism and despair we have inherited from the early part of this century. An absolutely honest literature, whether fiction or nonfiction, must dramatize for us the complexities of this epoch, showing us how deeply related we are to one another, how deeply we act out, even in our apparently secret dreams, the communal crises of our world. If demons are reawakened and allowed to run loose across the landscape of suburban shopping malls and parks, it is only so that their symbolic values—wasteful terror, despair, entropy—can be recognized. If all other dichotomies are ultimately transcended, there must still be the tension between a healthy acceptance of change and a frightened, morbid resistance to change.

The death throes of the old values are everywhere around us, but they are not at all the same thing as the death throes of particular human beings. We can transform ourselves, overleap ourselves beyond even our most flamboyant estimations. A conversion is always imminent; one cannot revert back to a lower level of consciousness. The "conversion" of the I-centered personality into a higher, or transcendental, personality cannot be an artificially, externally enforced event; it must be a natural event. It is surely as natural as the upward growth of a plant—if the plant's growth is not impeded. It has nothing to do with drugs, with the occult, with a fashionable cultivation of Eastern mysticism (not at all suitable for us in the West—far too passive, too life-denying, too ascetic); it has nothing to do with political beliefs. It is not Marxist, not Communist, not Socialist, not willing to align itself with any particular ideology. If anything, it is a flowering of the democratic ideal, a community of equals, but not a community mobilized against the rest of the world, not a unity arising out of primitive paranoia.

In the Sixties and at present we hear a very discordant music. We have got to stop screaming at one another. We have got to bring into harmony the various discordant demands, voices, stages of personality. Those more advanced must work to transform the rest, by being, themselves, models of sanity and integrity. The angriest of the ecologists must stop blaming industry for having brought to near perfection the implicit demands of society, as if anyone in our society—especially at the top—has ever behaved autonomously, unshaped by that society and its history. The optimism of *The Greening of America* seems to me a bit excessive or at least premature. There is no doubt that the future—the new consciousness—is imminent, but it may take generations to achieve it. The rapidly condensed vision, the demand for immediate gratification, is, once again, typically (and sadly) American. But, though the achievement of Reich's vision is much farther off than he seems to think, it is an inevitable one, and those of us who will probably not share personally in a transformed world can, in a way, anticipate it now, almost as if experiencing it now. If we are reasonably certain of the conclusion of a novel (especially one we have ourselves imagined), we can endure and even enjoy the intermediary chapters that move us toward that conclusion.

One of the unfortunate aspects of American intellectual life has been the nearly total divorce of academic philosophy from the issues of a fluid, psychic social reality. There are obvious reasons for this phenomenon, too complex to consider at the moment. But the book that needs to be written about the transformation of America cannot really be written by anyone lacking a thorough knowledge of where we have been and where we are right now, in terms of an intellectual development that begins and ends with the faculties of the mind. We require the meticulous genius of a Kant, a man of humility who is awakened from some epoch-induced "slumber" to synthesize vast exploratory fields of knowledge, to write the book that is the way into the future for us.

This essay, totally nonacademic in its lyric disorganization, in its bringing together of voices that, for all their differences, seem to be saying one thing, is intended only to suggest—no, really, to make a plea for—the awakening of that someone's slumber, the rejection of the positivist-linguist-"naming" asceticism that has made American philosophy so disappointing. We need a tradition similar to that in France, where the role of "philosopher" is taken naturally by men of genius who can address themselves to varied groups of people—scientists, writers, artists, and the public itself. Our highly educated and highly cultivated reading public is starved for books like *The Greening of America*. We have an amazingly fertile but somehow separate nation of writers and poets, living dreamily inside a culture but no more than symbiotically related to it. Yet these writers and poets are attempting to define that culture, to "act it out," to somehow make sense of it. The novel is the most human of all art forms—there are truths we can get nowhere else but in the novel—but now our crucial need is for something else. We need a large, generous, meticulous work that will synthesize our separate but deeply similar voices, one that will climb up out of the categories of "rational" and "irrational" to show why the consciousness of the future will feel joy, not dread, at the total rejection of the Renaissance ideal, the absorption into the psychic stream of the universe.

Lawrence asks in his strange poem "New Heaven and Earth" a question that seems to me parallel with Yeats's famous question in the sonnet "Leda and the Swan." In the Yeats poem mortal woman is raped by an immortal force, and, yes, this will and must happen; this cannot be escaped. But the point is: Did she put on his knowledge *with* his power, before the terrifying contact was broken? Lawrence speaks of mysterious "green streams" that flow from the new world (our everyday world—seen with new eyes) and asks, ". . . what are they?" What are the conversions that await us? □

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Richard Diebenkorn: PAINTING AGAINST THE TIDE

The work of a loner, a painter who goes his own way, provides no easy handles—but it does teach us something about how to look at a painting.

BY PAUL C. MILLS

Often the greatest artists of an age, the ones who later turn up in art history books as representative of their period, are not "typical" of their time at all. Rembrandt and Frans Hals, for instance, are surely among the most notable of the seventeenth-century Dutch painters, but in their day they were the eccentrics, the kooks, the ones who distorted, exaggerated, or ignored the typical styles of the time, following instead their inner lights.

Richard Diebenkorn, at the age of fifty, is one of the West Coast's most painterly painters. He is also one of its mavericks. Like the strongest talents of any age, he responds far more to his own esthetic development than to the tides that sweep through the art world. Throughout his career he has remained insistently western, never at home with the way the New York art world thinks. Since he joined the art faculty at the University of California at Los Angeles in 1966, he has lived and worked in a nearby town called Ocean Park. His current series of abstract paintings, now on exhibit at the San Francisco Museum of Art, is called the Ocean Park series.

There are three distinct periods in Diebenkorn's work, all of which represent significant departures from the big movements in the New York or world art scene. After serving in World War II, he attended the California School of Fine Arts. Those were the yeasty days when Clyfford Still, the pioneer of abstraction, and other lively artists were there. This school was the first center of emerging abstract-expressionist painting on the West Coast. Diebenkorn, one of the young turks who mastered abstract expressionism in the late 1940s, shared in the great sweep it made through the art life of the country as the decade turned. From the late 1940s —when much of "established" American painting was still exploring cubism and surrealism—until 1955, Diebenkorn's abstract work was being shown successfully in this country and abroad.

Then in the mid-1950s, with abstraction very much at the crest of public interest, he dropped it. In doing so, he responded in part to the example of de Kooning but also to the work of California friends such as David Park and Elmer Bischoff, all of whom went against the tide of abstraction. More importantly, though, he was moving into a style more truly expressive of his maturing personality than were some aspects of abstraction. Diebenkorn's new style continued the free, painterly brushwork that emerged in his earlier abstract canvases. Now, however, it was applied to subject matter, usually women. His women, sometimes clothed, sometimes nude, appear most often on what seems like broadly painted porches, combining the geometrical forms of architecture with the freer forms of trees and landscape. There are also many landscapes and southern California townscapes without figures. During these years interest in Diebenkorn's work spread widely. He had major museum shows on the West Coast, in New York, and in London. His work was exhibited at the Brussels World's Fair, in the Corcoran and Whitney museum shows, and later in the Venice Biennale.

His form of California "new figurative" painting was clearly at the avant-garde edge for some years. Then pop art took the bit in its teeth. Other new styles emerged, most flowering first in New York. Many artists abandoned the traditional media for environments and happenings and other new technologies. The painterly manner of abstraction, so widespread in the 1950s, changed to the hard-edged manner, with its dry, flat surfaces, usually painted in acrylic. One wondered how Diebenkorn would respond. Typically, he gave no indication of responding at all. Though there were notable changes within his own style, he was clearly tuned inward to

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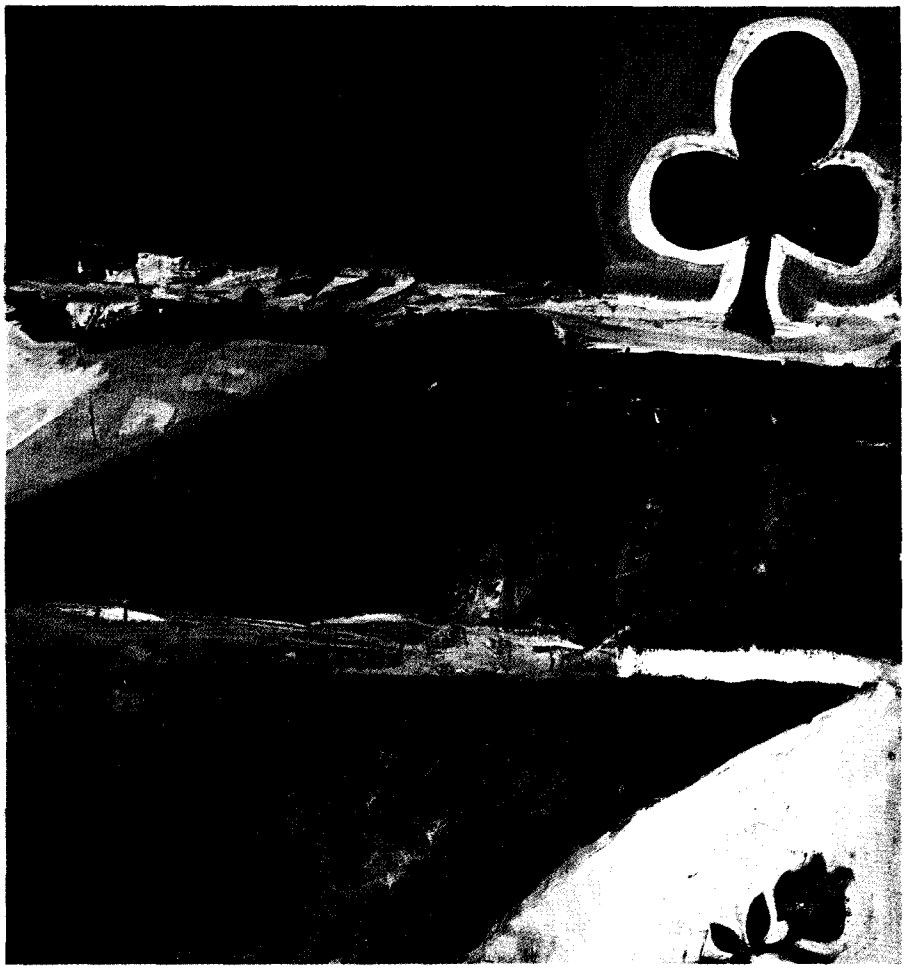

Landscape With Figure *(1956) reflects Diebenkorn's move from abstract to "new figurative" painting.*

his own concerns, not to the art world's. I think we all rather decided Diebenkorn was set for life in his particular world of women and porches and anticipated only internal changes.

Then, in 1967, he began the Ocean Park series, a major alteration in his point of view and a return to abstraction. The earliest is #27, painted in 1970; the most recent is #53, painted this year, which Diebenkorn does not yet consider finished and has not signed. The new abstract series is more geometrical, flatter, larger, more vertical than his previous works. It bears no more relation to the current hard-edge painting of Stella than it does to old cubism. There is nothing in the current art world that will help account for or explain this new work. Now, as at each of his major moves before, Diebenkorn's work becomes increasingly less like that of any other painter or general style.

This new work may bear little relation to current esthetic issues, but there is a decipherable scheme, some kind of structural program, underlying these paintings. To understand this scheme, it is important to know that there are two phases in the development of a painting. The first starts with the bare white canvas. This is a time of particular anxiety, stage fright, and intimidation for many painters. I think it was John Ruskin, the nineteenth-century art critic, who said that the first line drawn in a picture is the most important one—twice as important as the second line, three times as important as the third, and so on. William Keith, a thoroughly representational California landscapist of the last century, sometimes began by putting areas of paint on two canvas boards, then placing them face to face and stepping on them. He would use the resulting accident as the suggestive basis for his landscape painting. Among modern artists there are all sorts of ways for evoking the forces of nature or the unconscious to start a painting: Hans Arp would let paper squares fall at random; André Masson used a kind of inspired doodle, an automatic writing. Whatever the device, once it is done, the painter has something there to look at, change, improve upon, argue with, enjoy, dislike. Once he has that scheme down on canvas, he is much more comfortable and ready to proceed with matters of color, mood, brushstroke, and the like.

Diebenkorn's scheme in the Ocean Park series involves a composition of parallel straight lines of varying width, more apt to be vertical than horizontal, plus diagonal straight lines, again often in parallel pairs. These schematic lines are laid down, erased, altered, and reinforced frequently, and the "ghosts" of lines hover beneath the surface, giving an enhanced sense of space and time.

Where do these lines come from? What do they refer to? The answer is ambiguous. This new linear network is like some elements in Diebenkorn's earlier work, unlike others. Both his early abstract and subsequent figurative work often suggested distant horizons by means of a series of high horizontal lines; low horizontal lines would often suggest floors. In the Ocean Park series he seldom gives us a line that insistently and clearly suggests either horizon or floor. There is, however, a clear sense of interior building space about the new line scheme. One senses the kind of lines derived from walls and windows and doors, from girders and roofs. The windows and roofs and other lines of his actual Ocean Park studio have definitely entered into the network. There is especially a sense of the sort of angled, transparent lines that comes from looking through the reflections on an open window to architectural elements beyond. This is not entirely new to Diebenkorn's work: In the early figurative work of the mid-1950s he was fond of painting large mirrors on walls near windows, which created a complicated sense of compounded space.

The painter works in a nether world between illusions of space and time and the insistent reality of a flat canvas.

So it might be said that the kind of linear network he builds his paintings upon derives from the lines of interior spaces and windows, specifically those of his Ocean Park studio. But this is an oversimplification. It would be more accurate to say only that Diebenkorn gives preliminary structure to his paintings by laying in some lines that are in part suggested by the kinds of lines in the building spaces surrounding him. Once the lines are down on the canvas, they are a part of the canvas, of the world of the painting.

To some degree a line or form on a flat surface creates an illusion of space. The illusion is inherently unstable; as in the face-and-vase diagram of gestalt psychology, the eye fluctuates between object and background, space and flatness. This is the true world of the painter: the world of illusions of space and the realities of flat surface and paint. It is sometimes hard for the layman to

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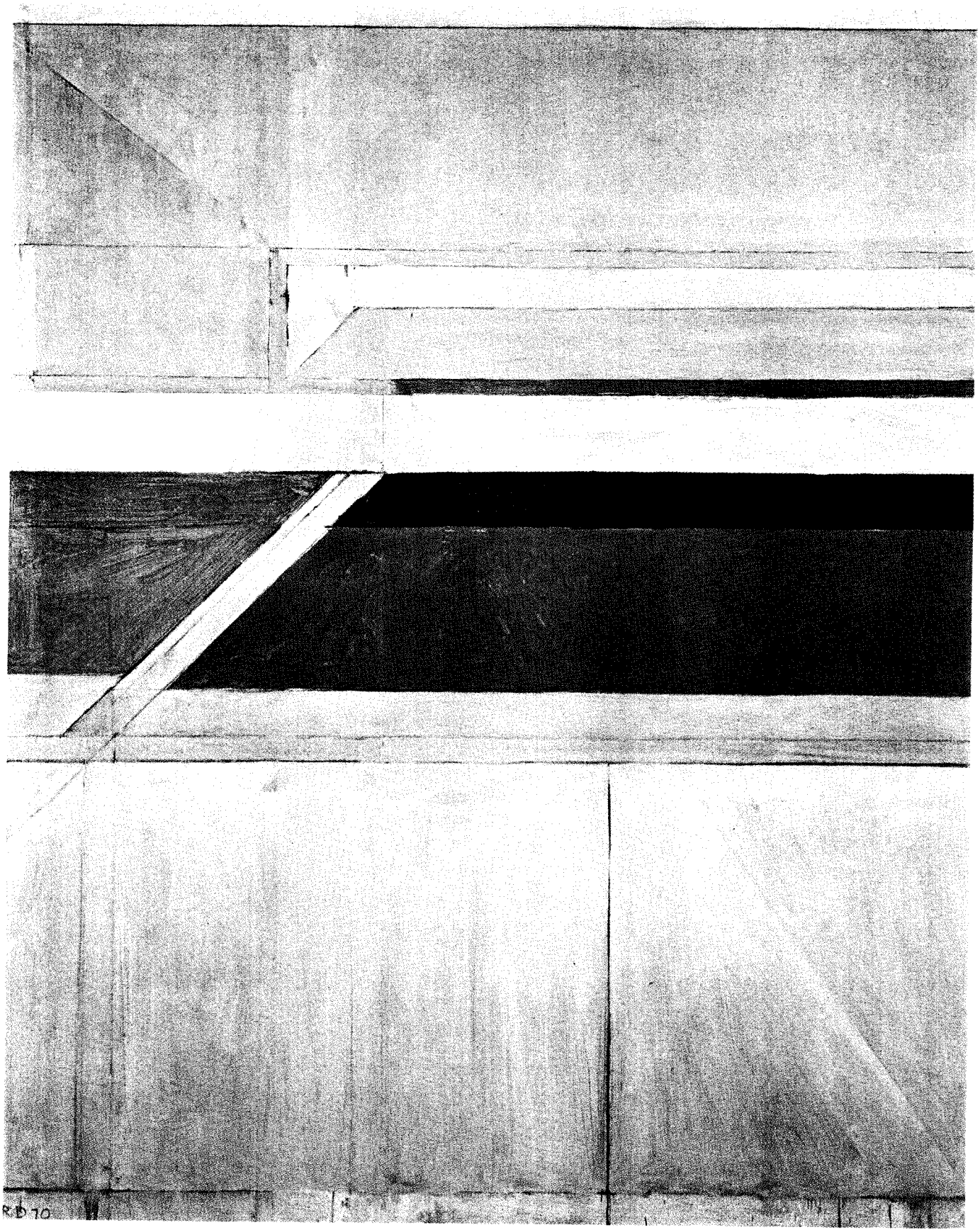

Ocean Park #34 (1970)
illustrates the complex linear
network that underlies
the entire Ocean Park series.

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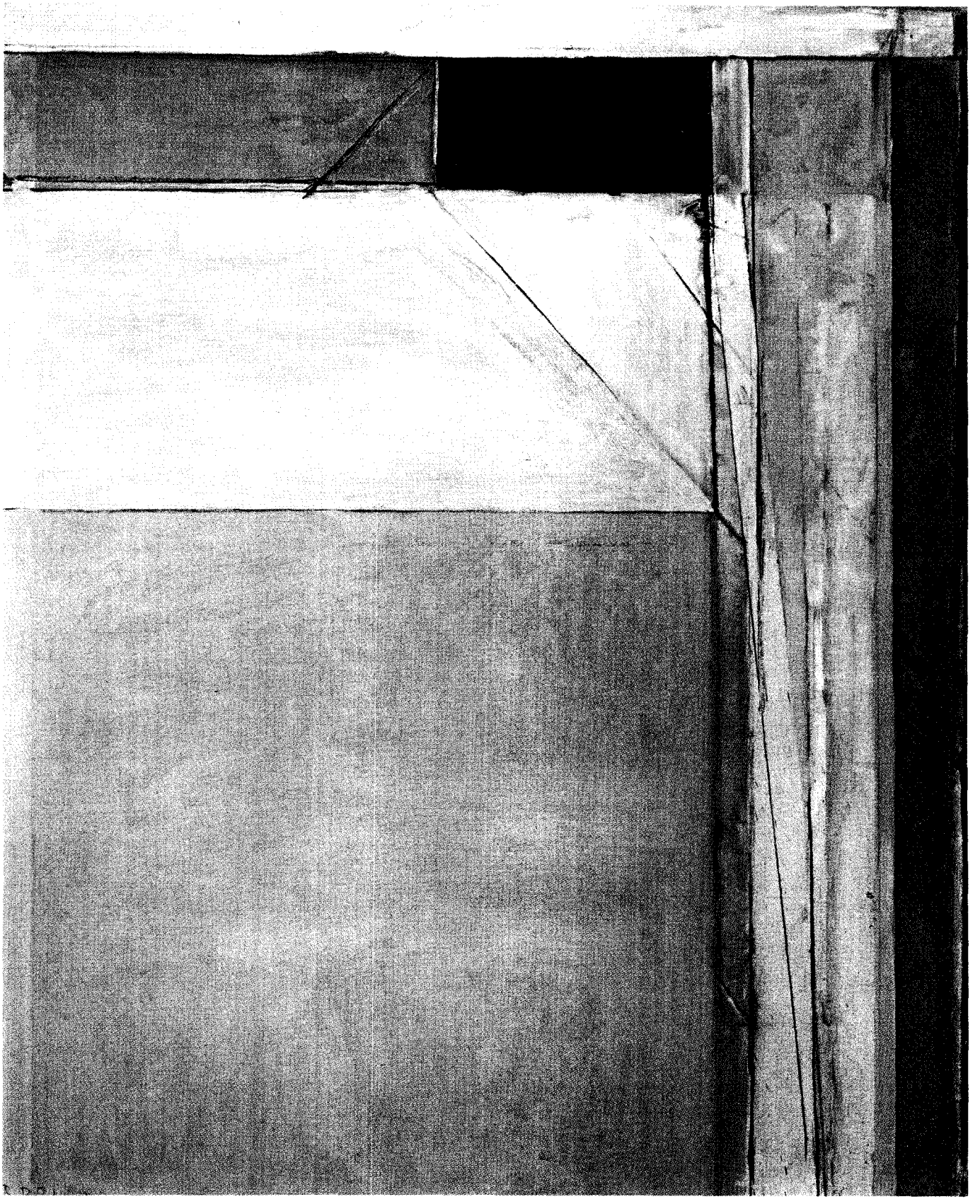

Ocean Park #48 (1971) shows the quieter and more "digestible" use of color in his latest work.

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realize that the creation and manipulation of this world is primarily what a painter does, what he aims for and is most conscious of. Each profession or hobby has its necessary addiction; for a painter it is pushing and pulling things around in this contradictory, constantly fluctuating world of spatial illusion and flat material reality. Subject matter, or whatever the source of the things that get pushed around, such as Diebenkorn's new linear networks, can be as unimportant as the names of the notes in a song are to someone who is playing them.

What Diebenkorn does with space and illusion, however basic it is, nevertheless remains of secondary importance to what he does with color and paint quality. In this regard I would like to make a very rash statement: There are two kinds of significant painters in the world—the talented and the untalented. Among the untalented a few have the strength of character, the vision, and sometimes just the stubbornness to create some germinal form of new art structure. Cezanne, for instance, was one of the "untalented." In comparison to the figure drawings of his contemporaries, his are obviously rather inept. Certainly, Jackson Pollock, for all his immense effect on modern painting, was "untalented." Somehow this often seems true of those who initiate the most monumental changes in direction in painting.

For every artist with something to say but the inability to say it well, there are two who could say something well if they had something to say.

Diebenkorn, on the other hand, belongs to the world of the talented: those who can draw beautifully, who have an unfailing sense of color and brushstroke, who have—pardon the expression—taste. Not every talented artist is talented in every way, but men such as Degas and Picasso certainly rank among the world's finest draftsmen, Matisse and Bonnard among the finest colorists. Diebenkorn has one of the surest and most complex feelings for color, one of the most felicitous and disquieting senses of paint among contemporary American painters. If we were discussing certain other artists, it would be sufficient to see reproductions of their work and to theorize a bit, but, with Diebenkorn, this is not the case.

There are, unfortunately, two kinds of readers of this article: those who will see the exhibition or see the works in it and those who will not. The latter will know Diebenkorn's work only through such reproductions as accompany this article. Unfortunately, the difference between seeing the reproductions here for a moment and seeing the originals is like the difference between reading a recipe and tasting the dish.

The fifteen oils on exhibit at the San Francisco Museum of Art, most of which are about eight feet high and six feet wide, are certainly beautiful in color, but the average person walking in will find them at first a bit bland. Those readers who can judge them only by the reproductions they see here will probably not get much beyond this first impression. But anyone who can see the works himself will, as he continues to look, realize he is being addressed only visually—and addressed in a curiously subtle and complicated manner. The eye is both attracted and challenged, but the mind and tongue are not. There are no symbolistic satisfactions, such as those that came back into modern art with the pop-art movement, no subject matter and few suggestions of any. As the eye becomes more deeply engaged, the paintings present increasingly provocative challenges to the literal mind.

I am a person who likes a bit of "talent" in a painter. Whatever the theoretical significance of a work, it gets a bit academic without the sensuous, less describable satisfactions of looking at superb painting. Diebenkorn creates blues that surpass the ocean and the sky; he creates intense apricot yellows that glow and tingle with life, then clouds them over with a milky, prune-purple wash. Thick, gray fog covers great areas of paintings that are then suddenly relieved by a brick-red or a grass-green line. The breathlike thinness or the rubbed and hardened thickness of paint layers and their respectively veillike transparency or granite density are other dimensions of his orchestrations of color and paint. Diebenkorn would be a significant painter even without talent, but he is a marvelously rewarding one because of it.

Talent can, however, as Diebenkorn well knows, be as much of a problem as an asset. For every artist with something to say but the inability to say it well, there are two who could say something well if they just had something to say. There are a number of American painters today, as there have always been before, who at first dazzle one with their brilliance but later cloy with their thoughtless repetition of successful formulas.

Diebenkorn may not be fully aware of his talent. In any case he distrusts it, disapproves of it, and labors constantly to repress it in favor of more serious issues involved with the conflict between illusions of space and realities of material. He argues and agonizes with his paintings, seeking to avoid repetitions and to evade making a cliché of himself. If he catches himself at some tried-and-tested, easy solution, he will turn the painting into a self-criticizing parody, exaggerating and aping what he has caught himself doing—sometimes creating by this means an entirely new and unsuspected statement.

Predictably, then, the Ocean Park series is by no means static in itself. Some quite noteworthy things are going on within it. Around #37 a crisis of sorts occurs. Until that painting the oils have had strong contrasts in color and value, and the charcoal and *gouache* drawings in black, gray, and white have explored the sort of skeletal structures used in the paintings. The paintings, remember, are eight feet high—big enough to be murals. The bright colors and aggressive forms, often lurking in the corners and along the edges of the work, have a striking effect when the eye is forced to pull itself around the full-scale canvas to see it all. One falls into little chevrons of green and pink, little stripes of red, blue, and orange. The eye glides blandly over the gray, foggy parts. There is a real tangle of interests with excessively strong pulls in the corners of the picture and quiet grays one might ignore elsewhere in it.

Then comes #37, smaller than the rest. In it Diebenkorn applies the same gray, monochromatic tones he has been using in his charcoal drawings. Suddenly the painting is quieter; the experience of looking at it is more even, not so much a matter of little excitingly colored corners and stripes pitted against black emptiness. One sees that Diebenkorn has been looking more closely than we, that some of the qualities that seemed simply inherent in the medium of drawing and that we took for granted he was really seeing, intending. It is these qualities he sought to evoke in these later paintings. From #37 on there is an increasing tendency to use large, monochromatic sections. Some are almost entirely in single colors: apricot yellows or transparent greens. At first this seems only to increase the overall bland effect, but, upon further, more intense viewing, this makes the space of the painting easier to move about in, less full of sudden and indigestible color occurrences.

Where will the Ocean Park series and Diebenkorn go from here? If we are able to judge from earlier phases in his career, he can stay with this basic format for some years to come, constantly varying and altering aspects of it. Meanwhile, as the San Francisco Museum of Art exhibition so splendidly shows, Diebenkorn is creating enduring visual monuments of the first order. □

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The Shiraz Festival

TAKING CARE OF THE LUXURIES

...and letting the necessities take care of themselves amid Persian theatricals, an eight-day play, and some difficult music in a far-away desert. Assuming you could get there at all, what would it mean?

BY JOHN ASHBERY AND DAVID SOROUSHIAN-KERMANI

In the first six years of its existence the Festival of Arts in Shiraz, Iran, has become a festival unlike any other. Little known in the West and, in fact, scarcely advertised outside Iran, it is not meant for tourists, even cultivated ones accustomed to the more palatable fare of Salzburg, Edinburgh, or Aix-en-Provence, where one's daily dose of culture can be washed down with draughts of sight-seeing. Shiraz is hardly a tourist center on a level with these and the other major festival cities of Europe, and its programs—a mixture of traditional music and theater of the East, often difficult of access for Westerners, and the very latest avant-garde mutations from Europe and America—is not for dilettanti.

In addition to the uncompromising nature of most of the events in the festival, their concentration puts an enormous strain on one's stamina. This year, for example, one could wind up a busy day of discussions, films, and theater with an evening of music by Karlheinz Stockhausen or dance by Merce Cunningham, followed by an all-night sit-up with Robert Wilson, whose immense play *Ka Mountain and GUARDenia Terrace*, "a story about a family and some people changing," unfolded continuously for eight days over the flanks of a rocky mountain on the edge of the city. Small wonder that, as the festival wore on, everyone had suddenly developed a cold (Wilson himself was briefly hospitalized for exhaustion), nerves began to fray, and the rare tourists—most of them Iranians from Tehran—took off for more hospitable (and more accessible) Parnassuses.

None of this worried the directors of the festival very much. For one thing, if Shiraz were suddenly to become chic —another Baalbek—there might be serious problems of accommodation: There are roughly five good hotels in the area, including one at Persepolis, about forty miles away, and another several miles oustide Shiraz, where most of the festival artists, invited guests, and press were put up (some said, segregated). But, more important, the real purpose of the festival is to confront Iranians with the art of the past from countries close to them both geographically and culturally and with new art from the West. To a country without significant modern traditions, still under the spell of its own great past, where a production of Shaw or Ibsen would count as a novelty, such an effort even might seem quixotic. In fact, the festival has been bitterly attacked by Iranians, not all of them Philistines by any means. Perhaps the consensus was expressed by a writer to the Tehran newspaper *Kayhan*: "What justification is there for subjecting the inhabitants of Shiraz, students, and others, to Stockhausen before, say, Bach's Mass in B Minor, Mozart's *Requiem*, or Beethoven's Ninth Symphony? Why should those who have never seen a good production of Shakespeare, Chekhov, Corneille, or Molière have to go through the agony of incomprehension during a performance of *Orghast* [the Peter Brook spectacle staged last year at Persepolis]?" But the fact that the festival not only has survived but has increasingly emphasized the rigorous side of its programs is evidence of its singular good health.

Shiraz is a city of about 300,000, roughly 600 miles south of Tehran and 200 miles north of the Persian Gulf. Once an important way station on the trans-Iranian caravan route and for a time the capital of Persia under the eighteenth-century Zand dynasty, it has seen its commercial and political importance decline in the twentieth century. Yet it is perhaps the favorite city of the Iranians. It is for them a sort of mini-version of Naples or of San Francisco. For the Tehranians it has a flavor of the Midi; for the rich Arabs from the sweltering Persian Gulf who stroll its dusty avenues in somehow always pristine, white muslin robes, its dry, hot climate probably seems like Maine's. The poets Saadi and Hafiz, whose tombs are in Shiraz, wrote of its wine, women, roses, and nightingales; all except the last are still much in evidence. Although Shiraz has comparatively little architecture of interest, having weathered several severe earthquakes, it is close enough to the spectacular ruins of Persepolis and Nagsh-e Rostam to be a tourist center. Its university is considered the best in Iran. Besides these built-in resources for a festival, Shiraz has some ideal locations for staging music and drama, all of them in the open air since there is no problem of being rained out. One open-air theater is at Persepolis itself: a stage backed by a monumental staircase, whose bas-reliefs provide an unsettling décor of Persian warriors and lions sinking their fangs deep into the flanks of startled bulls. In Shiraz the Seray-e Moshir, a recently remodeled caravansary deep inside the labyrinthine bazaar, provides a smaller court space that Stockhausen pronounced a marvel both acoustically and atmospherically. It is a square, two-tiered courtyard lined with shops

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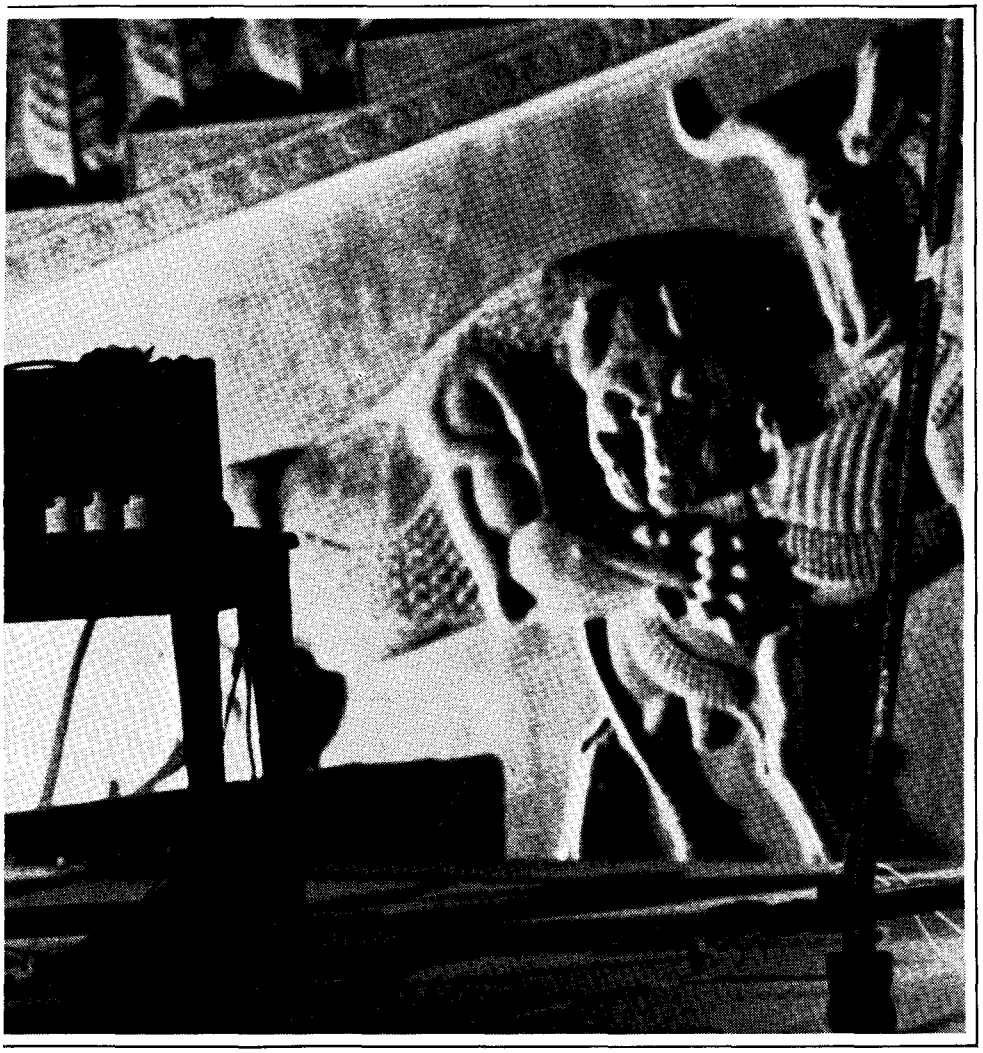
and a coffee house, with a square pool in the center, across which a sort of bridge was built for the musicians. The audience reclined on cushions and Persian carpets under the shade of fig and lemon trees. The Hafezieh, a lovely formal garden surrounding the tomb of Hafiz, was lit by hundreds of oil lamps at night for concerts of traditional Persian music and Indian dances by Shanta Rao. Equally appropriate for the spectacles staged there were two private mansions in the midst of walled gardens: the Narenjestan, or orange grove (in whose "harem" Robert Wilson put on the "Overture" to *Ka Mountain*), and the Delgosha Pavilion, which was the setting for *All at Once*, a play by the young Iranian playwright Abbas Naalbandian.

For all these good reasons the sixth Festival of Arts of Shiraz-Persepolis, proposing exotic wares to presumably friendly natives, was inaugurated on August 31 with a lecture on Stockhausen by his friend Maurice Fleuret, music critic of *Le Nouvel Observateur*. In a way Fleuret's talk epitomized much of the agony and the ecstasy that the festival was to become. We were informed in no uncertain terms that Stockhausen is *the* composer of today, a musical superman who absorbed the music of the East (the meeting of East and West was the ever-present leitmotiv of the festival) in ways that had escaped Debussy, Messiaen, and Boulez, but who finally transcended such artificial concepts as Orient and Occident, in fact transcended just about everything there is to transcend. Continually exalting Stockhausen *über alles*, Fleuret suggested that Luciano Berio is an imitator of Stockhausen, that young American avant-garde composers Steve Reich, Terry Riley, and Philip Glass have been influenced by him "through John Cage," that Stockhausen "unlike Boulez" has broken out of the serial technique he began composing after the war. In Japan composers now imitate Cage and Xenakis the way they used to imitate Tchaikovsky, but Stockhausen "troubles" them.

He was to trouble a number of Iranians as well during the twenty-six hours of his music given in thirteen concerts during the next eight days. The first, a performance of *Mantra* by the incredibly gifted duo-pianists Alfons and Aloys Kontarsky, was well received and, in fact, constituted one of the high points of the festival. Fleuret had characterized *Mantra* aptly as music that is "neither serious nor amusing"—that had been his disconcerted first impression of it. Wandering in and out of various twentieth-century idioms, such as the Stravinsky of the Concerto for Two Solo Pianos, the Bartók of Music for Two Pianos and Percussion, Messiaen, circus marches, early Stockhausen—the composer managed to confound the notion of "idiom." Night fell abruptly during the sixty-five minutes of performance; the water in the pool, disturbed by the vibrations from the pianos, cast rippling reflections on the walls of the Seray-e Moshir, which echoed the hypnotic expansion of the music. It was a beautiful moment.

But it turns out that Stockhausen is an uneven composer whose work is best appreciated in segments rather than in the extensive "panorama"—the festival's term—it was afforded at Shiraz. The next concert, consisting of *Mikrophonie I Refrain* and *Prozession* paraded the familiar extremes of "international style" avant-garde music of the Fifties and Sixties. *Mikrophonie* featured, among other things, some fashionable theatrical effects: Four players, including the woefully miscast Aloys Kontarsky, belabored both sides of a gigantic gong with various objects—including a family-size detergent can—while the composer, as usual, sat at his control panel, tense as a captain at the prow of his ship. The chaos that emerged was permeated by a German expressionist, "isn't-life-horrible?" intent that too often undermined the purely aural beauty of Stockhausen's sounds. *Prozession* utilized some of the composer's earlier works in a schema of doubtlessly ultimate complexity, but the result once again was professional-sounding and dull. The apogee of ennui, however, was attained next evening at Persepolis, which the composer chose as the backdrop for his *Hymnen* a collage of about forty national anthems organized in four "regions." The piece was presented mostly on tape with a discreet piano, electronium, percussion, and vibraphone accompaniment, among which the notes of "La Marseillaise," for instance, were distributed in the manner of Webern's transcription of Bach's Ricercare from the Musical Offering, although I intend no comparison with that authentic masterpiece. Few people are familiar with more than four or five national anthems, and so the *Weltanschauung* implications of the Swedish or the Kenyan hymns, if they were played, were fated to be lost on most listeners who happened not to be from those countries.



Karlheinz Stockhausen's potpourri of national anthems, "Hymnen," is performed by an assistant against a backdrop of bas-reliefs of traditional Persian design.

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In the course of the week the composer offered himself the ultimate luxury of the avant-garde artist: a concert for "the people," in this case the merchants and habitués of the bazaar who were invited to a free performance of *Mantra*. They swarmed into the courtyard and began leaving almost immediately. A few days later he transported musicians and equipment to various outdoor locations: The consensus then seemed to be, according to a local journalist, that this was music that was no doubt meaningful to Occidentals but that required "foreign lessons" in order to be appreciated. Yet some reactions were enthusiastic: At least one Shiraz taxi driver loved it, and Naomi Barry of the Paris *Herald-Tribune*, who had gone out into the desert to cover a Bakhtiari nomad wedding, was astounded when one of the guests asked her what she thought of Stockhausen.

Aside from two scheduled and several impromptu concerts of traditional Persian music, Iran's main contributions to the festival were in the categories of drama and film, productions that ought to dispel the notion that Iranian playwrights and filmmakers are content to imitate the West. Theater and film are the most vigorous of the developing arts in Iran. The 1968 Shiraz festival sparked critical and general interest in Iranian drama with productions of Naalbandian's highly acclaimed *A Modern, Profound, Important Research Into the Fossils of the Twenty-fifth Geological Era* and Bijan Mofid's *City of Tales*, now being made into a movie. Both writers since then have been associated with the Theater Workshop, established in 1969 by Empress Farah to encourage experimentation in the theater. The workshop is still under her direct supervision and is managed by the talented Bijan Saffari; it has rescued its young participants (mostly in their twenties) from the tutelage of the Ministry of Culture, which promotes "Persian plays by Persian writers" on acceptable social issues. The resulting comparative freedom from censorship and the international orientation of the group have been instrumental in the rapid development of theater in Iran.

Twenty-five-year-old Abbas Naalbandian's *All at Once* told a story of the ostracism and ultimate sacrifice of a young schoolteacher by his impoverished neighbors; it was a disarmingly unpretentious blend of myth and daily life. The controversial direction for the premiere was by Arby Ovanessian, one of the *enfants terribles* of the Iranian theater, who seems by nature more a designer than a director. Movement, not meaning, is his goal, although he concedes that "meaning" on various levels may further the movement. Yet meaning seemed to elude at least some members of the opening-night audience who trampled the partially buried schoolteacher on their way to the exit.

Ovanessian's impressive talents were more apparent in his film *The Spring*, adapted from *The Spring of Hoghnar*, a novel about life, love, and especially death in a small Armenian town. It was shown at Shiraz fresh from the Venice Film Festival. Naser Taqvai's competent but more conventional film *Sadeq the Kurd* provided an interesting contrast to Ovanessian's free approach; it had a straight, fast-moving narrative *a la* John Ford.

Such modern Persian plays as How Do You Do, Mash Rahim? *highlighted the Shiraz Festival.*

Two one-act plays of Esmail Khalaj drew extensively on the traditions of the popular Iranian theater. *Goldooneh Khanoum* and *How Do You Do, Mash Rahim?* are set in a traditional Persian coffee house (which serves tea). The festival organizers managed to supply just such an establishment in an old section of Shiraz for the production, where the festival audience could mingle with tea-sipping habitués and puzzle with them over the demarcation between theater and actual local color.

Meanwhile, back on Ka Mountain, one of the most authentically bizarre events in the history of theater was under way. Scheduled to last more than 200 hours and to spread from Haft-tan, a dilapidated sanctuary on the edge of town, by degrees, or "terraces," up the slopes of the mountain behind it, *Ka* is the most ambitious work so far (although future projects seem destined to dwarf it) by Robert Wilson's Byrd Hoffman School of Byrds.

Wilson's *Life and Times of Sigmund Freud* was staged in 1970 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, at a time when his name was known only to a few aficionados of the New York underground. Word immediately got around that something extraordinary had taken place, and his *Deafman Glance*, performed the following spring at the Brooklyn Academy with a cast of more than 100—mostly amateurs spotted by Wilson in the subways or on the streets —drew a large and enthusiastic audience. That summer the work was received deliriously in Paris, where Wilson is still much better known than he is in America. The chorus of praise was led by Louis Aragon, who, in a "letter" to the late André Breton (to whom during the last thirty years of his life Aragon had not spoken) published in *Les Lettres Francaises*, said that Wilson had succeeded in realizing the dreams of the Surrealists in the Twenties: "I have never seen anything so beautiful in this world since I was born: no other spectacle has ever come up to the ankles of this one"—praise all the more remarkable in view of the traditional French wariness of anything new from *outre-Atlantique*.

Driving up to the midnight opening of *Ka* on September 2, we were hit, even from afar at the sight of the oil lamps twinkling on the slope, by a strong sense that something fantastic was about to happen. The previous night there had been an expanded version of "Overture" a "chamber" work, in the Narenjestan: The excruciating slowness reduced one to a state in which time was as extraneous as it is in dreams. (At a press conference at which Wilson and some of his actors appeared blindfolded and which was to rank as one of the weirdest events in a week crammed with little else, he divulged: "An anthropologist in New York made films of people laughing. When they were stopped at one thirty-second of a second, one saw the body going through every possible emotion every second. . . . When the body is slowed down, the brain waves operate at another frequency, and we don't know very much about this frequency at this time in history." Those, however, who were present at the building of Wilsonabad, as one critic called it, probably know a little more about this frequency than they did before.

Stockhausen conducts one of his many controversial contributions to the festival.

The Haft-tan is a rectangular walled garden with a pavilion at the far end, behind which an arid slope stretches up to another small building; behind this the real mountain begins. The plays were performed on a temporary stage,

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stretching between the roof of the pavilion and the slope, and at various sites on the mountain, whose seven levels were decorated with flags, vases of flowers, scarecrows, snakes, flamingos, and architectural models for the Parthenon and the Sphinx, among others: Each of the levels of the mountain, and the play, had a different architectural symbol, each of the seven days a "navel" and other heraldic devices. Wilson must have grasped the importance of the mountains that surround Shiraz. One is continually reminded of Auden's line, "Seeing at the end of street the barren mountains." Almost every vista in this amiable, cultivated city, kept green and shady by irrigation, ends in a towering wall of rock.

Seven is the number of the dervishes (a word whose meaning is both vague and precise, like the play) whose graves are in the Haft-tan; it is also, of course, the number of a lot of other things: the seven seals, the seven stars, the angels of the Apocalypse, the days of the Creation—and also of the days the play was supposed to last, although eventually an eighth day was added, which most people missed since by that time the festival had ended. And even those who saw the end, of course, missed a great deal of the play since the players could relieve each other but an individual spectator was sometimes obliged to leave it so as to do other things: eat, drink, sleep, listen to Stockhausen. Thus the play was truly an allegory of life, which always seems to be taking place somewhere else—or when one is asleep—whose perceived fragments are tantalizing clues to what the whole might be but whose climax might easily go unperceived. The troupe's Ann Wilson (no relation) said that work in the play "becomes a life because you're in it all the time," which is true for the Byrds, but, for those forced to remain out of it as well as in it, it becomes an even more arresting reminder of what life is, rather than (as is the case with any theater but Wilson's) what it could be.

Watching the play late at night or in the early morning, dozing, mingling one's own dreams with those taking place on the little, white stage, was an unforgettable experience. We felt we were witnessing the simultaneous birth and destruction of a world. The critic of *Le Monde* referred to the process as "the silent, endless tales of our Freudian and schizophrenic Scheherazade."

Cage and Cunningham, who arrived several days after the festival had begun, opposed their own curiously tonic brand of anarchism to the cerebral labyrinths of Stockhausen and the labyrinthine naturalism of Wilson, adding a new dimension to the debate. Stockhausen's "planetary" music was accused by some of being "neocolonialist." (Wilson was "trying to get at all the levels," Ann Wilson said.) Cage's aims *sound* more modest; he would merely have us ignore "art," or whatever it was we had gathered in Shiraz for, in favor of "openness, which involves us in attention and, you might say, curiosity." To an American who said he had been grappling with the problem of selflessness but was worried whether this would mean giving up art produced by great egocentrics of the past, Cage replied, "School is for understanding; after school you have experience. But after you graduate you don't give up school. We can have both. So you can keep your Beethoven and your Stockhausen." Cunningham concurred; his own work means to inspire "paying attention to multiple things, not to take you away from life, but to put you into it, so you might see what it's like when you go out in the street."

In the case of Cage these reasonable precepts proved easier to swallow in theory than in practice. Those at the

Traditional arts from India and other neighboring countries added a unique, exotic touch.

open-air theater who sat respectfully through a solo for amplified bugle by Gordon Mumma began to trickle out soon after the beginning of a simultaneous performance of Cage's *Birdcage* and David Tudor's *Moonbird*, an exhilarating, but of course "pointless," random selection of birdcalls and other accidental noises, including a taped dialogue between Cage and a myna bird: "My name is Harvey. What's yours?" "My name's John." "My name is Harvey." "Yes, it says up there your name is Harvey." "My name is Harvey. What's yours?" As the trickle became a stampede, it seemed that a number of people had begun to reconsider Stockhausen: "*Au fond*," one French spectator was heard confiding in a neighbor, "Stockhausen, *c'est du classique*." Yet a good third of the audience, mostly young, who stayed to the end, applauded wildly; for them attention had evolved into curiosity, which is its own reward.

Cunningham, because he adds to Cage's sounds a visible element—people—was more easily accessible to the audience. On the last night, in the presence of the Empress, Cunningham released his dancers among the stones of Persepolis along with some of Andy Warhol's helium-filled silver-vinyl pillows, which floated among the columns, occasionally breaking loose from their moorings and drifting purposefully off into the Persian night. The work was what Cunningham had termed a "revelation about human relationships in dancing—people being alone together." It made a beautiful un-final climax to this week of art whose aim throughout had been to disconcert and instruct, to instruct through disconcerting.

Viewed from the safe distance of New York City, the festival—which included, besides the abrasive Westerners, also the marvelous Kathakali theater group from India in an Indian version of the traditional Persian legend of Rustam and Sohrab, Indian dances by Shanta Rao, a French dramatization of Kafka's "A Hunger Artist," and a galaxy of fringe events—seems like an Arabian night that couldn't possibly have taken place. And it probably could have happened nowhere but under an absolute monarch whose royal patronage of the arts has always been lavish. It certainly couldn't have happened in America, where it is difficult enough to catch Cage and Cunningham recitals and where the howls from "taxpayers" outraged by a federally financed Wilson event on Pike's Peak might be enough to bring down the regime. Nevertheless, somebody had to bring all these extreme and conflicting tendencies together, if only because they exist and must therefore be somehow dealt with, explained, or possibly explained away. The Shiraz festival is to be congratulated for having done so, and all the more in view of the inevitable outcry that arose in a country with so little experience of modern art. It is difficult to see where the festival can go from here, though one hopes it will not retreat, as one of its founders and probably its *éminence grise*, Farrokh Gaffari, hinted in a newspaper interview, saying that next year's might be "just a bit quieter," while promising it would continue its didactic mission of acquainting "students and young adults" with the most advanced trends in art. Conceivably, a few decibels could be dispensed with, but not the total adventurousness that made this festival an unforgettable experience for so many Iranians and the almost equally unprepared foreign visitors. Art is, after all, what is happening now; the past, Bach and Chekhov, can always fill itself in as it is needed. The important thing is to start from the beginning, that is, the present. Oscar Wilde's "Take care of the luxuries and the necessities will take care of themselves" might well have been the motto of the festival, and its justification. □

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INTERNATIONAL CARNIVAL OF EXPERIMENTAL SOUND

Charlotte Moorman nude behind a melting ice cello and the ubiquitous John Cage appeared at another gathering of the *avant-garde,* this time in London.

BY CARMAN MOORE

Destruction Event. *Destroy the biggest piece of glass in the house. Have the glazier come and measure the pieces. Set a price and a date. Have the glass reinstalled.*
Touch Event. *Hold your hands ten centimeters above the running water of a stream for one hour. Afterwards, go back to the house as slowly as possible.*
Travel Event. *Climb into your car. Buy forty loaves of bread. Drive forty miles to the south. Give away the forty loaves after those forty miles. Go back home again.*

–By Wolf Vostell
Excerpts from his composition
Technological Oak Tree, 1972

I have built a giant SOFT pool table 20 times scale. The canvas, foam-filled balls are forty inches in diameter, the canvas cue is 100 feet long and will undulate across the felt on the green-painted countryside (80 feet by 160 feet) . . . . This world's largest Phantom Soft Pool Table is too important to remain in any one place. It is too serious to be permanent, so I am bringing it to England . . . . My crew and I plan to take it from place to place and put it up for one day to surprise and startle people. Then we will steal it away the next night. . . . So for the grand finale we will put the world's largest Phantom Soft Pool Table on Mars on April Fool, 1980, so that it will be the first thing the astronauts see when they arrive. . . .

–From a note sent by Stanley Marsh
on his contribution to the ICES

. . . When the sound of the choir has moved from East to South to West and finally North, and the sound circle is complete, come into the sound, become part of it, joining with the choir Hummmminnng; Hummmmmiiinnnnng makes the head light . . . . euphoria of sound from within and without.

–Audience part for *Hummmmiiinnng,*
a composition for the ICES
by Anna Lockwood

Carman Moore, a composer and teacher of music, writes for the Village Voice.

The international group of artists whom we commonly identify as the avant-garde has for over seventy years (at least since Charles Ives) carried on a patient, clean little guerrilla war against established culture. Their work could only be described as "terrorist" by someone who has wandered into a bad avant-garde concert or art show (or a good one that he or she thinks is bad). To describe these rebellious individualists as a movement, though convenient for cataloguing purposes, would only be accurate in the sense that they share the hunger for a stranger-than-natural fruit and that their innocent shenanigans have actually changed the life of modern man (pop art, pop culture, mixed media, happenings, and so on). The avant-garde artist is too far into his or her own strange thing really to join anything like a movement, even if there were enough such artists to comprise one—which there aren't. If anyone can document the existence of more than three thousand such beings on this planet, the author is prepared to perform a hat-eating event, even while hummmmiiinnng, "Woodman, Spare That Tree" from the soft, left-side pocket of a Phantom Pool Table.

Creating within an avant-garde mental set comes naturally to few people. It requires a patient, social-workerly devotion to turning the public mind around. It requires a virtual vow of poverty, unless, of course, you paint. It requires a profound knowledge of the conventional, an undergirding despair past courage, and a dedication to that which is different from and freakier than. Few pass this test.

So what was portly, forty-five-year-old, ex-Communist, American expatriate hustler Harvey Matusow doing on the phone all summer, trying to organize an international avant-garde festival, called the International Carnival of Experimental Sound (ICES), to take place in London? Planning to upset London, that's what: assemble a Woodstock of the aesthetic vanguard, ship in the entire "movement," and schedule them to do their thing all over town. Where would the money come from? Hustle. Artists would receive shares of stock in the festival, pay their own transportation, and aid in some of the construction, while Matusow found financial backing, sound equipment, and publicity. There would be such attractions as a crazy concert train ride from London to Edinburgh and back. Make a movie of the whole thing, Matusow reasoned, and share the wealth among the artist-shareholders. Now that's avant-garde: communi-capitalism.

Harvey Matusow is definitely avant-garde but more as object than subject; that is, he is himself an avant-garde piece, a walking shock value with everything from booming voice and big, wet kisses to tricks performed on his personal invention, the stringless Yo-yo. He is capable of anything that will draw an audience to him. His mind is agile and his energy abundant in long spurts, spurts that end abruptly with the portly wonder's falling asleep on the spot (a stranger's couch, a floor, a park bench). Sharing his life and cottage outside London for the last five years has been the soft, ethereal Anna Lockwood, his fourth wife and one of the most impressive of avant-garde composers.

This is the same Harvey Matusow who, at twenty-six, during the 1950s McCarthy inquests, played the role of ex-Communist finger man for the House

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Un-American Activities Committee and who, after being wined and dined by McCarthyites all over Washington, retracted all of his accusations, upset the entire McCarthy crusade, and ended up doing time in the federal slams for what amounted to perjury any way you slice it. In 1966 he moved from New York to London and only days off the boat had organized a filmmaker's cooperative and a film festival. He has only recently become involved in the new music, both as a jew's-harp virtuoso and as organizer of this august international festival, paid for and played for by the stockholding composers, choreographers, filmmakers, happening makers, and poets.

Matusow set up the headquarters and main hall for ICES in a refurbished old railroad roundhouse (called, appropriately enough, The Roundhouse) and secured a modern dance center called The Place for other performances. The Roundhouse itself is an architectural testament to the awe in which nineteenth-century England held its railroad trains. Still solid as granite, the gloomy-but-not-sad building accommodated three movable stages (built the night before by ICES participants), a friendly barlike pub, and a health-food restaurant.

Opening night was a Sunday, and John Cage's elaborate media mix of seven harpsichords, electronic sound, and multiscreen projections called *Hpschd* was scheduled. Some two thousand Londoners squeezed into the building, and another thousand were turned away. The Roundhouse was lit up festively by the insane winking and blinking of movie and slide projections thrown onto screens high above the audience. Dancing about in a kind of soft, silver chaos were the virtually inaudible lines played by the harpsichords.

Hpschd at ICES '72 was also, it seemed, a work for an audience sauntering about, waiting for a sign. The two thousand people didn't seem to know what to do and, being British, fell into a polite if edgy silence. Those who sat there waiting for the piece to move from the introductory passages to a rousing first theme or to some big surprise climax may still be there. But there were drinks and food to buy in the restaurant room, and somebody in the main hall was selling black ice cream. A large part of the audience participated in these events and left, well before the last quill had struck string and fallen back. For the most part, that was the last the ICES saw of those two thousand Englishmen.

On Monday the *Times* and *Guardian* both came out with restrained mention of the Cage concert and with even less about the festival itself, which was to run from noon to 2 a.m. every day for fifteen more days. An entire railroad train had been rented and just a week later would be needing as many people as a cooperative press could coax out. On the schedule were such performers as Horde Catalytique Pour La Fin and Group Germ from France and Ensemble MW2 from Poland. The traditional African company of master drummer Mustapha Tettey Addy was there. The Taj Mahal Travellers and Yamash'ta's Red Buddha Theater had come from Japan, and The John Bull Puncture Repair Kit, Lady June's Linguistic Leprosy, and the London Philharmonic Choir (curiously enough) represented the United Kingdom. Predictably, the largest contingent was from the "rich" United States, including Experimental Intermedia Foundation, the California Time Machine, Arma Arma, and the electronic brain-wave music of David Rosenboom, not to mention the cellist and New York Avant-Garde Festival organizer, Charlotte Moorman, once dubbed "the Jeanne d'Arc of the avant-garde" by John Cage.

For the first afternoon chamber-size performances of electronic music, free-form jazz, and light constructions at The Place, attendance was sparse. After a few days it was clear that no one would be coming to afternoon performances at all. For evening concerts at The Roundhouse the performers and their friends made up a small audience of one or two hundred. Accordingly, Matusow changed his mind and decided to treat the festival as a tribal convention of international avant-gardists. Those few people still coming to the festival didn't notice the change, but so involved in the new interpretation did Matusow become that, when two students from the public sought to buy tickets for the big train ride to Scotland, he personally interrogated them as to why they wanted to go.

As there is characteristically no competition for jobs or audiences in the avant-garde calling, many of the performers, even while paying lip service to "audience participation," clearly programed sounds, steps, and theatrical patterns that felt good, and emotionally purgative, to themselves, the artists, alone. Which is to say that many performances were so much self-indulgent, boring claptrap.

There were, however, several remarkable performances. The Red Buddha Theater of Yamash'ta presented an elaborate, driving presentation of mime, film, taped voice, and, surprisingly, rock music. Rock and jazz instrumentations and musical approaches, in contrast to the stern-visaged, Stockhausen-influenced avant-garde ensembles of ten years ago, were quite regularly in evidence at ICES. The 1960s aleatoric procedures (basing works on random chance) were largely replaced by improvisation within the spirit of free-form American jazz. Arma Arma, another very popular ensemble, backed up by an electronic synthesizer, put on a rocklike show in weird dress and undress beside which even the grotesque rocker Alice Cooper would pale.

Festival organizer (and resident hustler) Harvey Matusow supports a fellow-artist's horn (left), and Charlotte Moorman, wounded and nude, plays her melting ice cello (right).

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At an extremely emotional point late in the series of concerts, Charlotte Moorman, who had not long before undergone a dangerous operation in New York after a year-long illness, suddenly wired Matusow to make room for her. She appeared with a new score by Jim McWilliams, instructing the player to make a full-sized cello of ice, get nude, and play the instrument until it melted. Miss Moorman came to the stage, threw aside her cape, grandly ripped the hospital bandages from her healing side, and snuggled up to her accustomed spot where the cello's back and finger board meet. Sound there was: the sound of water dripping . . . from time to time the sound of ice falling off in a chunk . . . subthreshold sounds of bow on ice. She shuddered without showing it for the hour or so that elapsed before the instrument finally fell away into water and cubes—it was a virtuoso performance, legendary in proportion.

Few could top Miss Moorman's piece for those qualities that are pure in the avant-garde and found nowhere else in art or science—although an involved intermedia piece by one Lady June, featuring herself reading funny rhymes and clowns throwing pies while a jazz ensemble played, was good theater. Taj Mahal leader Takehisa Kosugi, at no less than a reception held at the American Embassy, performed his famous, beautifully pure, slow-motion coat-removal piece in which he simply removes his coat for ten minutes.

The vaunted train ride to Edinburgh found all the artists so bereft of audience and so taken with the English-Scottish countryside that only a few performed their practiced train pieces. Instead they took Matusow at his word and made a tribal Woodstock of it. Human-sized black burlap bags sent to the festival by Yoko Ono for her *Black Bag Piece* made excellent sleeping bags for the trip back to London the same night.

What the dividends to be paid on the shares of ICES could possibly be no one knows (unless you guess "nothing"). Matusow told anyone who would listen that he was losing his shirt. Old friends counter that he'll have two shirts the next time we see him. In either case he engineered a remarkable festival. And, since avant-garde creations are far more important for what they decide to do than for what they actually succeed in doing, Harvey Matusow's sixteen-day piece should become an instant classic:

Climb into your plane. Take your Moog synthesizer, projectors, and drums. Pay all costs. Fly to London for tribal Woodstock. Do your thing. Take train to Scotland and back. Take plane back to your country. Have fond memories in spite of yourself. □

INSTANT LIVES BY HOWARD MOSS

EDWARD GOREY

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

"Thunderation!" Magda exclaimed. She'd just climbed the 117 steps to the belfry. "Do you have to sit here and compose all day just to prove you're a Christian believer?" She dodged one of the bells that had begun to sway ominously. Another metallic, clangorous, deafening concert! Why couldn't they all just shut up and pray quietly, the way she did? All this singing and howling! This ostentatious clamoring about the Lord! Wasn't there more true religious feeling in baking a pie than in constantly proclaiming the glory of God? Yes, there was, she said to herself, as she set Bach's simple lunch down on the table next to the organ.

"Sardine and salt-smelt sandwiches again?" Bach queried, his kindly face creased by genius and consternation. Sometimes he felt the iron hand of alliteration directed Magda's culinary impulses. Such as they were. Sometimes he felt nothing.

"I thought you liked them," she said, about to burst into tears. Her emotions were close to the surface, on the few occasions when they weren't on it.

"Ach," Bach said, "I was only joshing. Sardine and smelt are my favorite fish."

Actually, Bach was being polite. He was getting tired of Magda's unimaginative recipes. She was a sweet and devoted creature, but the lip-smacking sensualities and heady subtleties of the true gourmet were beyond her.

"How are the Cantatas coming?" Magda asked. "I see you're up to number 198—(*Trauer-Ode*)."

Bach smiled. "I have twenty-two mouths to feed, meine Kleine. Not counting my own."

"Ruppert Feinshting is waiting for his organ lesson," Magda replied. "And I have to get back to the kitchen. I hope you haven't forgotten that the Kappelmeister is coming for dinner tonight. You know how fussy *he* is."

"Tonight?" Bach asked, incredulously.

"We're having rabbit and rice and radishes and roast ram," Magda confided. And rats and ropes and riffraff and reefs, she went on compulsively, to herself. "Ruppert has written a prelude and fugue." *She* knew where to get the knife in.

"Tell him I will be down—in a day or two," the great composer riposted.

For a few moments Bach's mind had been diverted by small talk. But once Magda was gone—he could hear her falling down all 117 steps—he leaped from the table to the writing desk. The great chords and giant sonorities of the opening of the B-Minor Mass had just thundered through his head. What did it matter now whether the sandwiches had been smelt or not?□

Howard Moss won this year's National Book Award for his Selected Poems.

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RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

BY IRVING KOLODIN

The Low-Key Debussy of Jean-Rodolphe Kars

Debussy: *Préludes* (Books 1 and 2). Jean-Rodolphe Kars, piano. London stereo, CSA 2230, $11.96.

The best of what Jean-Rodolphe Kars has to offer in his four sides of the twenty-four Debussy *Préludes* is heard within the first ten seconds of "Danseuses de Delphes," first in the sequence. That is a piano sound of the even resonance, ear-clinging sonority, and liquid flow, without which an aspirant to the mystic realm inhabited by these works faces a difficult journey indeed.

Better still, it stays with Kars through the gamut of possibilities embodied in "Voiles," "Brouillards," "La Danse de Puck," and "Ondine," to mention but a few stylistically diverse concepts evolved by Debussy in this set. This is all to the good, an indication that it is inherent in the conditioning of a performer born in Calcutta of Austrian parents, reared in France, and active most recently in England.

But such a sound at the piano is, like a beautiful voice in a singer, only the beginning of musical virtue. It must be animated, shaped, molded, and refined to the artistic purposes of the composer, or it is but a wasted asset. Kars plays most of the *Préludes* quite well, but none of them sufficiently well for one to assume that all Debussy would be safe in his hands.

Even in such familiar concepts as "La fille aux cheveux de lin," "La Puerta del Vino," and "General Lavine—eccentric," the color values are sensitive but blurred. There are times indeed—as in "Canope" or "Feux d'artifice," in which abandon could be indulged—when one has a feeling that Kars is listening to the sound he is making rather than to the way it should be applied to the composer's purpose. That is to say, it is narcissistic rather than Debussyan.

Withal, the resources of power are there, as may be gleaned from an outburst here, a climax there. It would be an illumination of Kars's total capacities, as well as an augury for his future, if London were to present him in such larger works, in which the low-key approach cannot be condoned, as *L'Isle joyeuse*, *Estampes*, *Images*, etc. There can be nothing but praise for the beauty of the reproduced sound.

Beethoven's Third, Henze's First

Beethoven: Concerto No. 3 in C minor, Opus 37. Christoph Eschenbach, piano, with Hans Werner Henze conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. DG stereo, 2530 254, $6.98.

Someone at Deutsche Grammophon obviously thinks well of Hans Werner Henze. In addition to recording his works as they are written, with some conspicuous successes as well as rather more inconspicuous nonsuccesses, he is now being sponsored as the interpreter of other composers' works. The question is, of course, What qualities does he bring to the interpretation of Beethoven that other conductors do not?

In terms of this work, I'd say very few. It differs from other average, noninspired performances in that it stresses certain details that would be more meaningful to a composer/conductor than they would be to a noncomposer/conductor. Included are the emphases on the timpani in the first and last movements, a wood-wind detail here, a string passage there, or a stress on the trumpet in the very last chord of the first movement.

I do not hear, however, anything else that might be construed as a Henze view of Beethoven. It is a straightforward, conventional conception that he espouses, lacking in the tightly controlled dynamics and firmly outlined melodic phraseology that generate the tension to hold the listener's attention. I would attribute this to limited experience in organizing such music for public performance, rather than to any lack of perception. Some may charge this as a judgment based on the known identity of the conductor. I would accept that charge, but only in explanation of the reasons advanced. The condition exists with or without reference to the conductor.

Eschenbach is a pianist of splendid technical, tonal, and musical resources, all of which are strong allies to his purpose. Save in the slow movement, which is beautifully realized on all sides, I do not hear as much that is creditable to him as in the recording of the First Concerto with Karajan conducting. The indications are that Eschenbach, at this stage of his career profits from the incitement as well as the excitement that a conductor of strong purpose and personality can provide. Both the first and the last movements lack drive in a performance that is always right-minded but sometimes faint-hearted. Good reproduction.

Words by Chopin, et al., Music by Argento

Argento: *Letters From Composers*. Vern Sutton, tenor; and Jeffrey Van, guitar. **Mayer**: Brass Quintet. Iowa Brass Quintet. *Six Miniatures*; *Khartoum*; *Two News Items*. Catherine Rowe, soprano; with ensemble conducted by Arthur Weisberg, CRI stereo, SD 291, $5.95.

On the premise, perhaps, that there is more poetry in the prose of great composers than there is music in the poetry of the average poet, Dominick Argento has applied himself to the documentation of his thesis via excerpts from the letters of seven celebrated musicians.

Chopin from Majorca to a friend in Paris, Mozart from Vienna to his father in Salzburg, Schubert from Vienna to a friend in an unidentified locality, Bach to the town council. Debussy from Le Molleau, and Puccini from Paris to a friend in Italy—all are depicted by Argento in various states of discontent with their lots as composers. Only Schumann, writing from Leipzig to his beloved Clara in Paris, is caught in the state of euphoria (in his case a more or less natural habitat). If this preponderance of complaint is an involuntary reflection of Argento's own attitude to his life as a composer, he has, at least, mirrored it in music of variety and decided singability. The idea of combining music for a light, flexible tenor voice (which Vern Sutton assuredly has) with accompaniments for an agile guitarist (which Jeffrey Van unquestionably is) makes for an intimacy of effect admirably suited to the material. It also defines the York, Pennsylvania, native as a composer of uncommon understanding of vocal possibilities and problems.

The side devoted to works of William Mayer offers a brightly written, well-played quintet for brass and nine songs. The texts are by Elizabeth Aleinikoff, Alfred Noyes, Dorothy Parker, and the composer himself, an indication of the value that may accrue with an education derived from Yale University and the Mannes College of Music. The first six are skillful, rather nondistinctive settings that tend to sound very much the same because Miss Rowe's voice has few color contrasts, but the last two are real gems. They investigate the satiric possibilities in such titles as "Hastily Formed Contemporary Music Ensemble Reveals Origins" and "Distraught Soprano Undergoes Unfortunate Transformation" with truly satiric results. The glittering texts (by Mayer) are gaily performed by Miss Rowe. CRI's recording techniques are better able to deal with the tenor and guitar than with the instrumental ensemble and soprano voice.

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The Best of Mozart and of Colin Davis

Mozart: *Vesperae solemnes de confessore* (K. 339); *Kyrie* (K. 341); *Ave, verum corpus* (K. 618); and *Exsultate, jubilate* (K. 165). Colin Davis conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, with Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano; Elizabeth Bainbridge, mezzo; Ryland Davies, tenor; and Gwynne Howell, bass. Philips stereo, 6500 271, $6.98.

Considering the rate at which even the best records come and go in the market place, it might be a word to the wary that they invest in two copies of this disc: one to play, the other to preserve for the future. The reasons for this are at least threefold: the unique quality of the material, the excellence of Colin Davis's direction, and the rare vocal qualifications of Kiri Te Kanawa (pronounced KAN-a-wa).

Such a name bears a few words of explanation on its own. She is a Maori, meaning a product of those who were New Zealanders before there was a New Zealand. Miss Te Kanawa has a bright, clear, fresh voice, decidedly well placed, and already heard in this country at the Santa Fe Opera, more recently in the San Francisco Opera's current production of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro.*

Davis's choice of the Te Kanawa voice for two solo opportunities on this disc is a tribute both to his judgment and to her abilities. To those to whom the *Vesperae solemnes* is a new experience, it may be described as a product of Mozart's last years in Salzburg (1779–1780), a church work rich in emotion and musical resource. Others may recall it for the fifth segment, entitled "Laudate Dominum," beloved of vocal connoisseurs ever since its first recording by Ursula van Dieman in 78 rpm days. One can hardly praise Te Kanawa's talents more highly than to say that she sings it as well as it ever has been heard on records.

In her other assignment Miss Te Kanawa is required to sing a florid as well as a *legato* line in the *Exsultate, jubilate*, with more variable results. The sound is endearingly attractive in all circumstances, but she does not control it as well in the final "Alleluia" as she does in the preceding Andante. This is a marginal distinction, indicating a respect in which she can still further her command of a beautiful sound.

The results are enhanced by Davis's strong feeling for the idiom, his ability to discriminate between a brisk and a hurried pace, his capability to animate even a leisurely line. The additional soloists and choral ensemble are admirably suited to the music. The recording is both spacious and well defined.

The Twilight Glow of Strauss's "Capriccio"

Strauss: *Capriccio.* Gundula Janowitz, Tatiana Troyanos, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Hermann Prey, Karl Ridderbusch, Peter Schreier, and David Thaw; with Karl Böhm conducting the Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, and dialogue directed by August Everding. DG stereo, 2709 038, $20.94.

Anyone seeking a "state-of-the-art" report on phonography 1972 could hardly be commended to a better example than this new *Capriccio*, the first since Angel's pioneering one of the late Fifties and only the second ever. If you can imagine the kind of sound produced by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Hermann Prey in the same cast, then you can also auralize the comparable efforts of Gundula Janowitz and Tatiana Troyanos. Karl Ridderbusch has to give ground to the authority possessed by Hans Hotter, the first impersonator of La Roche and one of the durable distinctions of the Angel issue, but Ridderbusch contributes to the exceptional blend of sounds marshaled by Karl Böhm.

For those suspicious of any Strauss opera composed after *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (which is to say, after 1917), *Capriccio* may be described as an eminently trustworthy exception. It is, of course, the last stage work in the long succession that began with *Guntram* nearly fifty years before. Seventy-seven when he completed it in 1941, but with nearly a decade of life left to him, Strauss resolutely refused even to think of writing another stage work. "One can have only one Will," he replied to such urgings.

And well he might have been satisfied to close the book whose pages contained *Salome*, *Elektra*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, and *Frau ohne Schatten* (among others). It is a work that only a ripe artist, possessed of both the means and the wisdom that are bred by the creation of masterworks, could have contemplated, let alone achieved.

To summarize briefly, the subject matter of *Capriccio* is the thing dearest beloved of opera enthusiasts—opera itself. A composer and a poet are rivals for the love of a countess, each contending that his art is greater. As the work unfolds, she chides the poet for not understanding that his sonnet (borrowed from Ronsard) affects her more deeply when it is sung. She annoys the composer by reminding him that he must use words to convey his expression of love, that music alone does not suffice. At the end the moral is clear: Together—in a manner well known to Nature—they beget a third thing neither could achieve alone.

On the face of it this suggests a sketch, a philosophical treatise, perhaps an amusing dissertation, but hardly the materials with which to interest an audience for two-and-a-half uninterrupted hours. But Strauss and his equally theater-wise collaborator, the conductor Clemens Krauss, have so enriched it with action appropriate to its 1777 setting (a château belonging to the countess not far from Paris) that it is constantly renewed by such character studies as that of the director, La Roche (modeled after Max Reinhardt). It is in such details as Hotter's La Roche, Nicolai Gedda's composer, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's countess that producer Walter Legge's masterful work for Angel will retain its unique place in the lore of operatic recording.

As for Böhm's credentials: He was preempted by Krauss from the honor of conducting the premiere in Munich in 1942, but he did it shortly thereafter in Zurich. Since the death of Krauss in 1954, he has been the work's senior specialist, and he brings to the recording a loving sense of sound, and a sense of how Strauss used it in this score, that is scarcely surpassable.

It is a special pleasure to hear Janowitz in the vocal form for which she was admired before the digression to such a role as Sieglinde in the Karajan *Walküre*. Her countess is definitely a younger sister to the one impersonated by Schwarzkopf. She is not as wise in her heart and must depend more on the meaning she derives from the text. Janowitz delivers a stint of beautiful singing rarely heard from anyone, with Troyanos's clear, clinging sound beautifully blended with it by Böhm.

As commendations for Fischer-Dieskau (now the count, rather than the poet he was in the earlier recording) and Prey are unnecessary, it only remains to be mentioned that the urgent requirement for clear enunciation of the text has been artfully achieved by Everding. Indeed, with Rudolf Koeckert to apply his chamber music expertise to the leadership of the string ensemble, with the German technicians in wizard form, this effort should answer the needs of a superior-sounding *Capriccio* for some time to come. □

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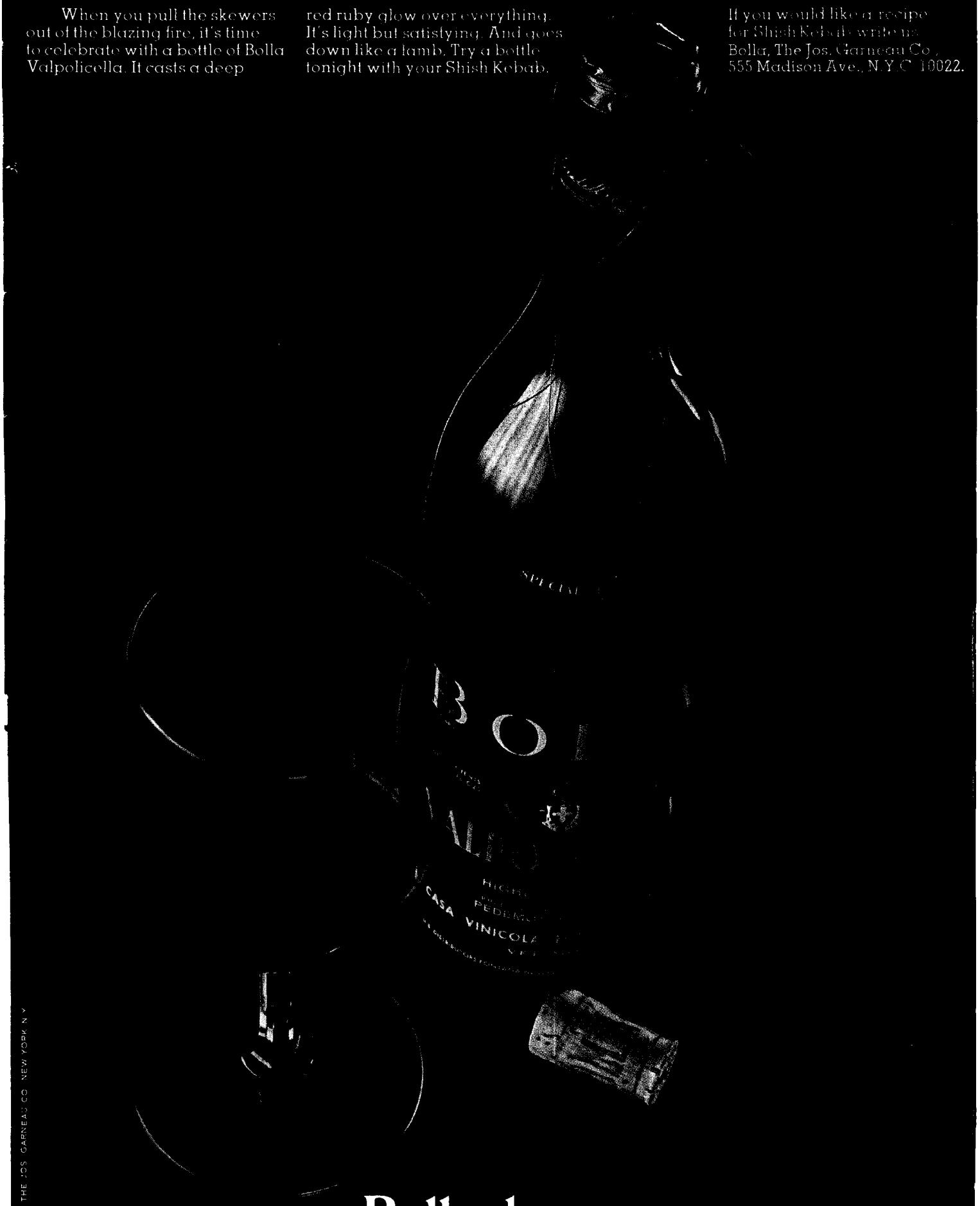

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Before Orwell, the Unmaking of Eric Blair

BY V. S. PRITCHETT

THE UNKNOWN ORWELL. By Peter Stansky and William Abrahams. Illustrated. 308 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $8.95.

It is sometimes said by sociologists that traditional English eccentricity will decline, and even has already declined, with the leveling of society. I do not believe this. The trait is far too loosely defined; it is the sort of blossom that can crop up regardless of class and has many variants. George Orwell was an example of this practical amateur who goes his own way, thinks things out for himself, and is simply one of our perennial rebels. He was something of an actor, priding himself on his contradictoriness, his common sense, and differences. It is true that he was an upper-class rebel—they abounded in the Thirties and during the Second World War—an old Etonian who served in the Burmese police, turned against the Empire and his class, and came to identify himself with the down-and-outs of industrial society, fought side by side with the POUM—the dissident Communist group— in the Spanish Civil War, unmasked the practices and, above all, the language of communism, and invented Big Brother; he was the never-quite-definable minority man. There was a rather exuberant fashion during his period for the inverted snobbery of dressing up in the guise of workers and sounding like one of "the people," but there was nothing hearty in Orwell's disguise. Indeed, it was less a disguise than evidence of a natural drift, as he dragged himself around in his shabby clothes, smoking his cheap shag; there was something spectral about him, a mixture of the sardonic, the everyday, and the exalted. Tall, handsome, very thin, affectionate, and dissident, he seemed to seek more danger and suffering and the bleaker kinds of honesty, which he interrupted by reckless gaiety, but he could not eliminate the authoritative marks of the Edwardian gentleman. There was an unmistakable touch of an easy *de haut en bas*, as he conveyed that the *bas* for him was *en haut*. His whole personality was—to put it paradoxically—a masterly understatement. The flat, straying drawl was the mask of independence and vigor, and his inner loneliness was far from making him unable to enjoy the pleasures of life. To put it as his new biographers do, in another connection, he did not *not* enjoy himself. He could be very drastic with his friends but was genuinely appalled if he realized they had been upset by being called, say, liars, hypocrites, timeservers, and so on, and soon took it all back.

In a real sense Orwell's temperament was close to the aristocratic. How was it formed? His early life has been sketched here and there in reminiscences by boys who knew him at school and by forgotten colleagues in Burma, but there has been no attempt to fill out the whole story of his early years —often the most important part of a writer's life. This is now remedied by a very searching, clearheaded, and patient biographical portrait by two Americans, Peter Stansky and William Abrahams, whose previous collaboration, *Journey to the Frontier* (1966), told the stories of two young English poets killed in the Spanish Civil War. They write with delicacy and without falling into Anglophile clichés; they are very sensitive to the halftones of English life. It is well known that George Orwell was a pseudonym for Eric Blair, and their general theory is that the two names indicate a split in character and that Blair vanished when Orwell appeared and expiated the guilt of Blair, the conventional servant of his class and Empire. The matter cannot have been as simple as that, however, and it is to the credit of the authors that they are able to point out the ambiguities that clustered in his growth.

Of fundamental importance to Blair-Orwell, I have come to think, is the fact that he came of a family that had been rich in the eighteenth century, had married into the aristocracy, and had gone quietly downhill in the following generations, being a line of younger sons. They held to the upper-class traditions of public service, but, being poorish, they became modest clergy or unremarkable civil servants in India. The pressure on such families to maintain their social status was fierce. It was thought worth every sacrifice, especially as the great wealth—for others—of the Edwardian period came in. This was most strongly felt by the Anglo-Indians, who, living in a colony, would be more intense in their snobberies than their fellows in Britain; the Anglo-Indians as a group were, vis-à-vis people at home, inevitably out of date; the strain to "keep up," or keep abreast, was all the stronger, and this is plain in the history of the Blair family. They were determined to send Eric to the most fashionable and expensive prep school and afterwards to Eton, the most prestigious and, in fact, just about the best school in England.

Eric was born in Bengal in 1903, a second child, but at four he came to England with his mother, who was going to have another baby; his father had to stay in India another four years waiting for his leave. The mother was a clever, cheerful woman, half-French, with Burmese connections, skillful at keeping afloat on a modest income, shrewd and ambitious. She saw to it that the boy got a scholarship to his first school, St. Cyprians, chosen because, if one could survive the cramming and the grind, a later scholarship to Eton was certain. He was eight when he left home; mother was exchanged for the rather fantastic general Mum, the headmaster's wife. With its beatings, its discipline, its toughening-up, its snobbery,

V. S. Pritchett's most recent books are A Cab at the Door *and* Midnight Oil.

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St. Cyprians was one of those schools where a lot was knocked into the boys, a training ground for masochists and suckers-up to authority. Many boys, since brilliant in English life, have written about it with a mixture of sardonic horror and ironical affection. The education of the privileged was always severe in England: The price of privilege was that one must be trained for duty, service, and rule.

It is possible to say, as Orwell himself did years later, that Blair-Orwell's feeling for victims and his loneliness sprang from this experience, but there is a gang spirit in boys and I am skeptical. It is more usual to say that they suffer from the loss of home life and mother love. But the first loss of that—if it was felt—came earlier, when the boy found his adored mother's attention diverted to a new baby sister. Normally he would have turned to his father at this moment, but the father was thousands of miles away; when he came home after four years, he and the son were strangers. And Blair senior himself had grown up to put duty and the Service first. (One of the extraordinary things about this nice, prosaic man is that, when the First World War came, he enlisted as a soldier at the age of sixty—the drain of casualties in that worst of all English wars made this possible—and went off to a foreign garrison.) Still, the boy's loneliness, his remark that things were boring and "beastly," seems to require stronger explanations. Stansky and Abrahams wonder if in chilly, gray England, so hard on bronchial types, Eric Blair did not have some unconscious memory of happiness in hot, exotic, luxurious India. I would suggest another powerful influence. The Anglo-Indian officials and their families led fundamentally lonely, restless lives in India as they were moved from station to station. It was a life of passing acquaintance, as if the world were a hotel; and indeed, when the family settled for good in England, they moved from house to house for no very strong reason. Drifting was their natural state. Though gregarious—as Blair-Orwell often was himself as he drifted in English life in his twenties and thirties—they knew no one well for long. I believe Blair's shyness and loneliness and the slowness of his development had its strongest source in this. In how many outwardly ebullient colonials has one seen it! The fact remains—in support of his present biographers—that the strange desire to right the wrongs of childhood and to take to literature began when he was five or six. In this he is a classic case.

Afternoon bathing at Eton, Blair is on the right

But, if there are signs of the odd man out, there are no marked signs of nonconformity when, driving his crammed mind to it, he got his Eton scholarship. What Eton boys called "antinomianism," skepticism, and disillusionment was the mood of all young Englishmen after the 1914 war. A later scholar wrote, "The post-war generation rejected altogether the world-before-the-war, its propriety, its over-stuffed luxury, its conception of society and manners, its confidence in England and Progress." Blair joined the revolt but was not distinctive in doing so, and the general conclusion is that, if he read more of his immediate elders—Shaw, Galsworthy, Wells, Samuel Butler—than most boys did, he enjoyed Eton.

Such a boy, indeed any moderately clever boy of any class or school nowadays, would go to the university. But a large number in Blair's time refused, as he did—in his case partly because of the cost to his family, but chiefly because he was sick of being well educated and wanted to get out into the world. The refusal was the making of him as a future writer; he was not an academic; at the university he would not be "in life." Diffidently, respectably, he followed the family pattern of joining the colonial service, but, in doing so, in the family habit, he drifted downhill. The Burmese police was a distinct step down socially, professionally, and intellectually from the status of the Indian Civil Service. His decision is almost comically deliberate and certainly marks the beginning of drift—so common and even desirable in the careers of those who will become writers. At 19 he was really too young for the police; he hated the Club; he was sent to the misery of the Burmese delta under an unpleasant chief.

One's impression of those five years in Burma is of a lonely schoolboy, togged up in an ill-fitting uniform, who knew the Burmese mainly as a nuisance —"beastly" again—and who had little interest in their political situation; at any rate, he did not write about it. He became aware of some dislike, which he resented and, except for his open boredom in the company of his fellows, was simply "at pains" to be a policeman. He was not always the "guilt-ridden protagonist in an anti-imperialist drama." He simply hated his job; the repressed writer had made a bad choice. His biographers write: "Blair's dislike of being a policeman, growing more intense over the five year period, leads to and reinforces his hatred of imperialism. Only then, in the fusion of the two negative feelings . . . does he leave Burma." But the matter is even more complicated than that, as they go on to say about "Shooting an Elephant": "The victim is the elephant, the victimiser is Blair, who feels himself victimised by the Burmese, and all of them together are the victims of imperialism."

One's impression of Blair-Orwell is of a secretive man who fends off intimacy, and his biographers are hard put to find much that will convey his private life. There are two small scenes that are pointers: A fellow officer found his house "a shambles—with goats, geese, ducks and all sorts of things floating about downstairs," and Blair told him he used to go to services at

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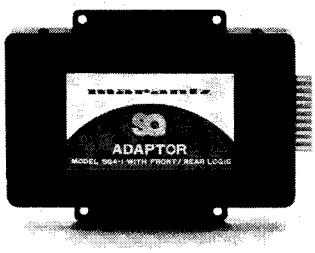

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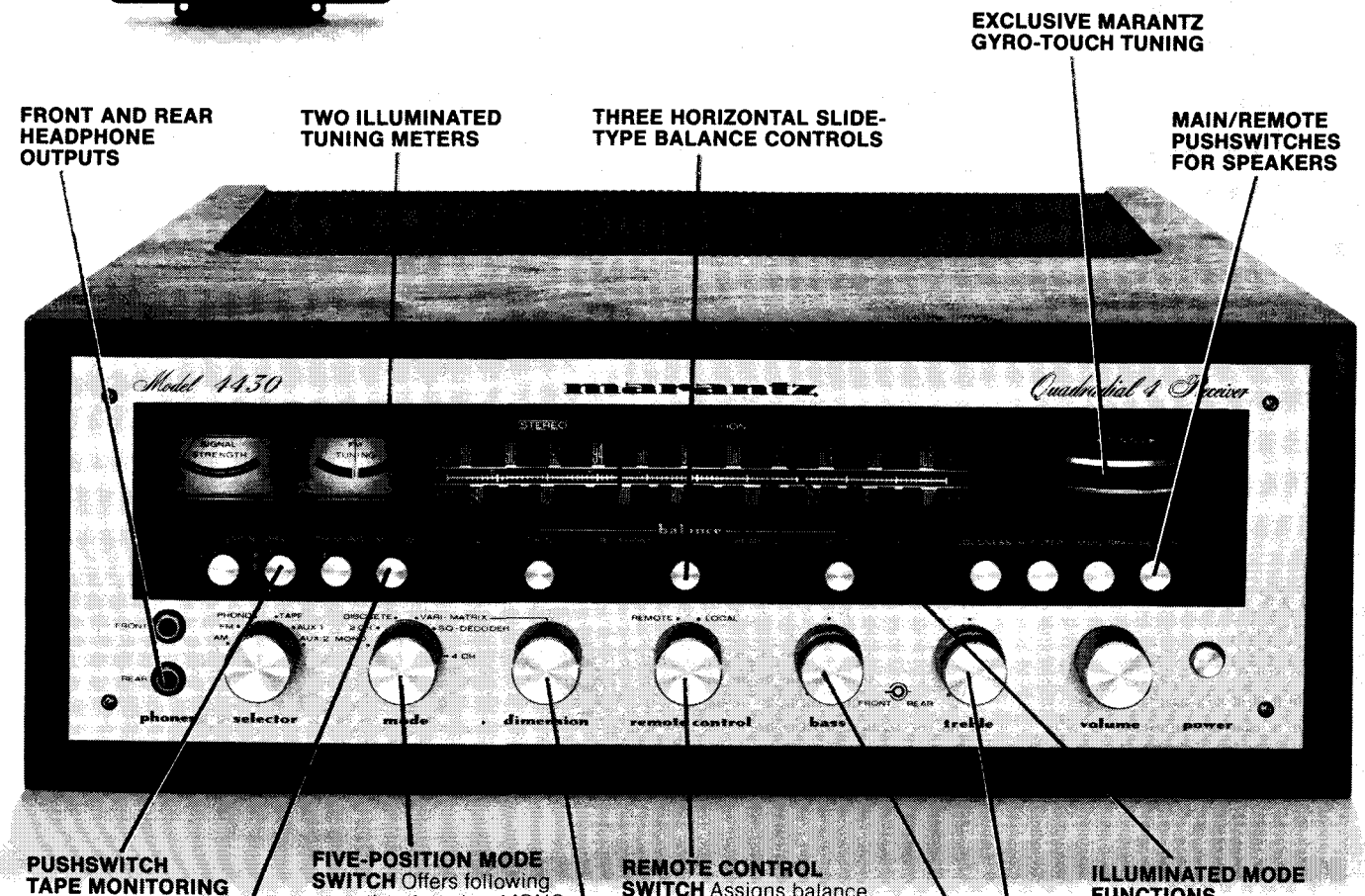
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the native churches, not for the religion, but because he liked talking to the Burmese priests "in very high flown Burmese . . . more interesting than the talk of the Club." The point marks the writer: Orwell was properly vain of being a good linguist. Language was itself a world. His real consolation or resource was the habit of telling a continuous story to himself—a habit, incidentally, that one finds in that other, very different, lonely boy, Anthony Trollope.

And here we come to the beginnings of change. When he threw up his job and reacted against imperialism in Burma, Blair returned to England expressly to become a writer. One forgets that he was only a backward twenty-four, though to others he seemed born old. Out of touch with his own generation, he admired Maugham, Stevenson, Shaw, Galsworthy; his conscience was stirred by Jack London. It is true he had read with admiration a story by D. H. Lawrence and had tried poetic writing, but he had not heard, in 1927, of Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Wyndham Lewis, Eliot, or the Sitwells. All he could write were cynical and mechanical light stories rather in the Maugham manner. His decision to throw up the Service for writing angered his father, and his failure made it worse. Burma was a felt subject, but it was too near and raw an experience, and he lacked the skill required for dealing with it. His real subject was "the victim"; here his old reading of Jack London was decisive. Leave Burma and imperialism alone for the moment; dip into the London abyss. Whether or not this was really an attempt to expiate guilt, Blair (now becoming Orwell) was silent about his motives: "He has no politics; his humanitarian instinct is still dormant. By temperament he is fastidious 'to the point of squeamishness'—offended by the sight of hairy bodies and the touch of unclean hands, by certain basic bodily functions (sweating, excreting), by the smell of decay, rancid food, soiled beds, grease in stale air."

If friends asked him why he dressed up in rags and went off for a day or two on these expeditions, he simply said in an offhand, upper-class way that he just wanted to see what it was like "not to have anything." In fact, other writers of the realist school—Maugham, Morrison, Stevenson in his voyage with emigrants, and Kipling in his tales of the common soldier—had found material for their stories in the poor. Poverty was the exotic inverted. It is clear that Orwell's motive was both a search for material and a way of teaching himself to write. What was distinctive was the detachment, lack of emotion, the attention to fact, the refusal of explanation. He was a reporter. But it is noticeable—as working-class socialists were to complain long after—that he had not chosen the proletariat but the outcasts. When soon he set off for Paris "to write" a couple of novels and stories, he went as many another writer did at that time, but the Paris of the 1920s, bemused by Pernod, was gone by 1929. Unlike the earlier Bohemians, he earned his living, shrewdly supporting himself for a while by writing for *Le Monde* (of all papers) about English life and getting an article or two into English reviews. Literature came to nothing, journalism helped—and, after all, as Orwell he was to become one of the most trenchant and original journalists of his time—but, when journalism failed, he was too proud to ask for money and once more went downhill and became a dishwasher and a waiter. What transformed him was a period of real starvation and illness, in which he was cut off from everyone and lay in misery in a French hospital among the poor. And now, as Stansky and Abrahams say, when one reads his *How the Poor Die*, one realizes that he saw not simply what it "looked like" to be at the bottom, but what it "felt like." It was this that turned him to rewrite everything he had done. In the course of a long, miserable time of revision and sense of absolute failure, he produced what eventually became *Down and Out in London and Paris*. When it was turned down twice, he told a friend to "burn the manuscript and keep the clips."

The despair and the grayness in Blair's early life, and in Orwell's, too, can be easily exaggerated. It is there, of course; the reserve is almost impenetrable; one is faced with an emotional failure "to connect." But it is obvious that he had a nature that was both nonchalant and spirited. Later he blamed his state on St. Cyprians, the terrible prep school, but I would guess that grayness came of something drastic in his nature. His reasons are always double-edged. Thus, when he published his first book, he chose the pseudonym George Orwell because (he said) he was ashamed of the book and did not want his real name on a failure. The other reason was that he did not want to upset his respectable family in Suffolk by the account of his low life. He could not quite bring himself —oh, English public schools!—to let down the side. His dour father, with whom he was on guarded and (he supposed) hostile terms, was far from shockable. If there are emotional blanks in Blair-Orwell's life, one suspects that they stem from the failure, owing to the father's absences, of that relationship. This, as in so many things in his life, can be only conjecture, but Stansky and Abrahams must be praised for having gone carefully and penetratingly into the process by which an unpushing, unlikely, but dedicated young man severely fashioned himself to become an outstanding figure in his generation. There is perhaps only one intimate sign that he would achieve this: At one hopeless moment he became tutor to some children and just went off with them into the countryside every day, treating them as if they were grown up and enchanting them by his tales—part of the continuous tale, no doubt, that he had been telling himself since he was a child. The games he invented were games of stalking and war; his talk was of history. The children were enchanted by his nerve and dry self-confidence. That tells one a lot. □

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THE CAMERONS. By Robert Crichton. 510 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.95.

BY PAUL THEROUX

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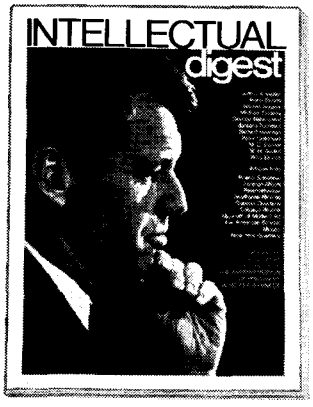

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FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1532

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1532 will be found on page 89.

EPCA ZMD MXVZEUA EN NUDD FDEFCDV YDUXZV EBU JZZDPZXEP; ZMJZ EN YDP BPODU ODVFEZXVY XV VXYFCA J LECCDLZXEP EN JPDLOEXDV.

V. LMJYNEUZ

WIT TWISTER NO. 296

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

On this small leaf, the microscope reveals

A world where — — — — — cluster, round as grapes,

Where oozing veins seem — — — — — —, where cells seem wheels,

And every — — — — — like some vast mouth gapes.

A.S.

Answer is on page 89

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land is surely to be reminded that the Scots are great travelers. Scotland is a country you leave, and few Scots seem to return. They drift to more hospitable places—to Australia, New Zealand, Canada, America—with their hearts in the Highlands and their eyes on the balance sheet. And that is how *The Camerons,* Robert Crichton's second novel (his first was *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*), winds toward its conclusion: The Scottish family dreams of America; on the last page they are at sea, and Scotland is behind them.

You can hardly blame the Camerons for leaving. Crichton's characters weather unimaginable hardships—poverty, sickness, wind and rain, violence, bad food, and sneers and threats from overseers, lairds, Irish serving girls, and miners. There is no joy in Pitmungo, the mining town in West Fife, where this long, long family chronicle takes place. And the joylessness appears to be deliberate, for, while many pages are given over to catching a salmon the hard way and twenty pages devoted to Gillon Cameron tormentedly preparing to see Lord Fyffe, the seven Cameron children are born in just three-and-a-half pages. That is a kind of obstetrics that is seldom practiced except in a novel bucking for bestsellerdom, where the business of begetting must be disposed of swiftly so that one can get on with what is assumed to be the real story.

The story opens with Maggie Drum leaving Pitmungo to catch a man. She knows what she wants: "She lay on her bed and thought about the man she must have. Tall, that was essential, and fair. Speak clear English, essential, and have, if possible, one of the fine historic Scottish names." She travels to Strathnairn and sees her man standing knee-deep in a rock pool, gathering barnacles for his supper. He is very poor, but in other ways he is her ideal. She tests his will ("his mind so rampant with thoughts"), and a trice they are married. Gillon, a Highlander, agrees somewhat hastily to be a coal miner in Pitmungo, and after yet another test of his will by the town bully—Gillon fights the man while Maggie shouts encouragement: "Hit him in the gut and his head will die"—he earns the right to crawl into the pits and blacken his lungs for many years. Crichton is rather short on dates, but the figure of Keir

Paul Theroux's most recent books include a critical study, V. S. Naipaul, *and* Sinning With Annie and Other Stories, *which has just been published by Houghton Mifflin. He is currently writer-in-residence at the University of Virginia.*

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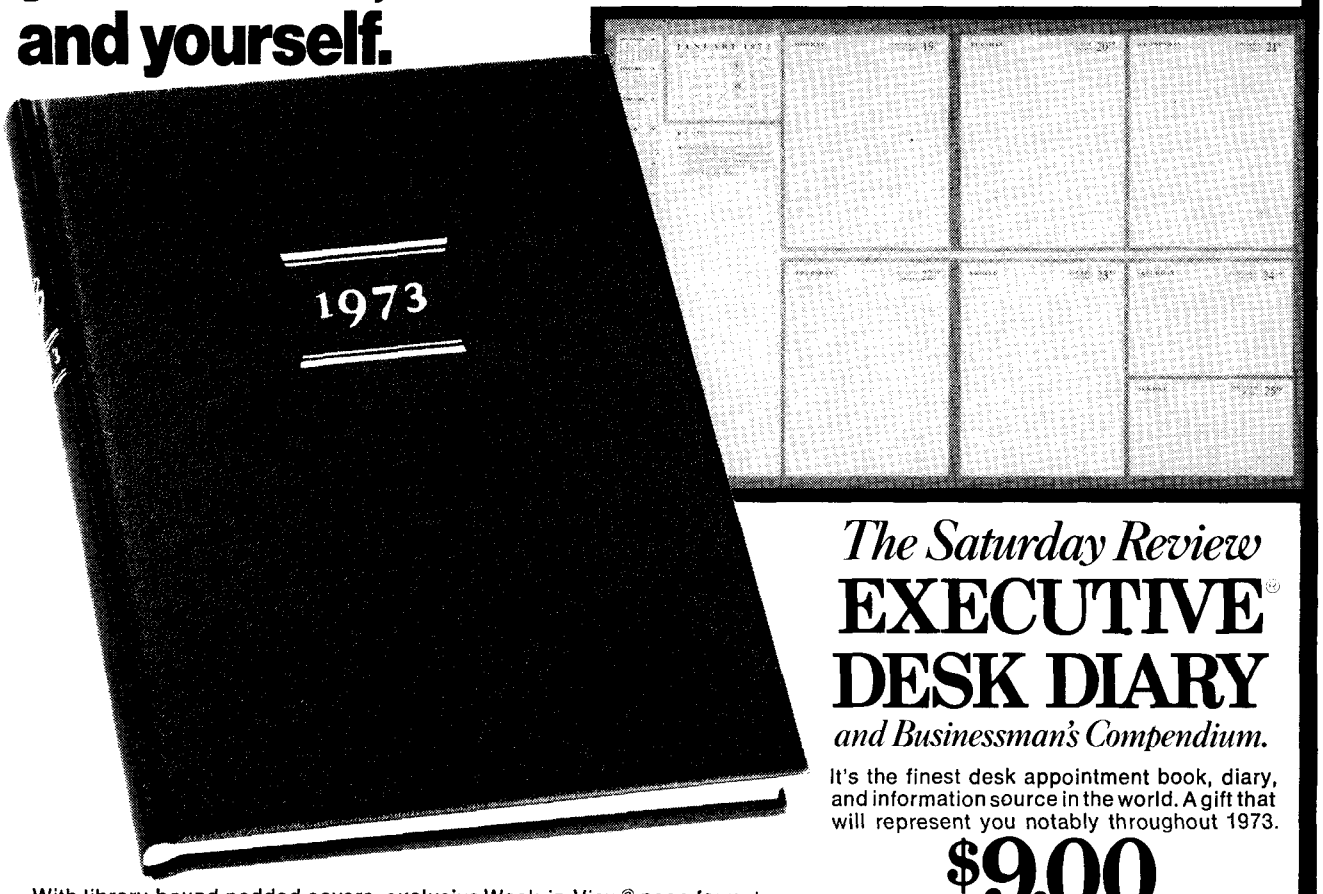

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Hardie makes a brief appearance ("Just don't let us doon," he says to the embattled miner), so it must take place in the early years of this century.

Maggie is proud, practical, and canny, hoarding silver in her locked "kist" and, when work is short, dreaming up ways to get *more* cash; she succeeds in her scheme to sell fresh fish to the miners but loses all her customers in a sticky business over a wagonload of whelks. Gillon, for most of the novel, is too earnest and submissive to be believed, grunting "Och" over and over and carrying on like an updated Stephen Blackpool (though Gillon himself doesn't see the resemblance: He reads and dismisses Dickens's *Hard Times*). Children are begat, and soon they're all in the mines, thousands of feet underground, chipping away for the family fortune. What with the mother's obsessive miserliness and Gillon's piety in the miners' reading room and the lads' talk of Karl Marx, it is a pretty serious family altogether, grim-faced and tight-arsed, lugging their virtuous pride from Doontown to Uppietown. They might be following a banner picked out with Edison's motto, "Hustle while you wait."

Not naturally rebellious, Gillon is offered little choice but to be a bolshevik: An aristocratic stockholder named Elphinstone inadvertently sinks a pickax into his shoulder, and the maimed miner is not compensated. The escalation of this act of unfairness into a local, and then a national, scandal, a shutdown, a strike, a court case, and finally a workers' victory over the laird occupies the last third of the novel and gives no small boost to the Workmen's Compensation Act. At the very heart of the novel is this talk of struggle and sacrifice, and organized labor against inflexible lairds, who demand proof of docility and allegiance with a miner's signature on a "yellow-dog paper." Victory is achieved when the Camerons, a work force rather than a family, stand fast and triumph over the mine owners. So the domestic details, the set piece about poaching (which is marvelous), and Maggie's courtship are included like sops for book-club members who might be put off by Crichton's sophomoric lectures on mining-town sociology, basic economic theory, poverty politics, and his whole melodrama of the class struggle, right down to—or up to—the aggrieved miner having high tea and trading platitudes with Lord Fyffe in Brumbie Hall. And that is also why these 510 pages of unrelieved earnestness are a slog indeed, for, while it is mercifully free of Scottish dialect, there is not a single smile and not a solitary episode that is without an implied moral caption. His windiness precludes the slightest jot of subtlety; nothing is left to the imagination except the process of childbirth. The novel is a tribute to tenacity—both the Camerons' and Crichton's—rather than vision; it is sometimes boring, never riveting, and always exhausting. □

Rudolf Bing with Cyril Ritchard at stage rehearsal of La Perichole

The Many Sides of Rudolf Bing

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BY IRVING KOLODIN

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The next book of Bing, also not long, tells of his removal first to Vienna, then to England, where he became a valued participant in the rise of the Glyndebourne Opera to prominence. He refashioned his speech and his personality sufficiently to attain high distinction as the creator of the Edinburgh Festival in 1947. Finally—and this is by far the longest book—he was invited to succeed Edward Johnson as general manager of the New York Metropolitan Opera. He tells how and why he remained for twenty-two years, the second-longest tenure in the company's history.

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I met him the first day he arrived for his "year of observation," in the fall of 1949. I spoke with him most recently at a chance meeting in the "New" Met in Lincoln Center a few weeks ago. He is a man whose record speaks for itself, whose career is a testament to energy, to ability, and to getting things done, beginning with his own transformation, linguistically, from Central European to high English.

Those who don't know him must wonder, then, why they have heard so many unpleasant stories about him. Many of the answers are contained in this outspoken and nearly candid recollection. Needless to say, he doesn't tell all—who does?—but he tells enough to make the reading as absorbing, and sometimes as incredible, as the man himself.

Among the most cogent words in the text are a few contained in a letter from the early Fifties. It was a time when Bing, having been introduced to Aaron Copland by a newspaperman who remains anonymous, was attempting to win Thornton Wilder's consent to an operatic treatment of *Our Town*. In a letter expressing doubts about the project Wilder nevertheless appreciated the good opinion of him held by "that born impresario, Mr. Bing." And that was what he was. His planning was often brilliant, his ideas frequently exciting, his powers both of persuasion and of promotion formidable. He had, however, one constitutional shortcoming. Ideas, however inspired, have to be carried out by people. It is with people that the book shows the lasting, ineradicable incapacity of all the Bings to deal.

Yes, he could turn on the charm when he wanted to use people, especially if they were Tony, Alfred, Maria, or others worthy of first-name cultivation. But those who were much less than a Guthrie, a Lunt, or a Callas were barely more than dust, such as the "eighty screaming wretches" he was called upon to audition as a young agent in Berlin in the Twenties.

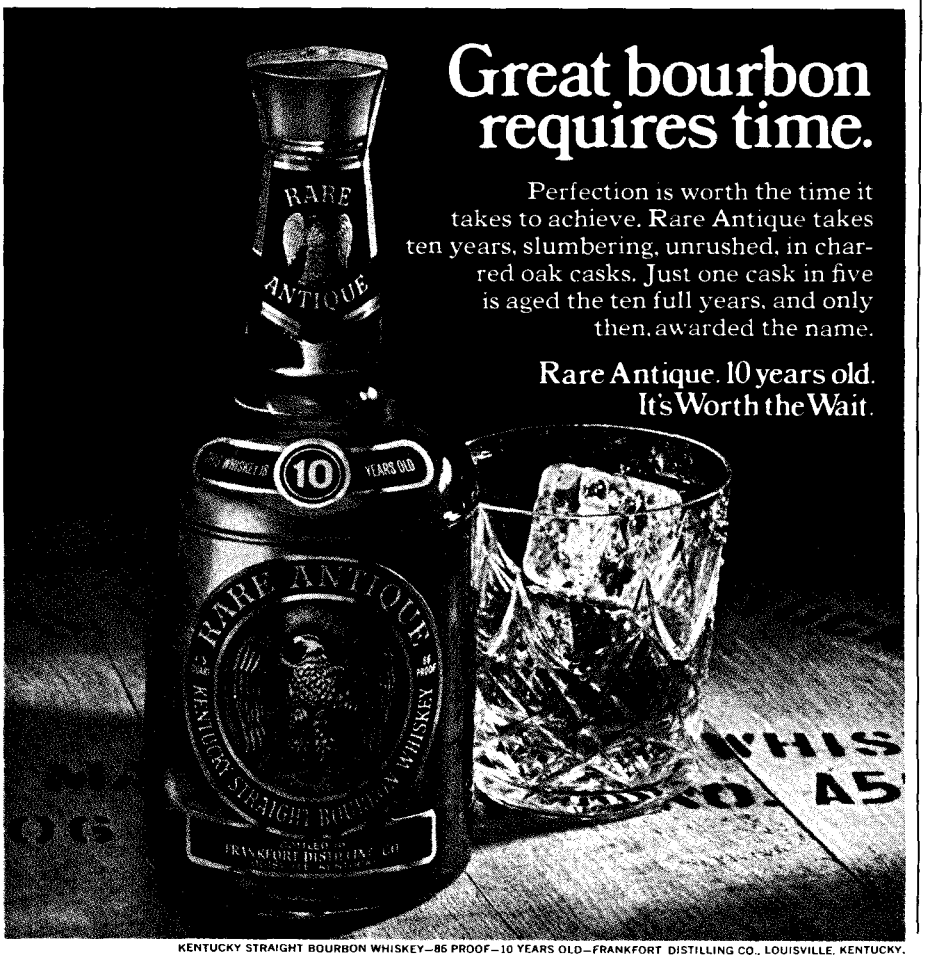
This could have been an exaggeration based on youthful intolerance. Nearly fifty years later, in an interview on the *Dick Cavett Show*, he offered the opinion, about much more celebrated performers, that "what made these people so prominent was a throat disease." "That was tactless," he adds in the printed text, "but it is perfectly true." For the years that such a singer as Beverly Sills invested in mastering her art sufficiently to perform Donizetti's three British queens (Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, and Anne Boleyn), he says—relative to a dispute between the Metropolitan and the City Opera about this repertory—"having been born in Brooklyn, [she] was entitled to priority in the portrayal of British royalty." This is what is known in the sporting world as a cheap shot, little becoming a man who cudgels others for bad manners.

Singers, thus, were plebeians—distinguished, in the Bing view, from other underlings only by a freak of nature. How about conductors, those men of scholarship, learning, and experience without whose highest representatives, he now acknowledges, opera is at best undistinguished? As early as the mid-Twenties, in Darmstadt, he decided "that an opera house must have one head, that a general manager must never give away any of his ultimate authority to a music director." When he came to the Met, he discovered—in trying to enforce this idea—that he had a "conductor problem." The tide was against him, in the sense that older men were dying off, and his effort to employ such a capable but controversial one as Furtwängler was thwarted. But whether it was the older Kleiber and Beecham, or the middle-aged Szell, or the younger Solti and Giulini, none could be enticed into a continuing relationship with Bing because it was well known that, in the words of one of them, the Met was "not a conductor's house." Edicts on new productions, casting of principal roles, decisions on directors and designers—all emanated from the general manager. Some took, some left.

In the ascending order of importance to an opera house next up from singers to conductors are sponsors, fund raisers, etc. For the extraordinary patron of Glyndebourne, John Christie, to whom he owed so much, Bing has much praise, but also the verdict "tactless and crude." Bing's thumbnail sketches of his principal board members at the Met itself, from George A. Sloane in 1950 to George S. Moore in 1971, range from caustic to condescending. A few he did get along with extremely well—Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Lewis Douglas, and Mrs. John Barry Ryan.

As for those other screaming wretches, the critics, the only one for whom he has a good word—as far as my reading shows—is a nameless review of a Verdi production in Frankfurt in 1931: "In those days reviews were worth reading," Bing writes. It was also a good year for singers: "In 1931 singers still had moral and artistic integrity," says Bing. Similar judgments are car-

Irving Kolodin is music critic for SR *and the author of* Continuity of Music, Metropolitan Opera, *and* Musical Life.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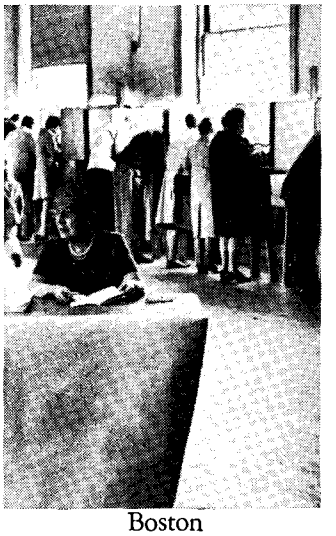

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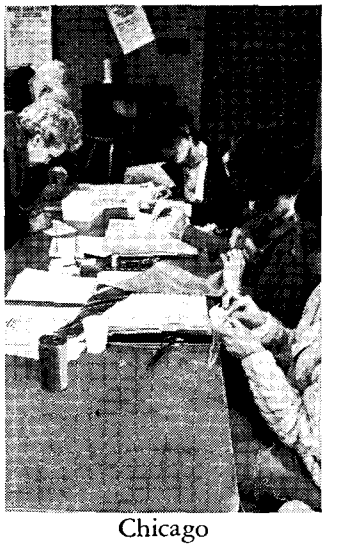

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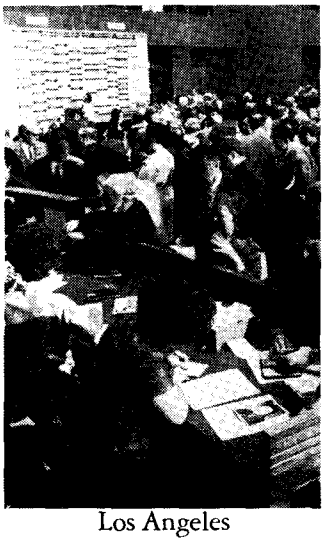

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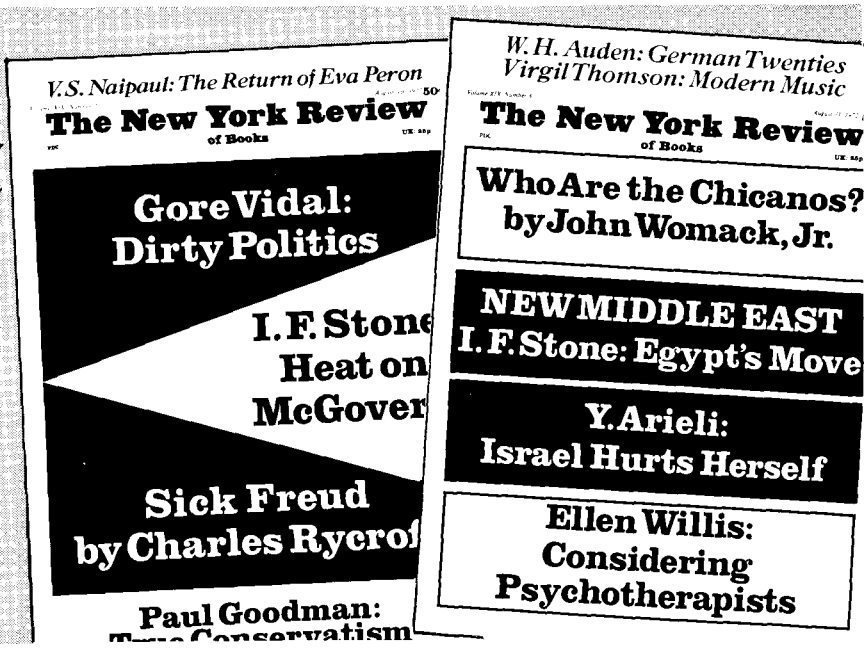
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ried over to the Metropolitan. There is an early reference to the "nastiness and disregard for truth which I found so common in the New York critics." This is balanced by a farewell blast against the "nasty, ill-informed New York reviews written by critics whose competence to lead public taste seemed to me very slight." The critics, he complains, lacked an understanding of the Old Met's problems because they had "never been to a working rehearsal." Small wonder: In Bing's time they were *never* invited to "working rehearsals" and often disinvited to dress rehearsals. As to the pejorative "nasty," it is, in the Bing lexicon, a badge of honor on those on whom it was hung, ranging from the critics to such conductors as Szell, Schippers, and Cleva, to the publishing house of G. Ricordi. For the late Billy Rose is reserved the Croix de Bing (with clusters) "vicious." In every instance the characterization is based on disagreement—with a Bing procedure, a Bing opinion, a Bing attitude—that resulted in his annoyance or inconvenience.

Allowing for the many fine things he did, and the some not so fine, all of which could fill a book (which I have written), his New York career was based on a temperamental mismatch. On the one side was a privileged descendant of an authoritarian society, on the other, the free-wheeling, outspoken embodiments—you, me, and the next fellow—of a democracy. It all comes to a showdown in Bing's disparaging summation of the Metropolitan National Company (which he helped to exterminate) as an expression of a "typical American weakness for doing something—anything—for education and the young . . . even a rotten *Rigoletto* would be better than no *Rigoletto* at all." Yes, Mr. Bing. The rotten *Carmen* I saw in Newark, New Jersey, in 1922, aged fourteen, was better than no *Carmen* at all, a way of appreciating a better one when I saw it at the Met a few years later.

Too bad such leavening never entered into the mix that made it possible for Rudolf Bing to prosper in New York during the twenty-four years it took him to become Sir Rudolf (in recognition of his founding of the Edinburgh Festival). And the complaint against the "American weakness" for educating the young rings hollow from one who is now a Distinguished Professor at Brooklyn College for $30,000 a year.

Martin Mayer's participation as Bing's collaborator is difficult to pinpoint, but the professional hand is evident in the readably irritating text. Many pictures, no index. □

The Man Who Invented Women

ZIEGFELD. By Charles Higham. Illustrated. 245 pages. Henry Regnery. $7.95.

BY NATHAN TEITEL

Charles Higham, summing up the spectacular life and even more spectacular accomplishments of Florenz Ziegfeld, declares: "He constantly converted paper money into gold wherever possible. It was his Midas-like desire to convert dross into gold that marked his entire career. Everything he detested involved reality and bitter truth; everything he loved involved gorgeous and sumptuous lies."

But at the turn of the century—and far into the gilded Twenties—the lie *was* truth. Everything and anything seemed possible in the best of all worlds. Even the First World War had failed to prick the bubble. Ziegfeld chose the right time and place to be born—1869, in a burgeoning Chicago—and he was in on the dream from the very beginning. In fact, he was the essence of that dream in all its tinseled aspirations and inchoate yearnings. From his father, a German immigrant who entered *nouveau riche* society through the side door of a fabricated but glamorous background, young Ziegfeld learned the practical value of a carefully structured fantasy. He also acquired an unquenchable thirst for luxury and a zest for social climbing. In 1893 he was ready to begin, and, with the muscleman Sandow ("The Perfect Man") in tow, the fledgling promoter set out to astound America and, not incidentally, to make himself a mint.

He didn't do badly. A quarter-of-a-million tax-free dollars, practically all lost at the gaming tables in New York. Small matter. He was already haloed in splendiferous myth. Ensconced at the Netherland—then in its finest fern-and-gilt glory—and attired in suits handmade by London tailors, he dined at Rector's, using no credit card other than his now magical name. Along the way he acquired such bosom companions as Diamond Jim Brady, Charles Dillingham, and Charles Evan Evans, and, with the latter gentleman

Nathan Teitel is a playwright and teaches modern literature at New York University.

The flamboyant Dolores in her celebrated costume

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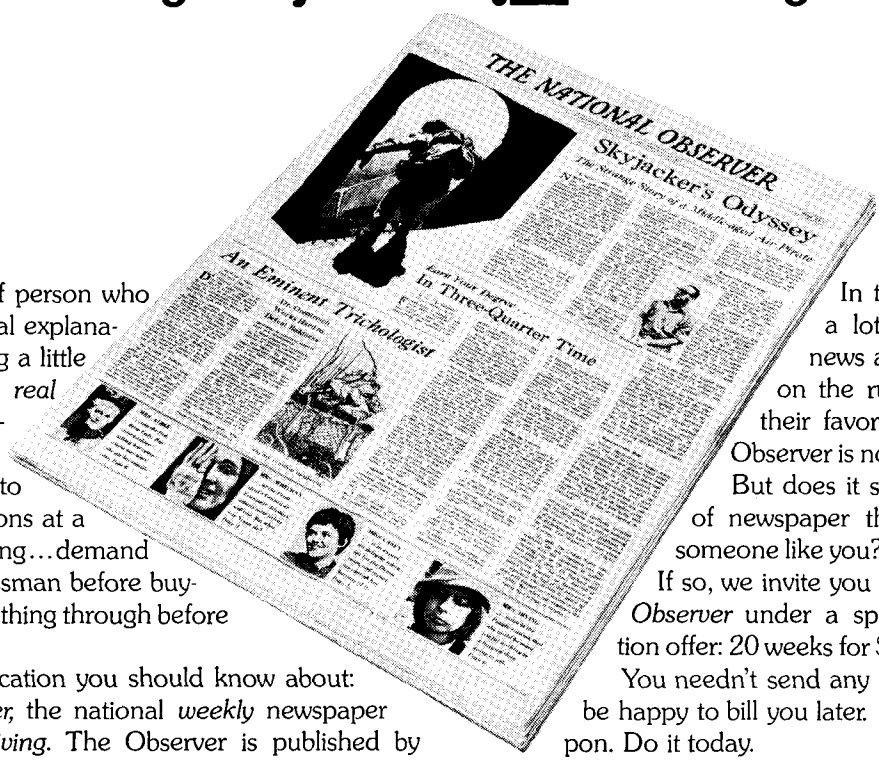
This newspaper isn't written for everyone

...but it might be just what you are looking for!



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staking him, Ziegfeld launched his legendary career on Broadway.

"From the very beginning his stage productions were direct expression of his essentially primitive sexual character. The *Follies* were astonishing demonstrations of the mind of a man who sought to release his need for women in displays of adulation for them." All psychologically true, no doubt. But the *means* were so incredibly beguiling! If Ziegfeld did not invent women, it was only because the Lord was there before him. He lived and loved like a sultan. First there was Anna Held, "with the tiny erotic laugh at the end of the stanzas of each song," then the pathetic and tempestuous Lillian Lorraine, then the sunny Marilyn Miller. And many, many more. (He married Billie Burke, who stoically endured.) He loved them all in his fashion: passionate avowals accompanied by a ton of orchids; jewels, private trains, and yachts; and always—always—screaming headlines, betrayals, and departures.

Ruthless and conscienceless in his pursuit of both money and women, he was, nevertheless, possessed and driven by a vision that had little to do with either. They were merely the means, the tools to use in his almost single-handed destruction of "the very word vulgarity in relation to the American stage." He was, of course, an instinctive promotional genius and master showman, but what really made him unique among his contemporaries was his superb knowledge—down to the minutest detail—of every phase of stagecraft. He knew precisely what effect he wanted to achieve with each and every song, light, set, prop, or costume. And in pursuit of that objective he was more than willing to exhort, harass, cajole, and bedevil the best talent that guile and money could buy. The directors of his "breathtaking spectacles" included Julian Mitchell and Ned Wayburn. His set designers were headed by Joseph Urban, a man with an opulent and daring color sense and a fantastic imagination. Among his now legendary bookwriters, lyricists, and composers: George Gershwin, Victor Herbert, Irving Berlin, Noel Coward, Jerome Kern, Oscar Hammerstein, Victor Youmans, Sigmund Romberg, and P. G. Wodehouse. Moreover, "Actors and actresses adored him because he understood that their egos had to be fed," and he showered his stars with lavish dressing rooms, extravagant gifts, and unflagging personal attention. Perhaps nothing illustrates his theatrical gift so well as the catalogue of stars he made or created, a veritable *Who's Who* of the American popular theater: Fanny Brice, Mae West, Ina Claire, Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Jimmy Durante, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Bert Lahr, Fred and Adele Astaire, Ruby Keeler, Ruth Etting, Helen Morgan, Sophie Tucker—the list stretches on and on.

The stock market crash, however, did not spare him. (Characteristically, on that Black Tuesday he was in court fighting a minor lawsuit and his broker could not reach him.) He never recovered. His sporadic energy was now spent in writing mile-long, contradictory telegrams, mounting aborted, second-rate productions, and in flailing real and imaginary enemies. He died in 1932 and was buried in the garish mausoleum of Forest Lawn. But he is hardly forgotten. *Show Boat*, his masterpiece, will probably endure as long as there is an American musical theater, and his awesome presence still haunts the now drab, deserted corridors of Broadway. Charles Higham has written an entertaining, factual, and anecdotal biography of a man whose life was theater, and whose theater was a glittering symbol of an age irretrievably lost. □

Thinking Pink

MISS ELIZABETH ARDEN. By Alfred Allan Lewis and Constance Woodworth. Illustrated. 320 pages. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. $7.95.

BY MARY McLAUGHLIN

This book about Elizabeth Arden, the late cosmetic queen, has the bright inanity of those enclosures you find in department-store bills. It seems as long as a telephone book, though, and it's padded with silly episodes and sillier sayings. Imagine troubling to quote Miss Arden with such nonsense as, "When people think pink, dear, they think Arden" and "There's nothing like a little flying fur to keep people on the *qui vive*, dear." Or for deep-down crudeness: "The Depression seems to be good for our little business, dear. The more they chew their fingernails, wrinkle their brows, and pull their hair, the more they need us."

Calling acquaintances "dear" and applying the adjective "little" to the most inappropriate noun in a sentence were apparently the salient features of the Arden conversational style. That's bad enough, but wait until the authors aren't quoting Miss Arden and are off on their own. Then we get such ponderous stuff as this comparison of Elizabeth Arden with her competitor, Helena Rubinstein: "The fact that these two curiously unresponsive women invented the cosmetic look makes as strange a comment on twentieth-century standards of feminine beauty as does the fact that most dress designers are homosexual on twentieth-century standards of feminine taste." Never mind trying to straighten it out. Read the book and you'll get the meaning by osmosis.

The real point, of course, is how Florence Nightingale Graham (Miss Arden's real name), a Canadian girl of twenty-nine, went to New York City and built, salon by salon and beauty product by beauty product, a multimillion-dollar business. Well, she wanted to. When she was just knee-high to a grasshopper, Florence said to her daddy: "I want to be the richest little woman in the world." And guess what? She not only got rich; she stayed little. That meant she could dress in girlish ruffles—usually pink—and produce a lisp when the going got rough with stubborn businessmen.

Besides her ambition and fetching ways, Elizabeth Arden really knew something about cosmetics. She started experimenting with face cream when she was studying nursing in Toronto. (She abandoned nursing school because she couldn't stand the sight of sick people.) She'd met a biochemist who was working on a cream to help cure skin blemishes. Florence, with the sense of her Scottish predecessors, could see that a cream that aided blemishes led inexorably to a cream that beautified skin, which led to lots of money.

Arriving in New York, Florence went to work as a bookkeeper for E. R. Squibb and Sons. There our heroine was more often to be found in the laboratory than at her desk. When an opening appeared in a smart New York salon known for its facials, Florence filled it forthwith. Then, with the same dispatch, she gleaned the knowledge of the proprietress.

And so it went. In 1910 she opened her own salon, changed her name to Elizabeth Arden, and by 1914 had a branch in Washington, D.C. In August of 1914 Elizabeth was off to Paris to learn the superior arts of French cosmeticians. On her way back in late September she had her first real romance. She was thirty-eight but looked in her twenties, what with being little and wearing little-girl dresses. She married this shipboard flirt, Tommy Lewis, because, as the authors astutely point out, she was lonely. Besides, Tommy

Mary McLaughlin is a former woman's-page newspaper reporter and fashion writer for Harper's Bazaar.

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was presentable and a crackerjack at business. In fifteen years he built the Arden wholesale division into an enterprise that grossed several million annually. Then Elizabeth let Tommy go. She fired countless others, too, and had one more husband, but he lasted a fraction of Tommy's tenure.

You would expect that the section that deals with her fabulous racing stables would have more bite. She cared for her horses more than her husbands, but the dialogue didn't improve. Says Miss Arden to a horse that fails to show: "There, there. Don't be ashamed. Mama will take good care of her darling baby." Besides the news that she had these horses rubbed down with her own Eight Hour Cream and decorated the stables with hanging pots of geraniums, there isn't much to report. The pattern was the same as with her beauty business: frantic comings and goings of personnel and an uncanny amount of success.

The coauthors of this cosmetic tale are Alfred Lewis and Constance Woodworth. He, Mr. Lewis, ghosted the Pola Negri autobiography and coauthored books on needlepoint and collage. Constance Woodworth owns a public relations firm. Add to this the success last year of *Madame*, Patrick O'Higgins's charming biography of Helena Rubinstein, and you begin to sense the *raison d'être* of the Arden saga. Unfortunately, comparison is inevitable, and Helena Rubinstein, with her zany ways and delightful accent ("hongry" for hungry, "hallo" for hello, etc.) is more fun to read about. "Eat! Eat!" she'd shout to her luncheon guests to move the party along. And, as far as we know, she never once lisped. □

SHORTER REVIEWS

GEORGE, BE CAREFUL: A Greek florist's kid in the roughhouse world of advertising. By George Lois with Bill Pitts. Illustrated. 245 pages. Saturday Review Press. $7.95.

The average adult American is said to be the target of at least a thousand advertising impressions every day in some way, shape, or form. Some of the best of these in recent years have been the work of George Lois, the Madison Avenue "crazy" Greek who sold Volkswagen in a Jewish town, told Braniff to flaunt it, and had Mickey Mantle cry for his Maypo. Between campaigns he also designed many of *Esquire*'s most celebrated covers—Sonny Liston in a Santa cap, Andy Warhol drowning in a can of Campbell's soup, Svetlana with a mustache. The story he tells—a

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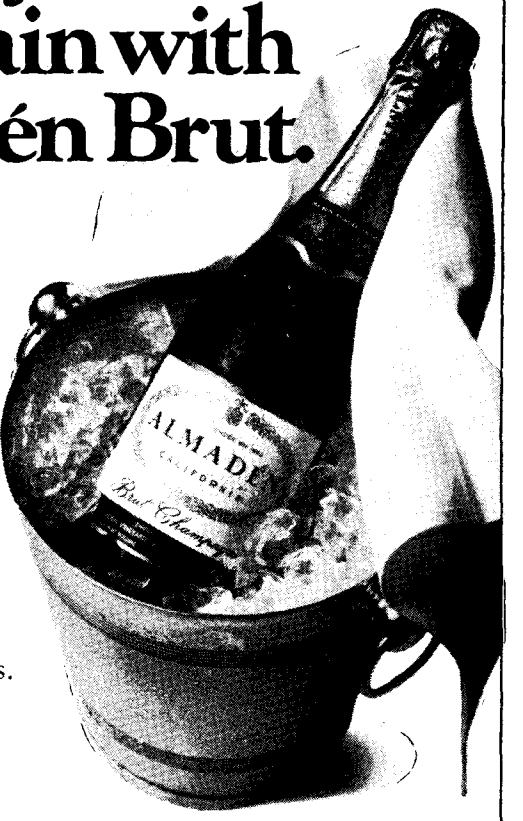

Alas, time moves swiftly. All those Saturday nights you could have brought to a beautiful ending with Almadén Brut champagne. Where did they go? But you can pick up where you left off. *This* Saturday, come with us. Come to Almadén.

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Who knows?

"Of all nations the United States with veins full of poetical stuff most need poets and will doubtless have the greatest and use them the greatest. Their Presidents shall not be their common referee so much as their poets shall. Of all mankind the great poet is the equable man. . . . He bestows on every object or quality its fit proportions neither more nor less. He is the arbiter of the diverse and he is the key. He is the equalizer of his age and land . . . he supplies what wants supplying and checks what wants checking. If peace is the routine out of him speaks the spirit of peace. . . . If the time becomes slothful and heavy he knows how to arouse it . . . he can make every word he speaks draw blood."

WALT WHITMAN

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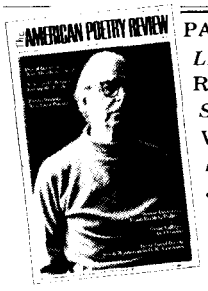

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breezy account that takes us from street fighting in the Bronx to more fashionable roughhousing downtown—is expectedly rich in anecdote and moxie. There was the partner who convinced Haloid-Xerox to shorten its name, then plumped for Haloid. Lois's own first sale, to a reluctant matzo manufacturer, was made when he rolled up the proposed ad and climbed out on a window ledge, apparently threatening to jump. The old man caved in. "Ve'll run it, ve'll run it," he cried. "You made your point already." If Lois wasn't where the action was, he made his own. After a year with the legendary Doyle, Dane, Bernbach, he and two partners formed Papert, Koenig, Lois and ran it up to a $40-million business—at which point he left to form Lois, Holland, Callaway because "the fun was going." Both became landmarks in the trade, and the restless shifting seems nothing less than the creative energy of a man for whom a craft had become an art. His book, moreover, has more substance than a string of inside stories, because he was involved in some of the more important advertising developments of the past decade: PKL was the first agency to go public and innovated television advertising in political campaigns by taking the candidates (among them, Robert Kennedy, Jacob Javits, and Hugh Scott) out of the flag-decked studios and into the streets. Throughout his career, which seems only to have begun, "careful" is what George never was. The same might be said of this refreshing, zesty book.

THE OLD DOG BARKS BACKWARDS. By Ogden Nash. Illustrated. 129 pages. Little, Brown. $5.95.

The great versifier, Ogden Nash, is back again in this sprightly collection of seventy-seven fugitive poems; that it is a posthumous volume (Mr. Nash died a year ago) is its only sad note. The title subjects range from "Children Under 12 No Charge, and That's Too Much" to "I Wonder What They Brought From Ghent to Aix" to, of course, women and their ways, e.g.,

SOLUTION OF THIS WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 2013) (JUDITH) CRIST:

WHATEVER WOODY WILLS (WOODY WINS)

Much in the manner of Marie Antoinette (or wasn't it she who declared, after her first experience therewith, that sex was much too good for the common people?), too many of our nudnik moviegoers, let alone critics, dread the prospect of sharing their pleasures with the plain folks.

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"Speak to Me Only With Thine Eyes, and Please, Not Too Fast." Even the struggle for liberation is acknowledged by Nash, and in "Sexual Politics Farewell: A Memo to Kate Millett, Shulamith Firestone, Betty Friedan, Et Al. (Al. Stands For Alice, Not Albert)," he offers this happy ending: "Ladies the war is over, the battle of the sexes is terminated, yours is the victorious gender/Herewith please find my unconditional surrender/ . . . Farewell, a long farewell to marital fuss;/To the victor belong the spoils, which is us. □

TRADE WINDS

BY ALAN GREEN

What's a Frisbee on a Freeway?

I recently asked a friend what he considered the most resounding of all titles, and he said he'd always thought Holy Roman Emperor had a lot of class. The subject came up because that day I'd met Robert Burchfield, who bears a title of meaningful pomp and genuine circumstance: Chief Editor of the Oxford English Dictionaries. He was in New York City to address an annual meeting of English-language lexicographers, and I wanted to hear about his upcoming new dictionary, *A Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary. Volume I:* A–G is to be published by Oxford University Press on November 2 at $50. *Volume II:* H–P is scheduled to appear in 1975 and *Volume III:* Q–Z in 1977. When completed, the *Supplement* will contain about 50,000 main words (some new, some newly employed) that have become part of the language since 1884.

The *O.E.D.*—begun decades earlier—was published in 1928, by which time the first (1933) *Supplement* was already being prepared because the language had altered since the original twelve volumes went to press. (The 1933 *Supplement* completes the present thirteen-volume *O.E.D.*, which is also available in a two-volume microprint edition.) Now, as the second full *Supplement* emerges in the Seventies, the editors are constantly receiving new entries, new definitions, new usages for yet a third full *Supplement* that will appear in the Eighties or early Nineties. Did anyone doubt that our language lives, grows, and (in the form of words that become archaic or obsolete) dies?

The present *Supplement* was put together by a dozen editors and twenty other full-time editorial people under Burchfield's direction (including one each permanently in London and Washington for uninterrupted access to the British Museum and the Library of Congress), aided by about 100 workers in the field, many of them academicians or their spouses, who read new books and current journals and send in new words, complete with context, at a present rate of about 50,000 a year for editorial winnowing. In the current A–G *Supplement* about 25 per cent of the words are new to the *O.E.D.* (bebop, boogie-woogie, Emmy, Frisbee, cliffhanger, closeup, freeway) and 75 per cent are older words that have acquired new meaning (e.g., "continuity," from screen writing). There are more new words coming from North America than from anywhere else in the world, and the fields of science and entertainment are especially lucrative and lush providers.

The first volume of the new *Supplement* will be published a month earlier in England than over here. Don't look up the reason under "chauvinism." Try "air cargo cost per pound."

Orwell on Freedom

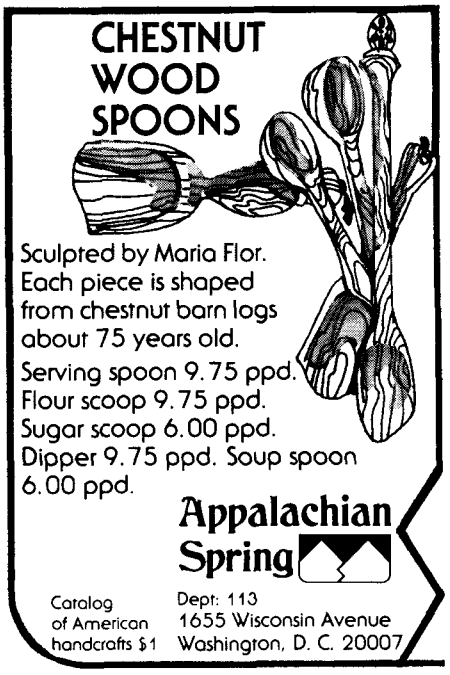
Elsewhere in this issue a new study of George Orwell (*The Unknown Orwell* by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams) is reviewed by V. S. Pritchett. But this is not the only news about Orwell. A hitherto unknown essay, titled "The Freedom of the Press," has recently been unearthed and published in the London *Times Literary Supplement* and the *New York Times Magazine*. It was written by Orwell in 1945 as an introduction to *Animal Farm*, which had then been declined by several British publishers for political reasons (it didn't seem the "right time" to knock Russia). The essay attacks the "cowardice" of supposedly freedom-defending intellectuals—their cautious and hypocritical knuckling under by voluntary *self*-censorship—as the single most dangerous threat to freedom of thought and expression, and it is as forcefully eloquent and germane today as it was twenty-seven years ago. Orwell decided not to publish it with *Animal Farm*, because he feared it would make the fable seem too precisely and exclusively about the betrayal of freedom by Stalinism, whereas he intended *Animal Farm* to be about the betrayal of freedom everywhere and anywhere. *Animal Farm*, of course, went on to become a long-time best-seller and to be recognized as the greatest work of serious satire in the English language since Swift. Orwell was right; it didn't need the introduction. But our need for "The Freedom of the Press" is another matter. Its publication now is a contribution to the collected Orwelliana; one hopes that this is the least important contribution it will make. □

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1532

Only the history of free peoples merits our attention; that of men under despotism is simply a collection of anecdotes.

S. Chamfort

Answer to Wit Twister, page 78: atoms, moats, stoma.



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Films

Ménages à Trois

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

Two English Girls, a film by Francois Truffaut of immense sadness and beauty, has been adapted by Truffaut and Jean Gurault from a novel entitled *Les Deux Anglaises et le Continent,* by Henri-Pierre Roché, whose only other novel was *Jules et Jim,* from which, of course, Truffaut made his 1961 movie masterpiece of the same name. And so one is led inevitably to compare *Two English Girls* with *Jules and Jim,* especially since both films take place at about the same time, in the years before World War I, and have to do with romantic triangles —in the earlier picture, with two men in love with the same woman; in this one, with two women in love with the same man. In each film, too, the lives of all three are ultimately wrecked by their entanglement.

Nonetheless, these two Truffaut movies aren't really all that much alike. *Jules and Jim,* though it trails off into melancholy and ends on a note of sadness, is essentially a film of lyrical exuberance, and each of its extroverted trio of leading characters possess an enormous amount of vitality and charm. In *Two English Girls,* on the other hand, the dominant mood is one of sorrow and resignation, and each of its somber trio of leading characters—the two English girls of the title, Anne and Muriel, and Claude, the youthful Frenchman with whom they fall in love—is shy, repressed, and almost painfully introspective. "Only connect," wrote E. M. Forster, and this is exactly what they're least capable of doing. During the seven years that we follow them, up to the death of Anne and the final parting of Muriel and Claude, they fail over and over again to convey their true feelings toward each other until it is too late. Rather than to *Jules and Jim,* in consequence, *Two English Girls* might better be compared to such Chekhov plays as *The Seagull* and *Uncle Vanya. Two English Girls* unfolds, too, with an almost Chekhovian languor, and so it may be somewhat too slow-moving for those who have been conditioned by such movies as *The French Connection* to expect everything on film to move with the pace of a Seventh Avenue IRT express train. In short, there are those who may find it boring, although I certainly didn't.

An unabashedly romantic film, Truffaut's new work is filled with moments of great poignance. I think, for instance, of a lovely scene in which Anne, Muriel, and Claude are playing tennis on a grass court at the edge of the sea in Wales. We see them at first from a distance and from above, as though we are looking down upon them from a faraway hillside. They are playing tennis on an afternoon in summer, but, because Truffaut appears to have shot much of the film through reddish-brown filters (perhaps to suggest the look of sepia snapshots in old photograph albums), the feeling is autumnal. At this early point in the picture Anne, Muriel, and Claude are young, filled with all kinds of dreams and hopes, and so far undisappointed by life; yet in this brief scene Truffaut subtly manages to let us know that the future will hold nothing but unhappiness for them.

Kika Markham, who plays Anne, and Stacey Tendeter, who plays Muriel, are touching and appealing as the two English girls, but ultimately the film belongs to Jean-Pierre Léaud, who, as Claude, gives a performance of extraordinary subtlety and tenderness. Léaud has starred in several of Truffaut's movies, but he's certainly never been better than he is here. All in all, while *Two English Girls* is admittedly a lesser work than *Jules and Jim*—a variation on a theme in a minor key, lacking the exhilarating spirit and depth of feeling of the earlier picture—it may be the best foreign film of the year.

Kika Markham in "Two English Girls."

In *Chloe in the Afternoon,* the sixth and last in a series of "moral tales" by Eric Rohmer (others have included *My Night at Maud's* and *Claire's Knee*), Frédéric, a married, bourgeois Parisian businessman of thirty or so, is hung up on Victorian sexual morality, just as the trio in *Two English Girls* are. But Frédéric is a contemporary, and so his attitudes toward extramarital sex seem to us to be not only anachronistic but also highly unlikely, especially for a Frenchman who has a good deal of time on his hands in the middle of Paris afternoons. In a voice-over commentary at the beginning of the picture, Frédéric tells us that he is deeply in love with his wife, yet he seems to spend most of his time yearningly ogling every attractive woman he chances to spy. Then back into his life comes Chloe, an acquaintance from his bachelor days. A spirited and sexy Bohemian wanderer, she simply turns up one afternoon in Frédéric's office and pretty much offers herself to him. Frédéric is blandly handsome in a male-model sort of way, but he is also something of a sap; as a result it is difficult to understand why anyone as wild and unconventional as Chloe should be attracted to him. Anyway, she is, and most of the rest of the picture is taken up with Chloe's attempts to break down Frédéric's moral scruples and get him into bed. Will he or won't he? This is the semiludicrous question that causes the picture to become, as Rohmer intended, increasingly funny—a kind of Gallic *Pillow Talk* in reverse, though *Chloe in the Afternoon* exhibits, of course, a great deal more wit, charm, and intelligence than that Rock Hudson–Doris Day chastity chase.

Perhaps the best thing about the picture is Zouzou, as Chloe, who first appears on the screen looking shop-worn, scruffy, and dog-faced, but who, in each succeeding scene, becomes almost magically more attractive and desirable. Before the film has ended, even the most bourgeois American male will, I suspect, readily empathize with Frédéric's increasing temptation to leap into bed with Chloe. □

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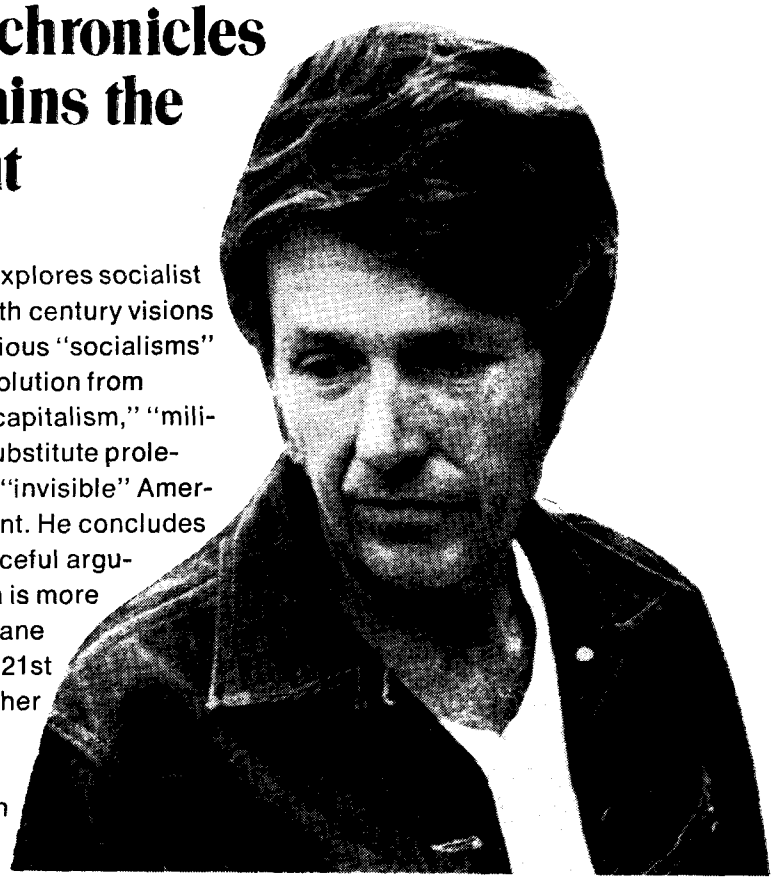

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Music

Jazz Report

BY STANLEY DANCE

Clifton Chenier: *Live at a French-Creole Dance.* Chenier, vocal and accordion; Felix James Benit, guitar; Joseph Morris, bass; Cleveland Chenier, rubboard; Robert St. Judy, drums. Arhoolie stereo, 1059, $6.

Zydeco is mainly a folk fusion of Cajun music and Louisiana blues, and Clifton Chenier, as the liner shows, is its king. He sings and hollers with carefree abandon in French and English, with hilarious mixture of idioms. The best moments are always on the blues, when extraordinary effects emerge from his accordion. Sometimes he sounds like a good jazz organist and sometimes like a blues harmonica player. His brother does his "thang" with a couple of bottle openers on the rubboard, a vest of corrugated metal. It is easy to become addicted to this good-time music, and Arhoolie has four more albums of it.

Kenney Clarke and Francy Boland: *All Smiles.* Clarke, drums; Boland, piano and arranger; with fifteen-piece band. M.P.S. stereo, 29686, $5.98.

This prestigious series of jazz records, made in Germany by M.P.S., is now being distributed here, and the Clarke-Boland band is one of the label's chief assets. Composed of European and expatriate American musicians, the ensemble is superior to all but two or three bands in this country. The Anglo-American saxophone section is glorious. Arranger Boland writes parts for it in harmonics that are a revelation after the surfeit of unison sounds heard from reeds in recent years. The saxophonists are impressive soloists, the honors clearly going to Tony Coe's tenor on "Gloria."

Duke Ellington: *Togo Brava Suite.* Ellington, piano and arranger; with sixteen-piece band; Bobbie Gordon and Cootie Williams, vocals. United Artists stereo, UXS-92, $5.98 (two discs).

Recorded live at concerts in England last fall, this selection from several programs mirrors the current Ellington band. There *is* a handsome tribute to the late Johnny Hodges ("The Checkered Hat"), written and played by Norris Turney. Harold Minerve on alto saxophone makes a bold and exciting appearance on "Addi." Two remakes—"Happy Reunion" and "La Plus Belle Africaine," featuring Paul Gonsalves and Harry Carney, respectively—are superior to their recorded originals. Cootie Williams, a great favorite in England, both sings and blows his trumpet in fine form. In the four-part *Togo Brava Suite,* Ellington handsomely returns the compliment paid him by Togoland, which put his portrait on its postage stamps along with those of Bach, Beethoven, and Debussy. He also shines in two graceful piano solos, the second of which, mistitled "Goof," reappears as "Retrospection" with thirteen more solos from 1953 in an album entitled *Piano Reflections* (M-11058) that Capitol has fortunately reissued. Together with the recently released *Latin American Suite* on Fantasy (84-19), these sets should prove indispensible to Ellington enthusiasts.

An ageless Duke plays Togo Brava Suite.

Carmen McRae: *The Great American Song Book.* Carmen McRae, vocal; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Chuck Domanico, bass; Chuck Flores, drums. Atlantic stereo, SD 2-904, $9.96 (two discs).

Another thoroughly representative live recording, this one benefits from a superior choice of songs. The singer swings easily, and her alluring, husky vibrato and lower register are all immediately impressive. She is especially convincing on slow ballads, in which the singing flows without fireworks of inappropriate words or music. Elsewhere there are mannerisms that sound contrived, although they may well suggest "sophistication." The spoken introductions are reminiscent of Pearl Bailey's, but the accompaniment, particularly the pianist's, is above average.

Horace Silver: *Total Response.* Silver, electric piano; Cecil Bridgewater, trumpet and flugelhorn; Harold Vick, tenor saxophone; Richie Resnicoff, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, electric bass; Mickey Roker, drums; Salome and Andy Bey, vocals. Blue Note stereo, BST-84368. *All.* Same personnel with Gail Nelson, vocal, added. Blue Note stereo, BST-84420, $5.98.

These two albums are the second and third "phases" of what Silver calls *The United States of Mind,* a rather different group being responsible for Phase I (BST-84352). The ambitious project is obviously important to Silver, who just as obviously is having a ball in explaining his faith and philosophy. The lyrics are explained in the liners, and the singers deliver them with an unrelenting sincerity that tends to become monotonous in large doses. Although the message is commendably healthy and optimistic, there is an enormous amount of uplift to absorb, a task only partially alleviated by the instrumentalists, who are kept too long in the background.

Buddy Tate: *Unbroken.* Tate, tenor saxophone; Dud Bascomb, trumpet; Eli Robinson, trombone; Ben Richardson, clarinet and saxophones; Nat Pierce, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; George Reed, drums. M.P.S. stereo, 20740, $5.98.

Tate came into prominence way back in 1939, when he took Herschel Evan's place with Count Basie. He had a similar approach, as well as the big, blaring sound that seems synomous with tenor saxophonists from Texas, and he has been true to himself and his style ever since. Here he is heard at the head of a Basie-oriented sextet with which he toured Europe in 1970. The ensemble is sometimes uncertain, but his solos—including two ballad performances—invariably provide a heartening lift. Bascomb, the player originally responsible for most of the best trumpet work on Erskine Hawkins's records, is also extensively featured. □

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ALDER SMOKED SALMON—Hand packed-canned-introductory offer. $1.50 5¼ oz. Crescent Smoked Salmon, Box 309, Dept. SR, Crescent City, California 95531.

VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP made the old-fashioned way with family and horses. Hand block-printed labels. Free brochure. Peter Watson, Benson, Vermont 05731.

PERSONALS

FOR YOUR FLOOR OR WALL: Sunshiney subtle orange/red, 27" x 48", handwoven in Ireland of sheep's wool on linen/jute, fringed. $30 ppd. Firm, durable. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $12 up; Purcell from $7. Student Special, Corelli $6.50; Recorder Instruction Kit, Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $8.95, add sales tax plus shipping $1.50. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 11-2-A, HARGAIL, 28 West 38th Street, NYC, 10018.

NAVEL-JUICE ORANGES—All varieties Grapefruit. Shipping to 47 states, Canada and Europe. Free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-628-1666.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 08069.

MARTELL'S OFFERS YOU warmth and friendliness in front of our fireplace, serving fine foods and spirituous liquors. 3rd Avenue, corner of 83rd Street, NYC. 212-861-6110.

NOISE POLLUTION: Mack's Pillow Soft Earplugs. Recommended by otologists for sleep, study, sports. $1.00 plus 10¢ postage. McKeon Products, Dept. R, 23220 Ithaca, Oak Park, Michigan 48237.

HANDCRAFTED. DECORATIVE Sterling Silver Crosses. 3" x 2" with real carnelian, tigereye or amethyst. $35. Smaller crosses $15, $25 and $30. B. Gately, Box 875, Stuart, Florida 33494.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

PERSONALS

ART AT THE UNITED NATIONS—The World Federation of United Nations Associations will reproduce a portion of the Sert mural on its first day cover to accompany the United Nations stamp issue of November 17th. The stamp for this issue is taken from another portion of this mural which is located at the Palais des Nations, Geneva, Switzerland. The cover design will be in gold and brown to complement the colors of the mural. For order forms giving prices and full information, please send stamped, self-addressed envelope to WFUNA, Room C-104, United Nations, New York, N.Y. 10017. Sales also to be made at the WFUNA sales counter, Lower Concourse, General Assembly Building, United Nations, First Avenue and 42nd Street, New York, N.Y., commencing October 30th through November 17th.

CIGARS FOR THE CONNOISSEUR! Finest imported La Reina de Manila Philippine cigars including Coronas Largas at $9.50 and Vegueros Especiales at $11 per box of 25 each or the superb Coronas Largas Especiales at $23 per box of 50. Interpacific Trading Company, 681 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94105.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, Inc., 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York, 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

SHOULDER BAGS! Hand loomed in Thai Villages. Red, blue or black, with multicolor trim. Only $7.00 ppd. Money-back guarantee. Dahr Products, Box 3739, Dept. 28, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

HEIRLOOM DOLLS HANDCRAFTED BY JANO discriminating collectors and children tired of the plastic world of throw-away. Approximately 11 inches of button-booted, panteletted, petticoated charm in colorful costumes of a bygone era. Embroidered faces peep out beneath bonnet or picture hat, beribboned, or flower decked to complement matching bucket. Expert workmanship guaranteed. Durable, jointed construction. State color preferences. Supply limited. Order for Christmas. $18.75. JANO, 2425 Wrightwood Avenue, Durham, N.C. 27705.

WE SKETCH YOUR HOME or business and print individualized Christmas cards. Illustrated brochure. Park Hotel Bookstore, P.O. Box 701, San Luis Obispo, California 93401.

SLEEP-LEARNING Equipment—Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-SR, Olympia, Washington.

DEBORAH BUMP shapes wood into hippos, Packards and many other things. $5 to $60. Catalogue: 32 Fair, Newburyport, Massachusetts 01950.

JEWELRY MAKING TOOLS, supplies, findings . . . gold and silver from a working craftsman. ARE creations, Box 155-S, Plainfield, Vermont 05667. 802-454-8325.

1973 ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR: With hand-printing; quotes, drawings. $6. Susan Riecken, 15 Lancaster, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140.

LIKE TO BE A WRITER? I've helped thousands achieve their goals. Free analysis of your abilities. John Chabot Smith, Castle Meadow Road, Newtown, Connecticut 06470.

TRUSTWORTHY FOODS BY MAIL? No chemicals ever? 27th year? Unusual story-list? YES. Write Walnut Acres, Box S, Penns Creek, Pennsylvania 17862.

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HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. Unique Christmas gift. 212-648-6232, Box I-602.

FREE CATALOGUE: Low direct prices. Diamonds, Sapphires, Silks, Cosmetics, Crystal, Hunting, Fishing, Camping Supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. CS, Waseca, Minnesota 56093.

PROFESSIONAL INTERIOR DECORATING for $10 a room. For roommaker kit and details, send $1 to Box 743, Columbus, Indiana 47201.

PERSONALS

YOU HAVE A RIGHT to full discussion about smoking and health. The cigarette question is still a question. Send for free booklet, "The Cigarette Controversy," Dept. SR, The Tobacco Institute, 1776 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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THE GOLDEN CALF HAS 4 WHEELS. Bumper stickers, $1.00 each. Dio Dato, 12 Caret Bay, St. Thomas, V.I.

ANSEL ADAMS POSTCARDS—48 scenes in 3 gift packs, $6. 5 Associates, 1021 Edgewood Road, Redwood City, California 94062.

DREAMER? JUNGIAN? Browse free samplers from books: A Diary For Dreams, Sandplay: Mirror Of A Child's Psyche. (Woodcuts) Birds Of Prophecy. Browser Press, Box J-18.

KABALA NAME ANALYSIS—Write Valery, (SR), Box 1701, Inglewood, California 90308.

SITUATIONS WANTED

RESEARCH LIBRARIAN, formerly with leading national magazine, seeks research, library or indexing position. Expertise in these areas plus knowledge of reference materials and information sources. Training in fields of international affairs/politics. New York-New Jersey, Washington, D.C. areas. Box I-263.

BOSTON MAN, 38. B.A.+M.S., single. Conscientious—impoverished after five years' government PR. Seeks better salary/association. Box I-793.

CIRCULATION MANAGER—Experienced all phases subscription fulfillment. Innovative, resourceful. N.Y. area. Box J-6.

ADMINISTRATOR, fund raising experience, seeking East coast situation with cultural organization. Box I-800.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT national weekly magazine, and formerly secretary to president of magazine, seeks interesting position book/magazine publishing. Box I-374.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

AUSTRALIAN FACTS. 634 pages, 357 photographs, $2.25. Australasian News, Box 6428, Torrance, California 90504.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

LONDON—Secretaries/typists. Applicants pay own fare. 50¢. Miss Liberty, 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212.

INTERESTING EUROPEAN JOBS. Details $1.00. Alexander, Box 357-SR, South Pasadena, California 91030.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-WS, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!—New Zealand, too! 50,000 Jobs! Paid Transportation! 1973 Handbook and Forms, $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

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EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.

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(Continued from page 95)

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—Private, independent schools, all states; public schools, northeastern states; beginners, experienced; all levels, subjects, fields; department heads, administrators; business managers, fund raisers, nurses, housemothers. Free brochure. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

ART: *Chairman for 19-member faculty. Outstanding* achievement and proven leadership ability desired. Rank and salary appropriate to qualifications. Women and minority applications are encouraged. Equal Employment Opportunity Employer. Write: Dean Frank S. Stillings, Central Michigan University, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan 48858.

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OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax benefits, latest computerized reports. $2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-K, Los Angeles, California 90009.

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WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS—Charming, restored 8-room home. 4 fireplaces. Modern kitchen with appliances. Wideboard floors. Red barn. 4 acres on river. $40,000. Available immediately. 415-387-4148 or Box I-729.

MT. KISCO, N.Y.—Distinguished home of Samuel Barber and Gian-Carlo Menotti, including guest cottage, sauna cottage and swimming pool. 212-PL 8-0800, Miss Lee Leight.

OLD PALO ALTO. California distinguished Tudor. 5 bed*rooms, 3 baths. Best area. Close to schools and amenities.* $69,500. DALTON REALTY, 415-321-1711.

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LONG BEACH, L.I.—5 bedroom, beach block house. Beautiful garden. $38,000 or rental $275 month winter, $375 month yearly. 212-877-2529.

For Rent—Furnished

BONAIRE, DUTCH CARIBBEAN—Oceanfront villa, private pier, beach privileges, mail. Weekly: $225 double; additional persons, $35. 212-752-4750.

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RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

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CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful *La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views*— UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

OCEANFRONT, LAKEFRONT and rural properties. Governor Parr Realty Co. Ltd., Shelburne, Nova Scotia. Tel. 902-875-3611.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

VILLA IN SPAIN. Overlooking the beach. In a garden. In the $20's. Live on the sunny Costa del Sol in Bahia Dorada—a cluster of beach houses in a lovely landscaped garden that slopes to the sea. Choose from a variety of *villa styles, all with the best of modern equipment and* built with traditional Spanish craftsmanship. Information about low-cost inspection tours, PANORAMA INTERNATIONAL, 810 18th Street, N.W., Dept. LL8, Washington, D.C. 20006. 202-783-3600.

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ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, *dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which* one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

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THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. *All types. Free Catalogue.* Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

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VACATIONS

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CARIBBEAN—JAMAICA—TREASURE BEACH. Beautiful, commodious new villa on bluff overlooking sea, elegantly furnished, 50 foot covered patio. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Large swimming pool, excellent beach. On serene, untouristy south shore. $400 weekly. Rental includes housekeeper, cook. Felice Manzelli, 552 Riverside Drive, NYC, 10027. 212-AC 2-2981.

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STUDIES ABROAD

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WINTER '73: AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SWITZERLAND, B.A., B.S.s., A.A. degrees. American liberal arts college, four year, coeducational, boarding. American and International faculty. Liberal arts, science, languages, international business, and fine arts programs enriched by curriculum related tours; strong sports program; excellent transfer record to U.S. universities and V.A. benefits. Affiliated with Leysin American High School. Write: American College of Switzerland, 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

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AMAZON JUNGLES—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon. 18 days, $565 land portion. "Jungle Railroad", an unusual 19-day adventure through the virgin jungles of the Amazon. $695 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2013

DEFINITIONS

A. Total (2 wds.)

B. What Adam and Eve did after they were driven out of Eden (2 wds.)

C. Lower in station (2 wds.)

D. Cool it (2 wds.)

E. Gulf of _____, inlet of the Pacific off the southern coast of Mexico

F. Something financially out of proportion to its usefulness (2 wds.)

G. Well-known publishing house (2 wds.)

H. *Top of an Oriental house*

I. Hurry

J. Not subject to (2 wds.)

K. Any of the late Medieval, informally constituted tribunals in Germany in which civil cases were tried openly

L. Protrusion of the eyeball from the orbit

WORDS

50 26 130 69 39 186

63 56 21 42 29 48 77 203 40 6

27 12 17 22 53 74 119 60 157 222

67 192 1 18 32 73 55 123 35 13

7 14 214 2 19 120 30 49 71 177 184

45 8 219 31 72 156 51 162 121 176 36

193 41

43 129 205 194 46 175 136 38 98 198 57

64 155 210 24

23 125 146 180 221

58 191 151 213

54 70 9 117 124 25 187 15 160 145

147 59 189 10 105 44 20 65 3 196 185

207 94 16 178 4 68 61 11 159 118 33

37

DEFINITIONS

M. Fictitious person in legal proceedings (2 wds.)

N. Mountain in Switzerland in the Bernese Alps

O. James Francis Edward Stuart, or *The* _____ (2 wds.)

P. At the end of one's tether (3 wds.)

Q. Lack

R. Author of *Faces of Our Time* (2 wds.)

S. Drama in verse by Maxwell Anderson

T. Quickly (3 wds.)

U. Get cold feet (3 wds.)

V. Pere Francois d'Aix de _____, French Roman Catholic priest, confessor to Louis XIV (2 wds.)

W. Mental or emotional position adopted with respect to something

WORDS

34 5 168 212 52 66 174 179 47 62

84 75 88 112 122 153 101 128 164 220

107 217 141 182 111 126 102 149 76 170 202

138

134 99 127 103 109 200 131 211 85 152 139

163 78

108 183 218 171 79 89

133 104 137 169 140 135 224 90 199 154 80

95 148 132 91 81 206 181 172 166

165 161 195 209 106 92 113 96 144 83 188

201 110 97 93 116 142 114 225 150 82 167

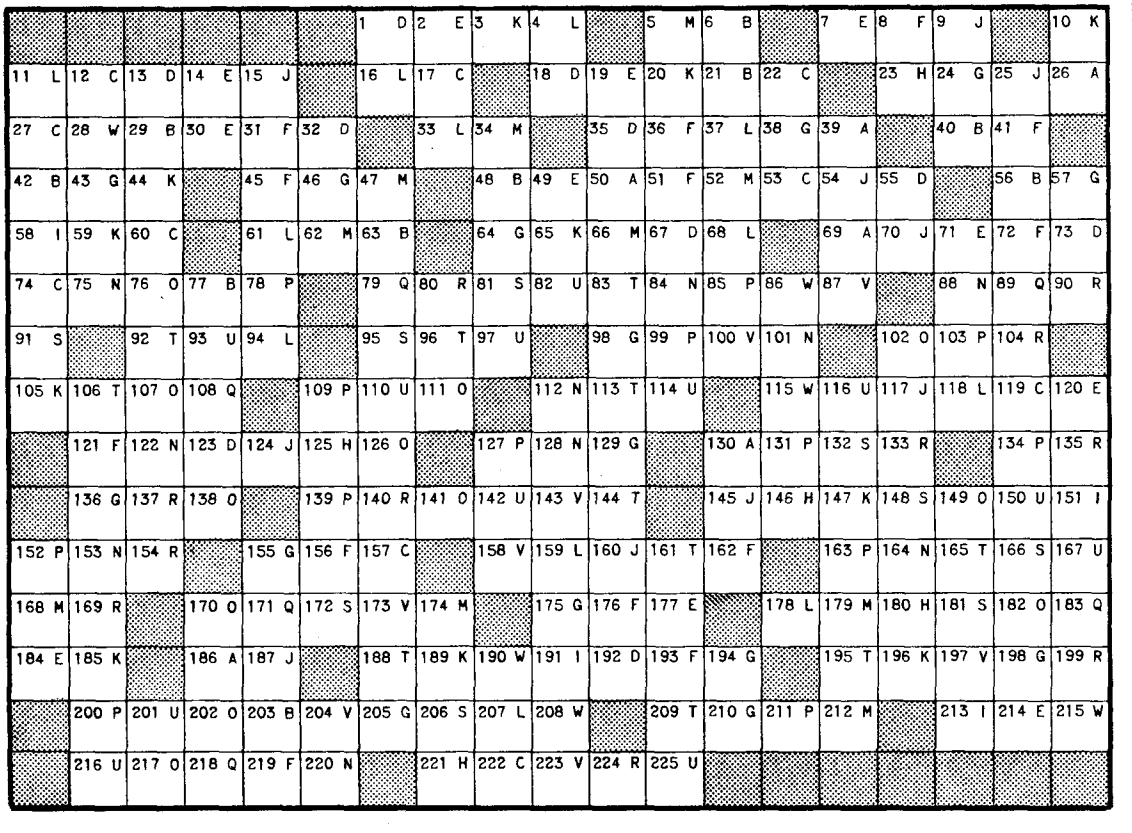
216

223 158 100 87 173 143 204 197

208 86 190 28 115 215

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic. . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle. . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.



Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 89 of this issue.

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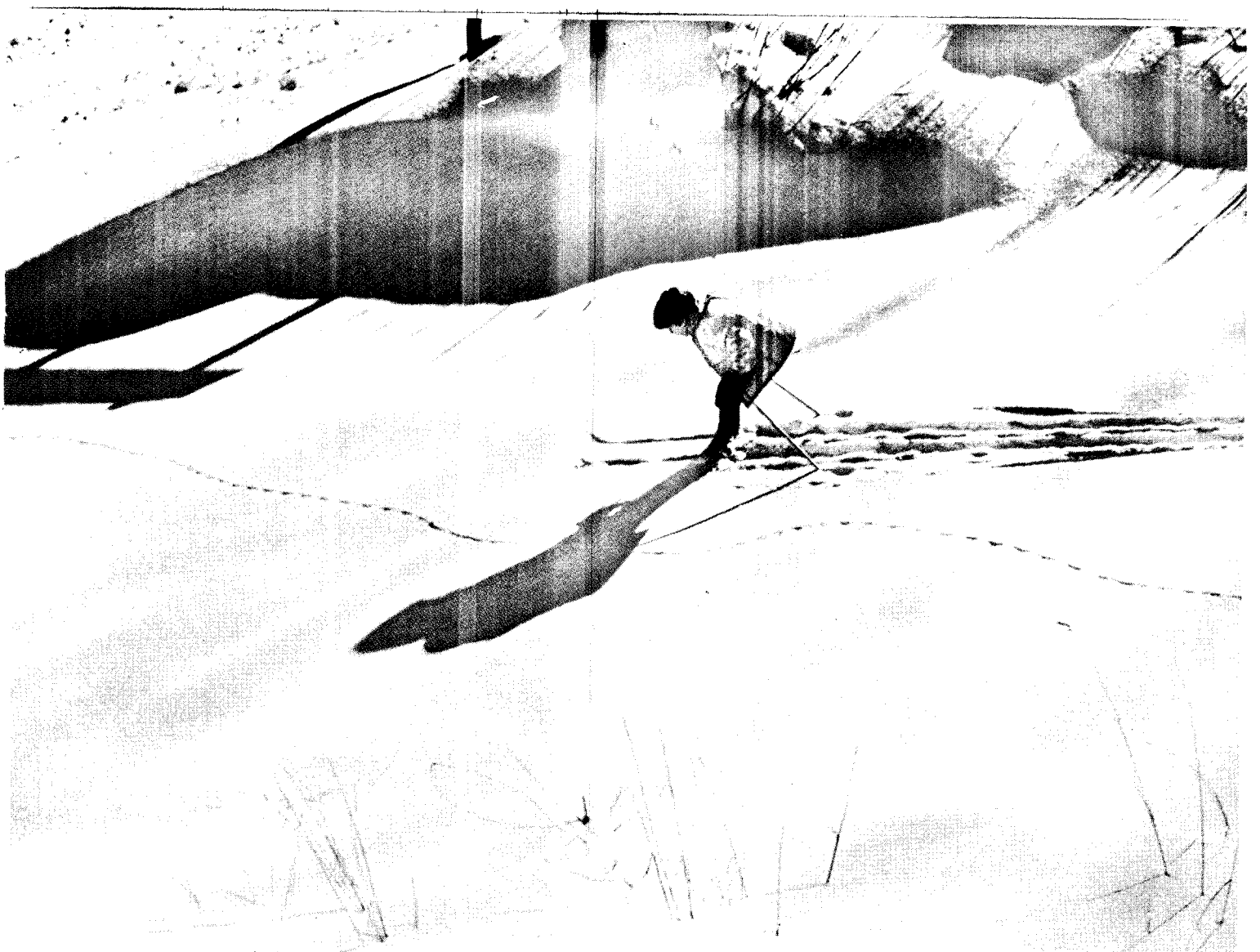

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